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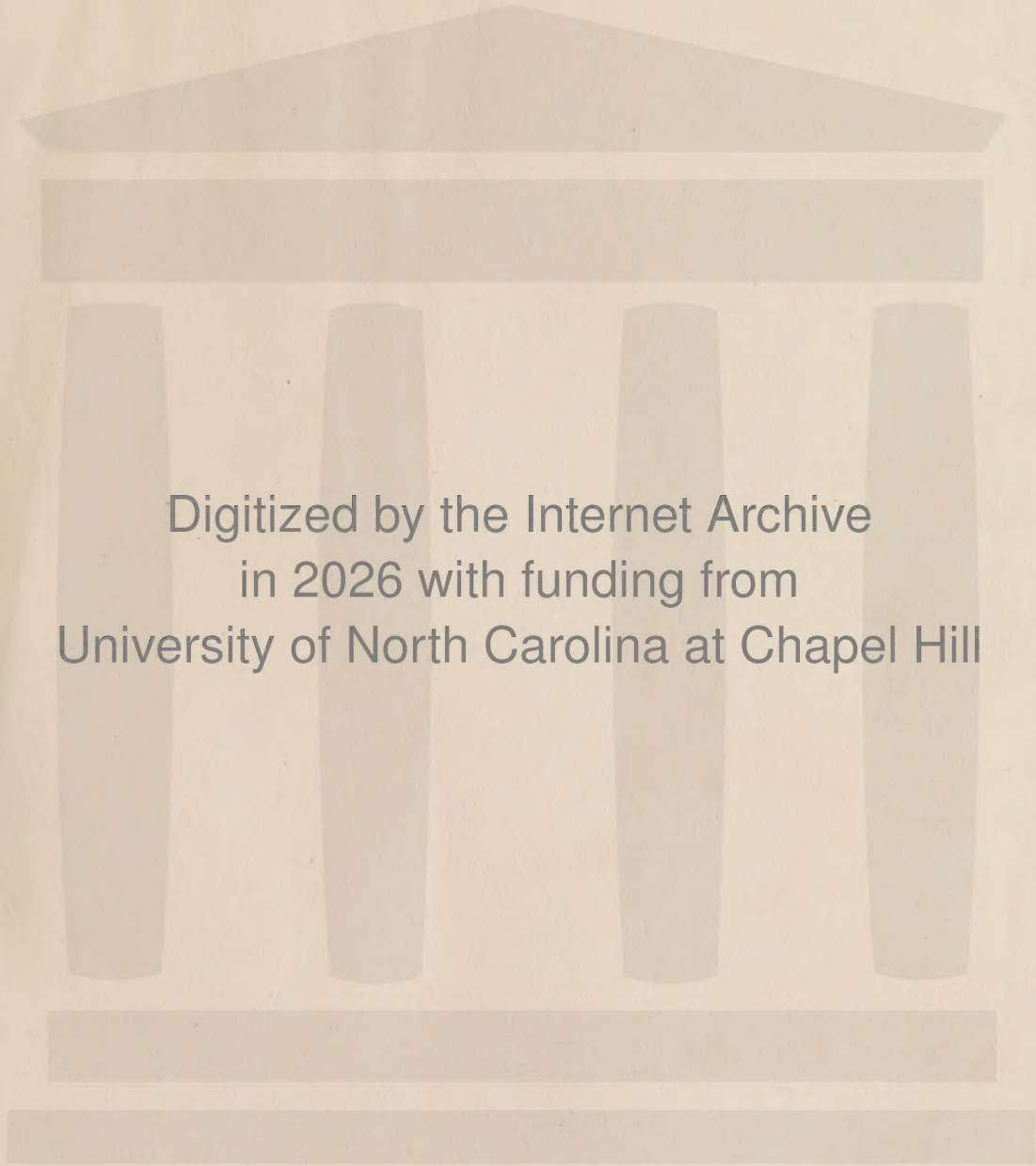

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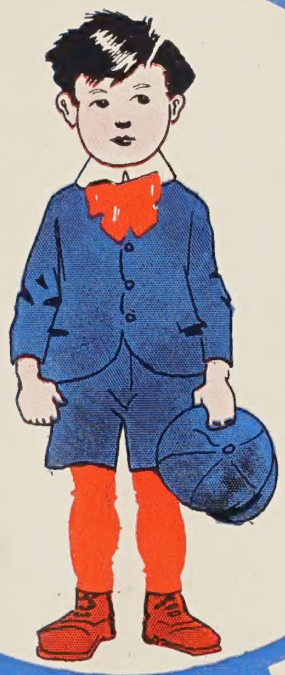
v. 4, no. 1
(Oct. 1926)

THE BUCCANEER

ANNOUNCES ITS FRESHMEN ISSUE



BIRTH CO[illegible] NUMBER

PRICE ONE "PICK"

FRED S. WRIGHT

Hurled 25 Stories to Cement —Picked Up Unbroken

Traffic Stopped to watch this test of the

Parker Duofold Non-Breakable Barrel

George A. Fuller Company
Building Construction
Chicago June 15th, 1926

The Parker Pen Company,
Janesville, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

Steel work on the new Stevens Hotel was stopped this afternoon while I went to the top-most girder, 25 stories above Eighth St. and Michigan Ave., and dropped two Parker Duofold Pens to the street, 260 feet below.

One pen — a Parker Over-size Duofold — alighted on the cement sidewalk. The other, — a Parker Duofold Jr. — alighted on the pavement.

Both pens were immediately picked up by my associates and on examination were found to be unharmed. To make this test it was necessary to block off passage through the street and a large number of people had collected to watch the experiment. I never saw a more amazed crowd in my life than when I reached the ground and found these people gathered about the Parker Duofold Pens. They had expected them to be dashed to fragments — but found them quite whole, in fact, as good as new, except for a small abrasion on the end of the bigger pen. I have signed this letter with that identical Parker and it works to perfection.

My hat is off to the Parker Non-Breakable Duofold.

Yours very truly,
Frank Ketcheson
Supt. of Steel Construction
George A. Fuller Company
Builders of the Stevens Hotel

The Thirty-Million Dollar Stevens, Chicago—the large-t hotel in the world—will open about March 1, 1927.

Such Proof is a Better Guarantee Than Any Maker Can Give You

YES, traffic stopped as big Frank Ketcheson, Supt. of Steel Construction for the George A. Fuller Co., dropped two Parker Duofold Pens—one Over-size, one Junior size—from his perilous foothold on a slender steel girder of the new Stevens Hotel, 260 feet above 8th Street and Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

One pen struck on asphalt, the other on cement—away they bounded into the air, then landed in the street—unharmed! Thus we have proved by a series of heroic tests that the new Parker Duofold Pens with Permanite barrels do not break.

Some were run over by heavy motor buses. And one was let fall from an aeroplane. 3000 feet, without damage.

Do you not agree that such tests as these are the only guarantees that really prove anything?

Go see this master pen at any good pen counter. But look with care for the name of the originator "Geo. S. Parker" on the barrel. The imitations can't deceive you.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS
SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

"Permanite"—the Non-Breakable Material

All Parker Pens and Pencils are now made of a new lustrous, lightweight, non-breakable material called "Permanite." Do not class it with other non-breakable products. For "Permanite" is given a second cure in Parker's own kilns and hence does not shrink, crack or fade.

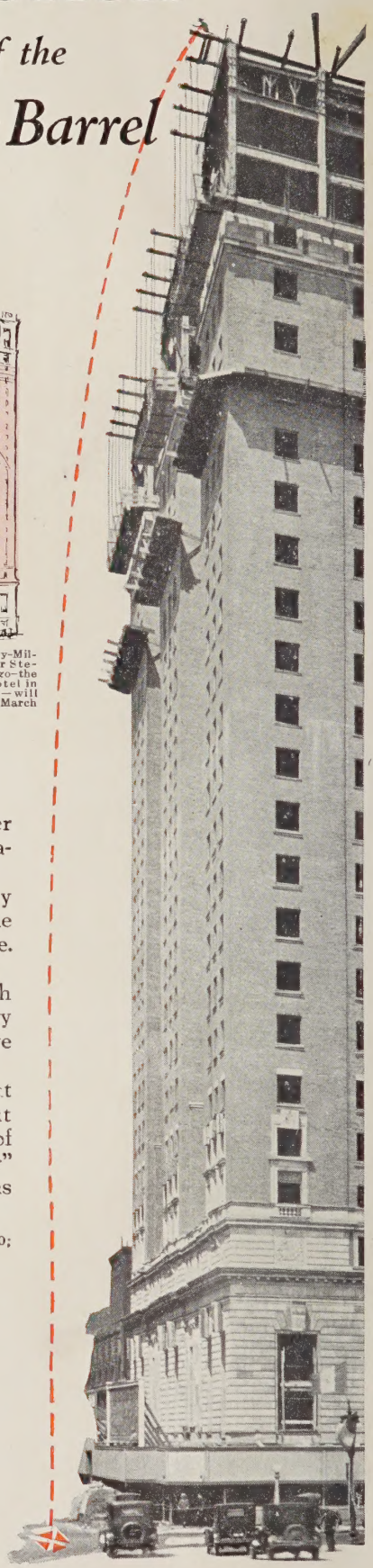
Parker

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Duofold OVER-SIZE $7

With Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 Lady Duofold $5



Where the Pens Landed

For young men only!

Learbury
Authentic Styled
College Clothes

SUIT AND EXTRA TROUSERS $35 AND $40
TO BE HAD AT

MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

Mere Man: "Come on have a drink.'

Phi Beta: "I don't drink, but I'll have a lead pencil on you. —*Yale Record.*

• • •

He: "May I hold your hand?"

She: "Well, I suppose we'll have to start with the preliminaries." —*Punch Bowl.*

• • •

She: "I wouldn't think of marrying such an intellectual monstrosity and physical misfit as you are—you numbskull! Do you get me?"

He: "Well, from the general trend of your conversation, I should judge not." —*Orange Owl.*

• • •

Officer: "What are you doing here at this hour?"

Stranger: "I forgot my key, officer, and I'm waiting for the children to come home and let me in." —*Flamingo.*

MENNEN

with Water hard, soft, cold or hot—
Mennen Shaving is a pleasure

I get stacks of letters from all over the globe telling me why men stick by Mennen Shaving Cream.

A Brother of the Road from Milwaukee

Walter Campbell, 195 Tenth St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes:
"I started using Mennen Shaving Cream over two years ago because I am a traveling man and must have a cream that I can depend upon to give me a clean, smooth shave regardless of kind of water or temperature. With Mennen Cream it matters little whether the water is hard, soft, cold, warm or hot, my morning shave is a pleasure and my skin is left smooth and cool.
"My medicine cabinet at home and my traveling bag always contain a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream and always will."

From London, England

R. P. Forster, Late Captain Royal Tank Corps, 132 Cambridge St., Warwick Square, S. W. 1, London, says:
"In August, 1918, our Tank Battalion went into action almost daily. As a Tank Commander three days of intermittent fighting in co-operation with an infantry brigade left no time for shaving. Finally a direct hit knocked out the Tank. We escaped just before the gasoline exploded. My shaving kit went up with the Tank. Those that were left of us struggled back to camp. A long sleep and then—the memory is still vivid—an American officer attached to our Battalion for observation lent me his Mennen. The ease and sheer joy of removing a four days' beard won me forever."

If you don't use Mennen Shaving Cream, I know why. It's simply because you've never tried it. Men who give it a good, competitive test, become steady users. It's as dead open and shut as that. I am personally acquainted with thousands who have sworn by Mennen Shaving Cream ever since we first put it on sale. Thousands of others write me like the above. Hundreds of thousands more tell the dealers all over the country the same story—you can't beat it!

Regardless of wind, weather and other things, Mennen users have no shaving troubles. That's why we've not only won world-wide success, but are able to win individual success with every new user. Try it, and you'll be writing me friendly letters, too. A great big tube for a half a dollar, on my money-back guarantee.

After shaving—Mennen Skin Balm has the kick you're looking for. A fine, fresh tingle. Skin toned up. A face feel that gives a fellow pep In a tube for 50c—and hide it from the Lady.

Mennen Talcum for Men is the finishing touch—the "plus ultra." Absorbs superfluous moisture—doesn't show. 25c.

FREE!—Send post card for a generous free Demonstration Tube of Mennen Shaving Cream.

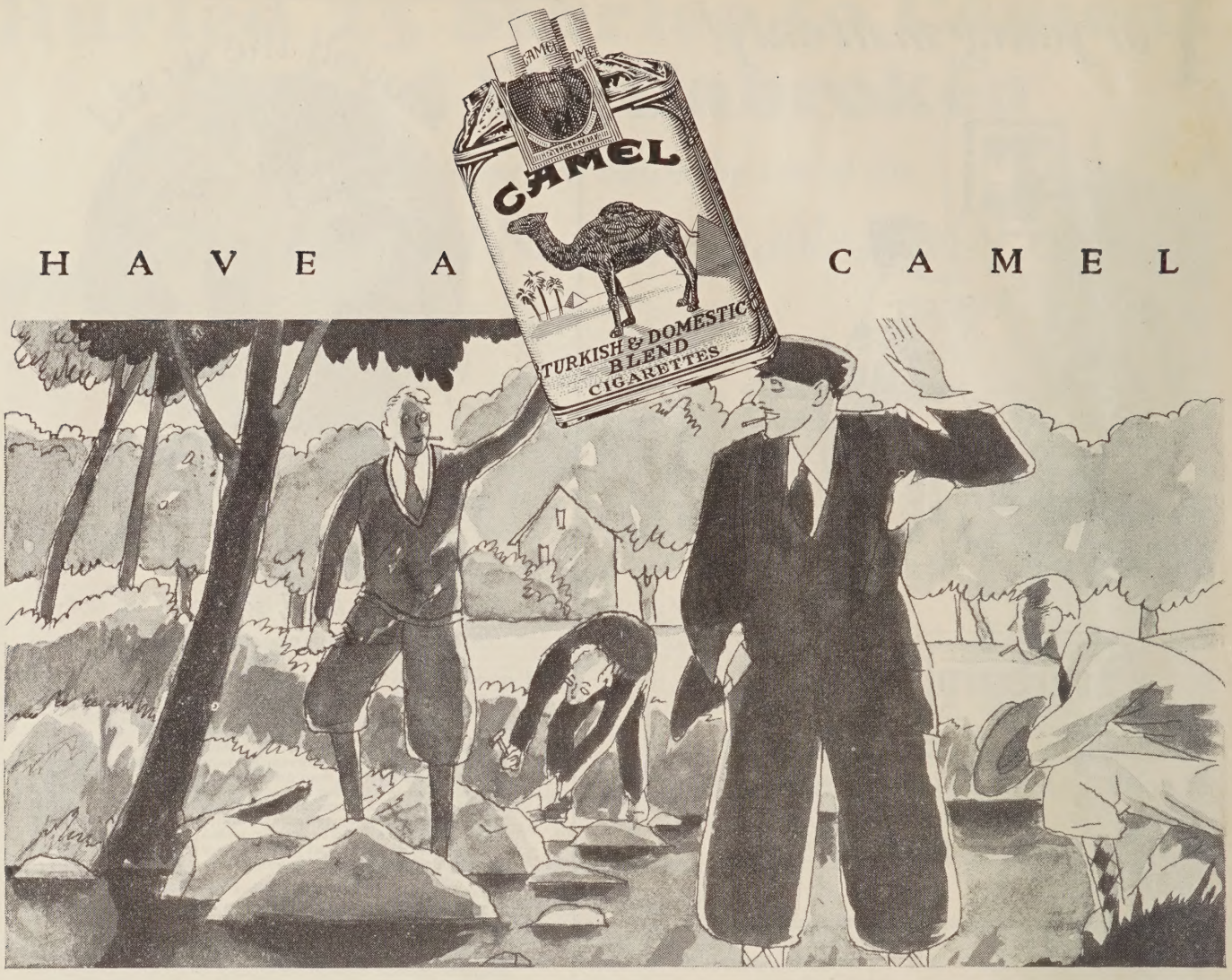
Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY, 353 Central Avenue, Newark, N.J.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

154078

H A V E A C A M E L



The most welcome call to smoke ever sounded

NEVER was there a smoke invitation that could compare with "Have a Camel!"

On swirling city streets. In the roadster as it bounds over the hills. In the study or by the fireside, no other smoking phrase is so provocative of enjoyment and friendship. In its realization comes a boundless sense of gratitude and contentment.

That is because Camels are the favored smoke of millions of experienced and successful men. To ever-increasing millions who have tried them all, who could well afford to pay more, Camels are the first and only choice. Since the dawn of smoking, there has never been a success like Camel's. Camel preference is the inevitable expression of Camel quality. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No other smoke was ever so smooth and mellowy mild. For your own high pleasure, we invite you to rise to the world's most celebrated smoke call.

Have a Camel!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1926

Father (who has taken daughter to the play): "I'm ry I brought you now, Peggy. This is hardly a play for girl your age."

Daughter: "Oh, I don't mind it, dad! It'll probably en up a bit before the end!" —*Judge.*

• • •

Montmorency (to station agent): "Beg pawdon, sir; en does the next train leave for the east?"

S. M.: "Not for six hours."

Montmorency: "Beg pawdon, sir; but when does the st-bound train come through?"

S. M.: "Not until tomorrow."

Montmorency: "Come on, Ferdie; now we can cwoss the acks." —*Harvard Lampoon.*

• • •

Actor (taking a walk in the country): "Hello, little girl, uld you get me a drink? I'm very thirsty, you see I'm an or and am not used to long walks."

Girl (who is milking a cow): "MAW! There's a man here says he's an actor and he wants a drink."

The MAW: "Actor, did you say? You come right in house and bring the cow in with you!"

—*Texas Ranger.*

• • •

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

And they lived happily ever after. —*Pitt Panther.*

• • •

Grandmother: "Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those irs."

Little Boy: "Wouldn't? Hell, you couldn't!"

—*Lyre.*

• • •

Abie: "Papa, what's science?"

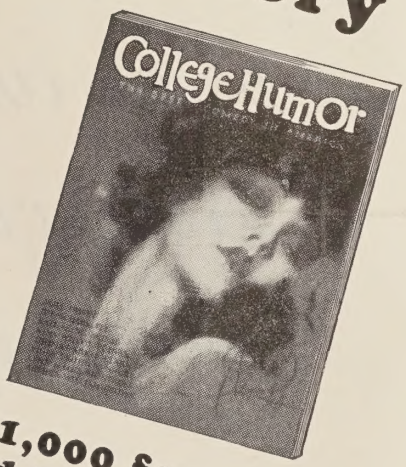
Papa: "Don't be dumb like, Abie, it's them things like at says 'Keep off the Grass.'" —*Purple Cow.*

• • •

A New York law office was held up by five masked men o escaped after a short struggle in an automobile. The ort that the robbers lost only $700 is probably erroneous.

—*Judge.*

$10,000 for a College Humor Story



$1,000 for each additional idea

See contest details in current issue. If you want to read the smartest fiction and fun, and keep up with the new books and plays, order the next six issues now.

Special Offer

The next six issues for $2.00 to college students. Sent to your college address, promptly every month, new—sparkling—right off the press.

Clip Coupon Now

CollegeHumor
1050 N. La Salle Street
CHICAGO

Here is
$2.00 for next 6 issues
$3.00 for one year
$5.00 for two years

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

College..... Year.....

For the giver who loves fine things there can be no compromise—only a distinctive gift that is worthy of the thought will suffice.

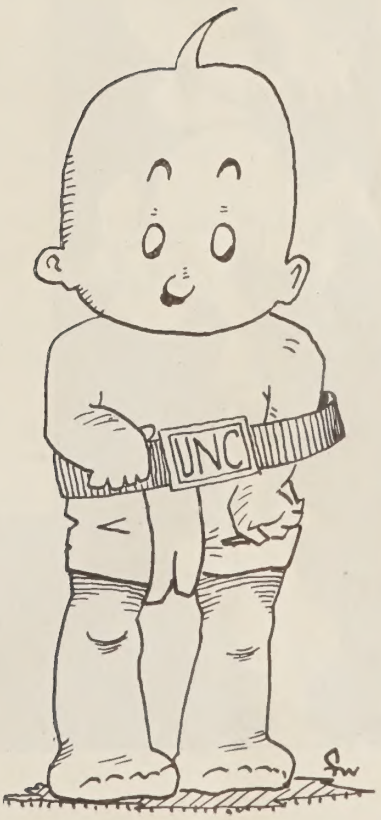
Hollingsworth's

Unusual Candies

VIRGIL HOLLINGSWORTH, AUGUSTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

Sutton & Alderman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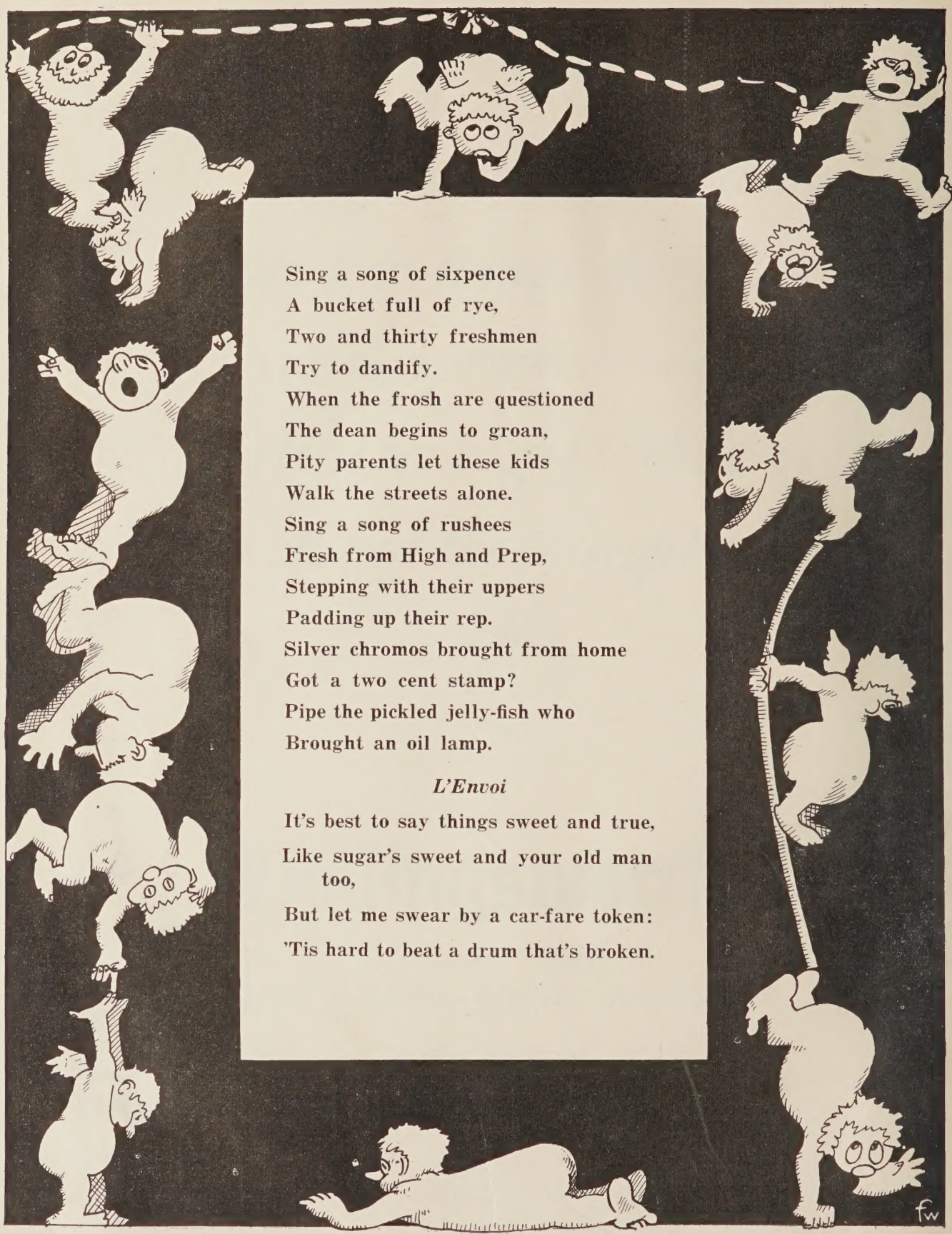


Sing a song of sixpence
A bucket full of rye,
Two and thirty freshmen
Try to dandify.
When the frosh are questioned
The dean begins to groan,
Pity parents let these kids
Walk the streets alone.
Sing a song of rushees
Fresh from High and Prep,
Stepping with their uppers
Padding up their rep.
Silver chromos brought from home
Got a two cent stamp?
Pipe the pickled jelly-fish who
Brought an oil lamp.

L'Envoi

It's best to say things sweet and true,
Like sugar's sweet and your old man too,
But let me swear by a car-fare token:
'Tis hard to beat a drum that's broken.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV NUMBER 1

ODE TO A NECK

Long and slender
but freckled
and too curved.
Some may like 'em
like that but
I don't.
Too much territory.
And pearls would look
like hell on
a neck like that.
I wouldn't
walk two blocks to
see the best in
that line because
I don't like
Giraffs.

Small Child: "Why does Papa always fuss when we have duck for dinner?"

Mother: "Because he says he always gets the bill."

"Why haven't you been to any musical comedies lately, broke?"

"No, just moved up by the co-ed dorm."

FAMOUS BUGS

Golf———.
Potato ———.
———gy ride.
——— house.
Red ———.
Bed ———.
June ———.
Road ———.
The Old Oaken———et.

Mark Twain (congratulating minister on his address): "I have a book at home that has every word of your sermon in it."

Horror Strickened Minister: "Sir, my sermon was original. What book are you speaking of?"

Mark Twain: "The dictionary."

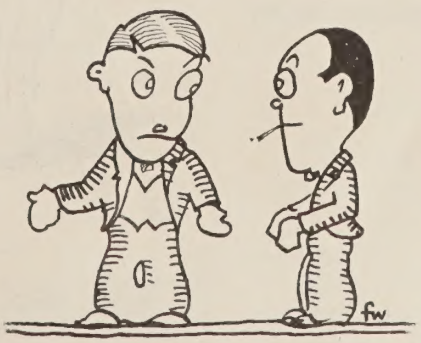
Miss Straw (after hearing of the marriage of Miss Berry to Mr. Briar): "I thought you came to the University to get your Ph.D."

Miss Berry: "I did, but I didn't know I was going to get him so soon."

Member: "Are you going to accept our bid?"

Freshman: "Why should I join a fraternity?"

Member: "It will be a life-long test. If you succeed in getting along with our thirty members, you can get along with one woman."



"How do you like Shakespeare?"
"Dunno, I've never met him."

Stud: "That song has been running through my mind all day."

Poker: "Well, it certainly has had a clear path."

Hook: "And one might catch Leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands."

Fish: "But what kind of bait must one use."

Janitor: "Has you changed your job again? Ah ain't seen you for a week."

Pullman Porter: "In dis last week, ah has had de sole charge of twelve berths."

Janitor: "Lawd, Sam, Ah didn't know you all could doctor."

Lulu: "Do you remember Evelyn's new garter purse?"

Belle: "I should say so!"

Lulu: "Well, she missed three bucks after her date left last night."

"You must have lots of fun with your flivver?"

"Why so?"

"Because of the play in the wheels."

Fresh: "Is she modest?"

Soph: "I reckon. She won't even look at a battleship when it's stripped for action."

"Gladtaseeya! Cripe but you've growed."
"Grown, ol' boy, grown."
"Groanell, wha' should I groan for."

If the following questions are asked, we recommend the following answers.

Q. "Papa, what's berth control?"

A. "The ability to obtain a sleeping compartment on a pullman when ever you want it."

Q. "Papa, what's sex?"

A. "An abbreviation for sextette."

Q. "Papa, what's love?"

A. "An expensive pastime."

Q. "Papa, what's passion?"

A. "A state of mind meaning angry."

Q. "Papa, who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

A. "Hush, son. Here's a dollar."

He kissed his wife on the door-step, and got splinters in his lips.

He: "My, dearest one, I can see the love light burning in your eyes more fiercely every day!"

She: "Well, be glad that you don't have to pay the light bill."

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Jim and I loved the same sweet girl.
She liked Jim best.
Oh! How I envy Jim.
(a year passes)
Jim has won the girl I loved.
They're married now.
Oh! How I envy Jim.
(a year passes)
Jim, poor boy, is awfully ill.
Jim is dead.
Poor Jim, poor Jim.
(a year passes)
Now I've won the girl Jim had.
We're married now.
OH!!! HOW I ENVY JIM.

"I say, Hank, what's your 'pinion 'bout this kid what Abe Barnes found on his door step."

"Wal, can't say as I know hegzactly, but I'll bet thar were a woman in the case."

Have you seen my friend Pierre?
Naw, not since I went blind.

FRESHMEN ! ! !

Do *you* want to succeed? or make a fraternity? or both?

Answer this list of questions, inclose a ten dollar bill, with your name and address—in case the bill is counterfeit—and await results.

1. Can you read and write? If so, why did you come to college?

2. Do you read the *Carolina Magazine? True Confessions?*

3. Give three guesses as to the differences.

4. If a man gave you a quart of Scotch, whom would you notify? (Check in right place) Dean Hibbard ☐; President of the Student Council ☐; Your parents ☐; The undertaker ☐; Us ☐. What would the man's name be? his address? (Extra credit for a real good answer to the last part of this question.)

5. Are you proud of being a member of the greatest freshman class the University has ever known? Or are you such a fool?

6. Who made you? Do you believe in evolution, or are you trying to be collegiate?

7. If A has a tux, B has a spare bid to the dance, C has a gallon, and D has a car, who would you invite home for the week-end?

8. Do you really believe that you have come to an institution where Clear Eyed Youth follows its Ideals, Studies Hard, governs itself admirably, and knows, really knows, all about things?

9. If you answer yes, don't you think that you had better go home now, before election time?

10. Do you know geography? Give the capital of Maine; of England; of your Father.

LET'S HAVE THIS OVER WITH

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"That wasn't no senior, that was a freshman."

"Who was that lady I seen you with on the street last night?"

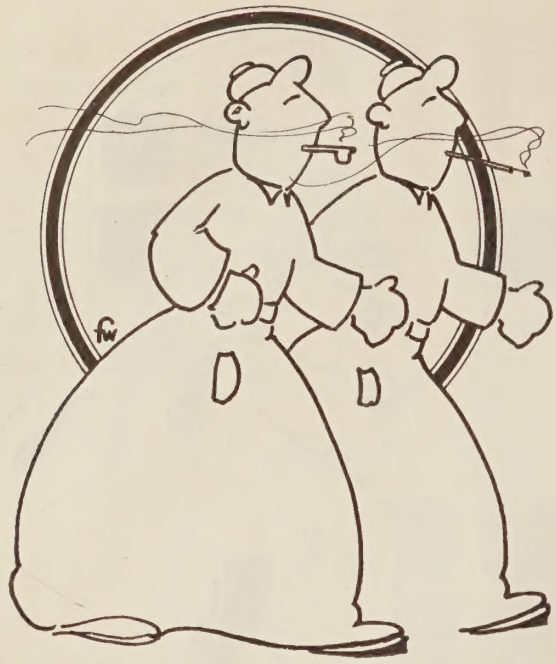
"That wasn't no street, that was an alley."

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"That wasn't no Knight, that was a baron."

"Was that your wife I seen you with last night?"

"No, that wasn't my wife, that was a lady."



"Let's go to the fair!"
"Where's any fair?"
"The paper said 'Fair here today and tomorrow'."

The angular woman had spoken at some length and quite frankly on the subject of birth——— (Hush!), and when she asked if anyone in her audience knew anyone whom they would like her to call on, a man got up and said sadly:

"It's too late now."

"It's never too late, sir," she flashed back. "I'm sure my advice will be useful if you will tell me who you are thinking of."

"Your mother," answered the sad one simply.

"Ah, I say, Old Deah, if one would break a piece of quartz in two pieces, what would it be?"

"Rave on, Percival."

"It would be pints, my deah Reggie."

"Yes, the doctor told me to keep away from cigarettes so I'm smoking Chesterfields." (not adv.)

"Have you read Havelock Ellis' works?"
"No, I don't read fairy tales."

They sauntered into the corner drug store and took a seat in the rear of the parlor. The waiter came up.

"What'll you have?"

"Two dopes and put orange in one of them."

About three minutes elapse and the boy calls the soda-skeet.

"Yessir."

"Whaddabout those dopes?"

"Yessir."

Three more minutes.

"Hey there. Wheninhell are you gonna bring those dopes?"

"Sorry sir, but you asked for orange in one and I've asked everybody up to the boss and nobody knows which one to put the orange in."

He (passionately): "I love you. I adore you. Dearest of all the world be mine!"

She: "All right, I'll marry you."

He: "But, dear, I'm only down for the week-end."

Mrs. McPhersen: "Daughter, what do you mean by coming in at this hour of the morning?"

Adorée (quite put out): "Those horrid boys made me walk home!"

(SYLVESTER)

So dumb he thought that Macon, Georgia was a hard job.

UNEASY LIES THE TOOTH THAT WEARS A CROWN

The following is said to have taken all Paris by storm. A prim old lady was greeted with joyous yells from her half-brother as she returned from church. "That was a dark yellow cravat the deacon wore this morning, wasn't it?" inquired the gentleman, bubbling over with anticipation. "I think it was mauve, a brownish color you know," replied the old lady. You can imagine the young man's consternation at this scintillating sally.

Jonah: "Do you favor dates after dances?"
Joan: "No, one is so apt to get things twisted in the dark."

DO YOU SOMETIMES HAVE POTATO BUGS?

Get Rid of Them This Way.

Gather all the bugs, put them on a rock and use an axe.

Coax the little animals into a bucket, open each mouth and deposit a generous pinch of Paris Green.

Run a steam roller over the field. (This may kill the potatoes).

Move away from the potatoes.

Pour gasoline over the bed and touch a match. This will make the bugs so hot they will leave.

Don't plant potatoes.

She, to clerk: "Have you any birthday cards?"

He: "Yes m'am. How's this, (reading) I arrived at..... O. K. Am a..... pound..... My name is..... Mother doing..... Hoping you are the same."

.....

"There's a man after my own heart," yelled the hero as the villian chased him with a knife.

My papa was a great man—he was so great that they took a plaster cast of him when he died.

Thass nothin'—they took a plaster cast of my papa when he broke his leg.

Bright Father (aged nine): "Son, if a garage mechanic went into agriculture, what particular branch of it would he follow?"

Little Son: "I'm quite sure I don't know father, but I think that he would raise pea—nuts, heh heh!"

Bright Father (aged ten): "Nuh, nuh, he would be a truck farmer."

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE LATEST SONG HITS?

Potato? I wouldn't be where I yam——.

Insect? Thanks for the buggy ride——.

Song of the owl? Who.

Hoe? Hoe tell me, pretty maiden——.

Uneeda Biscuit Co. song? I'm just wild about animal crackers.

Red Grange song? Any ice today, Lady?

WERE YOU BORN IN OCTOBER?

If you were born in the month of October your father's name begins with only one letter of the alphabet. You will move in higher circles but be careful or you might be arrested.

This month is unfortunate for you could not talk at birth. But you have one lucky day, the last Tuesday after two Thursdays in one month. You must discover the month. If you bet, you win every other day. Bet every other day. You are unlucky when you lose. Don't GAMBLE. KNOW what the other man's cards are. Never wear your tie without a collar. You are in love. For more information, send $5 to the same address.

"This is the last straw," said the man as he finished loading the hay.

"What trashy business," said the man as he dumped a load of garbage.

The Buccaneer offers below a quick and easy method of learning one's way about the campus. Learn at home!

(*It is especially compiled for the frosh —God bless them.*)

I—Take all the courses offered at the various schools in the state on map reading.

II—Procure—immediately upon your arrival—one of the delightfully illustrated maps issued by the University authorities.

III—Join a number of fraternities—at least three or four—and use their houses as your headquarters.

IV—Thoroughly familiarize yourself with the lay of the land—hills, ditches, construction work like Memorial Hall, ponds, professors on the way to class, etc.

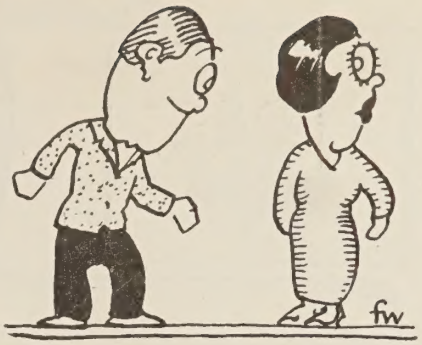
V—Ask the policeman.

Anne (observantly): "John has such a 'mild' appearance."

Patsy (quoting): "'Guaranteed not to bite the tongue.'"

Man fishing: "I've got a bite."

Other man fishing (upstream): "Well, why didn't you scratch it?"



"Use the word natal in a sentence."

"Jane natal lot of breakfast this morning."

My gal can't tell a petting party from a horse race. Says it is neck and neck either way.

Tom is the most bashful boy I've ever seen in my life.

What makes you think so?

Why he can't even see a potato peeling without blushing.

High Man: "You know I shgot the mosh beaut'ful gal in the worl'?"

Low Man: "Yeah?"

H. M.: "An' she'sh the most intelligent woman I've ever known. Why do you know what that woman said to me the other night when I kissed her? She said, 'Honey, if I had a tooth in my head I'd bite you.'"

Kind Old Thing (in hospital ward): "Oh, my poor man, and were you shot in the war?"

Ex-Soldier: "Yesh'm, and I've stayed half shot ever since."

She stood before him naked arms shining in the light of the sun. Gosh, aint it hell to be evil minded!

Man after seeing laundry bill, "Oh to be in Italy where all the shirts are black."

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1926 No. 1

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THIS issue of the BUCCANEER ("and it was ever thus") is dedicated to the Freshmen—God bless them; to those men who have just had their first experience at the great American college sport of standing in line. It is to you, men of '30, that we would give just a few words of fatherly advice.

If you are still wondering why you chose to come to an institution of higher learning, and if you have not read *The Plastic Age* or the words to *Collegiate* (if such indeed could be possible); get a copy of both the book and the song and find out what college is all about. Then forget them both and find out for yourself. And if you do it in four years, you're a better man that we are.

If you should have a hard time at first in understanding the collegiate vernacular; if such words as *gripe, grat, boot, dingle,* and numberless others are unfamiliar to you; get a *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* and look them up. And if you find all of them there, you're a better man than we are.

And then the matter of clothes: no college man's wardrobe is complete without a yellow slicker and a pair of hobnail shoes. And if you don't believe us, just wait until it starts to rain.

There is lots more that we could say but our maidenly propriety keeps us from going too far. Just remember: this business of becom-

ing collegiate is very serious. O yes, we almost forgot, if you make a noise when you wiggle your tongue and work your mouth, by all means get in on a bull session.

THE BUCCANEER was first published some three years ago as the successor to the *Carolina Boll Weevil*, and like the *Boll Weevil* is known as the humorous publication of the University of North Carolina. It is our opinion, and we feel pretty certain the opinion of the three preceding editors, that the editorial columns of a magazine of this type are no place for the airing of personal animosities or the expression of Bolshevik political views. We also appreciate the fact that these same editorials are probably very seldom read and that the less room they take up the more room there will be for the bigger and wetter things.

In regard to the makeup of the BUCCANEER the present Editorial staff will do all in its power to keep the contents both original and clean. It sometimes happens that one or two jokes appear (either disguised or undisguised) that may have been published before, but which, in all probability, were original with the contributor. If some of these do manage to slip through now and then, the only consolation we can offer ourselves is the thought of the pleasure that some soul will get out of saying, "I've heard that one before."

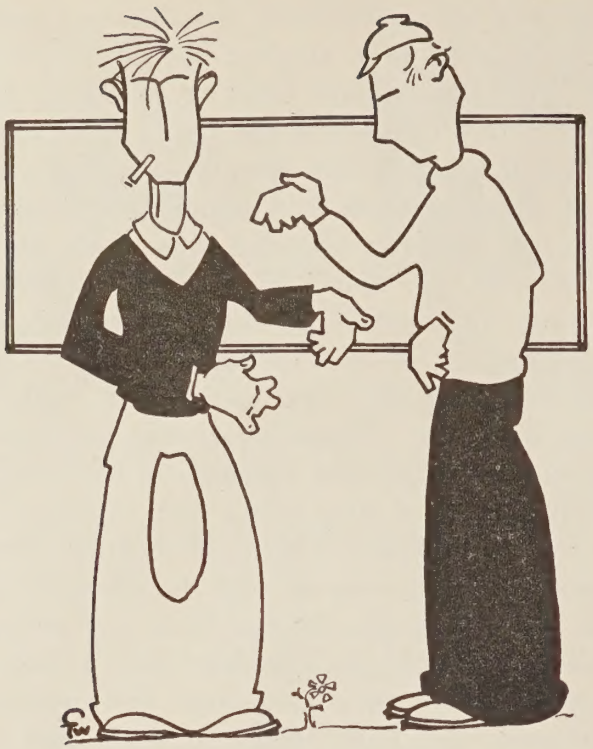
The matter of cleanliness, so to speak, presents possibly the most difficult problem because "boys will be boys" and write things they ought not to. We feel, however, that there is plenty in the world that is funny without being either smutty or vulgar. It is not our purpose to edit a Sunday school leaflet but at the same time we don't want anyone to get their hands soiled.

WITH a fresh coat of paint, new sails, and new rigging the BUCCANEER sets sail once more on this tenth day of October in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six. Sea sickness, home sickness, bad liquor, and graduation has, however, played hob with the crew. With only six "scurvy ink slingers" and "six artistic cutthroats", as our predecessor was wont to say, we have managed to put to sea and navigate this first month not without some difficulty. Those twelve men responded nobly and we present herewith to the breathlessly expectant campus our first number.

Now to become a little more explicit: there are several vacancies on both the art staff and the editorial staff. If you have any artistic abilities at all, if you can draw flies, a wagon, a crowd, teeth, or if you draw just ordinary cartoons; put your talent to work and do some sketches for the BUCCANEER. If you can write your own name so that two other people besides yourself can read it, and if you feel reasonably certain that you have a sense of humor; try your hand at writing some jokes. Sketches should be done in black ink and all copy should be typewritten. Address contributions (money and old clothes greatly appreciated) to THE EDITOR, Box 831, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Professor: "Characterize MacBeth."
Stude: "He was like an alarm clock."
Prof.: "What?"
Stude: "Well the book says, 'MacBeth doth murder sleep'."

"Why is that stadium so sad looking?"
"Shoot. Why?"
"Because it is built in tiers."



First Dumb Man: Your gal smoke?
Second Dumb Man: Naw, white.

"Are bloomers really necessary?" mused La Petite Co-ed reflectively, as she admired her new patent-leather pumps.

She: "So you say you have been around quite a bit?"

He: "Yes, I'm a ticket collector on a merry-go-round."

Fresh: "Why do you wear such low-neck dresses?"

Co-ed: "To show that my heart is in the right place."

Cis: "Can you tell me what kind of people the Persians are?"

Tern: "A rugged people."

First Co-ed: "What kind of work does your fiancé do?"

Second Co-ed: "He puts his arms around my neck and presses and causes strange thrills to run up and down my spine."

First Co-ed: "Oh, I see. He is a chiropractor."

Ille: "It's just about all over with Yvonne."

Id: "Oh, is she very sick."

Ille: "Not at all, she went in swimming and got sunburned."

What do you think of Mary?
O, she'll do.
Do what?

Passerby to man engaged in plucking blades of grass one by one and then swallowing them: "My good man, what in the world are you doing?"

M. G. M.: "I'm practicing for my act in the side-show."

Passerby: "And what can that be?"

M. G. M.: "I'm the sword swallower."

A PSEUDO-PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF MENTAL ALERTNESS

I—Science. If the eight parts of speech are the pulley, the screw, the lathe plus a Bessemer converter, the lever, the wheel and axle, and the inclined plane, write the formula of the soap used for your first bath.

II—History. Describe in detail the Diet of Worms, but don't be disgusting. Also be careful not to confuse this question with the one on Biology.

Correlate the repeal of the Corn Laws in England with the attempt in 1918 to curtail the activities of the mountaineers of Western North Carolina.

III—Biology. Express your personal reactions to the theory that sex is in some way connected with the reproduction of the species.

IV—Mathematics. Math 1 and 2, the catalogue calmly says, is required of all freshmen. Now give your reasons for coming to college.

V—English. Did Ann Hathaway inspire Shakespeare to write the Tempest? If so, quote Mr. H. L. Mencken's pungent criticism on the Hart, Schaffner, and Marx doctrine.

If all the questions are answered you are either hopelessly smart or just plain hopeless.

If you realize question four, three months should give you some pretty definite ideas in regard to a college education.

If none are right you are just plain dumb. You will probably be president of the Freshman Class, and undoubtedly a huge success with the co-eds.

HOUSE HUNTING

Smith had tried all over town but could find no house for rent. What to do? He must have some place for his family when they arrived next week from the West.

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. Why not see some realtor? 'The old brain still works' thought Smith as he spun the dial on the phone.

"Hello," sweetly from central.

"Blue, 5879," Smith requested.

"2587, Wine?"

"No, Blue, 5879."

"Bloo, 5879?"

"Yes."

Ah! Why had he not thought of this before? Surely nothing could be easier than to let some other man worry for one. All he would have to do would be to tell the realtor what he wanted and the rest would be easy.

"Hello. Dirtcheap Realty Co."

"I want," said Smith, "to rent a ten room house in a good location by the last of this month."

"We have no houses to rent, sell or loan. Sorry. We just sold our last one."

Smith hung the receiver on the hook with a downcast expression. What to do? Another idea struck him. Why not build? He called the lumber plant.

"Hello," said the voice.

"Can you build a ten room house for me by the last of this month?" asked Smith hopefully.

"Call the Home for Feeble-Minded and tell 'em your story. They'll see that you get a place to stay."

Smith tore the phone out by the screws. What to do? His family coming and no place to go. He tried to think. What to do? Finally he decided to go out and hunt again. He walked and walked, up one street and down another. He was trudging down his last street as the sun sank, still looking for a vacant house. He come to the end of the street, looked around, uttered a loud cry and collapsed in a near-by gutter.

The house he saw was last but not leased.

Vic: "Do you know why Ford is collecting all old fiddles?"

Trola: "I suppose he wants a monopoly on all the squeaks."

"Why did the lady stop in the middle of her speech and take her seat?"

"Because she suddenly realized that she had no supporters."

DIFFERENCE IN PRONUNCIATION

Conductor (as train nears station): "Euria—liare, Euria—liare."

Porter (on other end of train): "Eu—riali—are, Eu—riali—are."

"That was an awful bone I just pulled,' said the hearse driver as he returned from the funeral.

"What is the distance between the dean's ears?"

"Oh, boy. Let's have it."

"One block."

Man fishing: "I've got a bite."

Other man fishing (upstream): "Well why don't you scratch it?"

"This is a wise crack," said the mouse as he gnawed his way through the floor.

"So Jack got a new car for his birthday. What can he get out of her?"

"Well, I saw him take out two gallons yesterday."

WHY DOGS GO MAD?

CASE I

German Police Dog

Today I had a splendid opportunity of starting my work on this new problem. As I was walking to the station to catch a train for Egypt, what should I hear but the startled cry of "Mad dog, mad dog."

"Aha," I thought, "here is my opportunity," for as everyone else had fled from the street the enraged beast was making straight for me.

"Good morning," I said politely in German, tipping my hat as the beast sunk his teeth into the calf of my leg, "something seems to be troubling you, can I be of any assistance? Come, let us sit down on the curb here and talk this thing over."

"Don't make hell (light) of my troubles," said the poor animal seating himself beside me and chewing on the piece of meat that he had removed from my leg. "I'm in a bad fix," and then he added, "this is damn good veal."

"Just help yourself," I said extending my other leg in front of him where it would be convenient for him to nibble on. "But tell me, my good friend, what is the trouble?"

"Well, it's this way," he said, taking another bite, "I have just returned from rather a prolonged visit to Frankfort. My first thought on getting home was, of course, to see my wife. When I arrived at the house, I was greeted at the door by a female person who looked suspiciously like a trained nurse. "Sh——," said she. "Ah," I thought, "I am about to become a father."

Then turning rather abruptly to me he asked, "Say, did you know that you had a nail in your shoe?" (He had gotten that far by now.)

"Why yes," I said, "my toenail." And then, "will you pardon me if I swat this mosquito, it is biting rather viciously."

After asking for a tooth pick, my four footed friend resumed his story.

"That was yesterday. Well, today I was permitted to enter the nursery for the first time. My chest expanded as I approached the door for from the other side I could hear the high pitched yelps and whines of my children. But how sadly I was mistaken, for when the door was thrown open what should greet my eyes but the most motley assortment of dogs that I had ever seen. There was an airdale, a collie, a dachshund, a Mexican mainless—O everything," he added, his old madness returning, "everything." And then he fled on down the street tipping his hat as he went.

Greatly saddened by this story of mistaken love, I put my feet in my pocket, opened my umbrella (for it had started to rain), and proceeded on my way to the station.

Stewed: "Shay, where do they get this stuff bout the 'birth of a nation?'"

Stude: "Dunno, must be something else handed down by Solomon and his wives.

Stude, to secretary, "Watkins, you had better catch my classes for me today and don't forget to go to sleep on history."

A NICE WIDOW

I am going to get a wife with two.

Two what?

Two daughters. 'Bout seventeen and eighteen.

1st Stude, playing checkers, to opponent: "It's your move."

2nd Stude: "Don't be so fast. I haven't rested from the last move yet."

Jim: "Ah, I see you have a new haircut."

Crack: "Whatinhell did you think it was, second-hand?"

"Have you the next dance taken?"

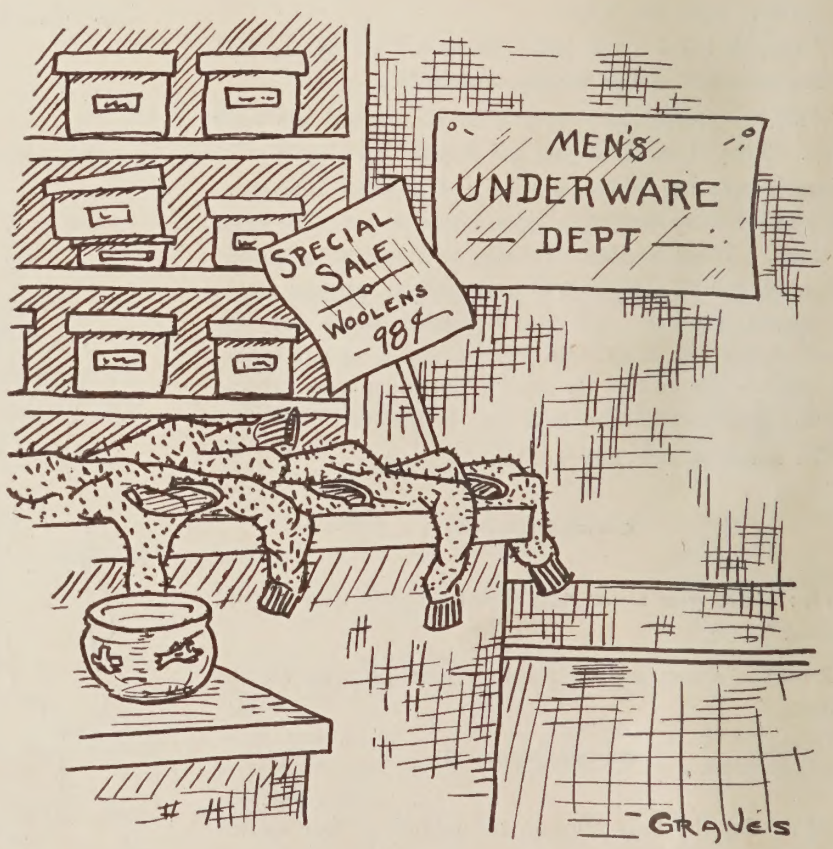
"No."

"Well, you're gonna be rather lonesome, aren't you?"

"I don't like girls."

"I'm not good looking myself."

"Gosh, All hemlock," said Socrates just before he took the drink.



DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

Only 128 more shopping days.

A bit of chocolate history

Back in 1906 Whitman's selected from the various chocolates they had been making since 1842 those particular nut centers, caramels, nougats and other firm and "chew-y" kinds that were preferred by a large class of candy buyers.

These selected chocolates were packed in a green and gold box and because they were an offering to particular people the box was named the Fussy Package For Fastidious Folks.

The Fussy Package made an immediate hit, and ever since has been the favorite candy of a growing circle. Also it has been a distinguished gift package.

The Fussy Package was the pioneer in the line of special assortments originated by Whitman's which now includes the Sampler, Salmagundi, Pleasure Island, Bonnybrook, and other packages, each catering to a real candy taste and preference.

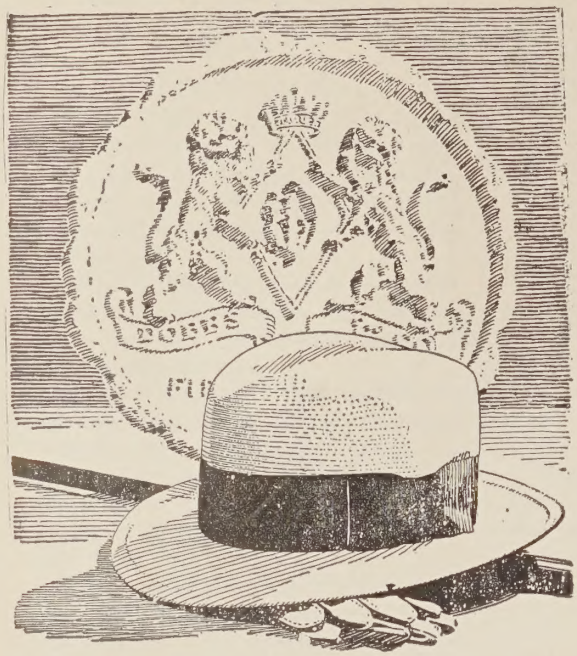
Fussy Packages are in sizes from half pound to five pounds.

For Hallowe'en

We have dressed up the Fussy Package in a special wrap for Hallowe'en which will make it fit perfectly in the Hallowe'en party.

WHITMAN'S FAMOUS CANDIES ARE SOLD BY

PATTERSON BROTHERS



PRITCHARD-PATTERSON

University Outfitters

Chapel Hill, N. C.

"The sweetest pipe in the world"

"It's a W D C"

W D C

TRADE MARK

The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all "insured" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

This snappy style is No. 1780

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

God bless mother and father. Bless my little brothers and sisters, and friends. And good-bye God, I'm going to college. —*Princeton Tiger.*

• • •

John was homesick; it was two whole days till the end of the semester. And Mary, his home town girl, was throwing a party tomorrow night. John was desperate.

He wired—"Dad: Shall I go by way of St. Louis or come straight home?"

Hot and fast came the answer—"Son: Come straight home."

The dean read the message and said, "Excused."

John attended the party. —*The Sour Owl.*

• • •

She: "Why did they stop that man from running with the ball?"

He: "They did not want him to make a goal."

She: "But I thought the object of the game was to make goals."

He: "Yes, but he was running toward the wrong goal. He is on the other side."

She: "Well, I can't see why they have to knock him down to tell him about it, everybody makes mistakes."

—*Pelican.*

• • •

"How's your radio?"

"Fine, wonderful! Last night I got a quartet and tuned out the second tenor." —*Life.*

• • •

Pell: "Looking offish's morning, Chappie."

Mell: "Yaws, I feel rawther pale. Got vaccinated."

P. (shuddering): "How devastating! Did it hurt much?"

M. (bravely): "Not much. I took ether, you know!"

—*Princeton Tiger.*

• • •

Definition: Concentration is a person's ability to keep his eyes on the cards in a strip poker game. —*Widow.*

• • •

"And what, Horace, did you find interesting in Venice The booful gondolas?"

"Naw; I kept wonderin' why there weren't no sparrow around." —*Harvard Lampoon.*

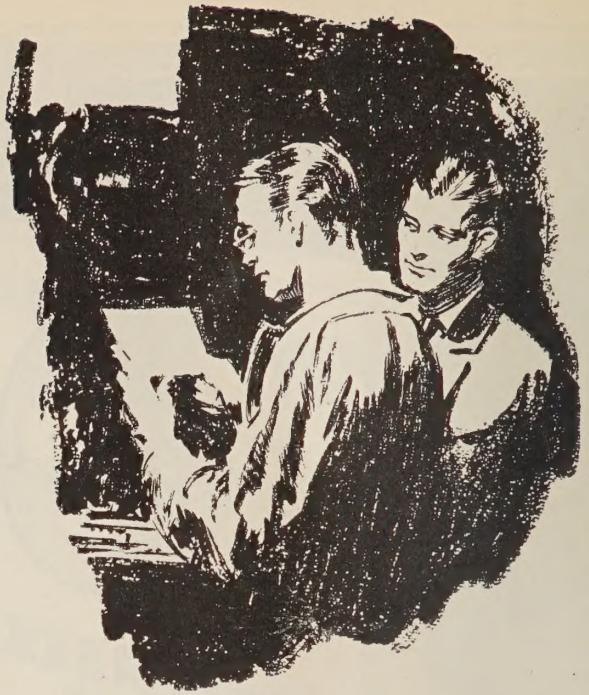
An organization of Craftsmen specializing in the production of engravings for College Publications. Those desiring excellence in workmanship, combined with a common sense understanding of the needs of this field, will specify "printing plates by Bierman."

We have a complete service, including instruction book, giving detailed instructions for the profitable production of school annuals, that is free to any annual staff giving us the contract for making the engravings in their annual. Inquiries solicited.

BIERMAN ENGRAVING CO.

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

"This picture makes electrical history!"



J. W. Legg

—so studious, inquisitive Joe Legg was told, when he displayed a strange zigzag image covering nearly the whole of an oscillograph film to instructors and fellow students at Worcester Polytechnic Institute back in 1915.

For Legg had done something that had never been done before at Tech. He had corralled the picture of a transient phenomenon. Translated, that means he had been able to photograph the electrical disturbance resulting from the closing and opening of a circuit breaker. From that moment the story of the modern oscillograph is synonymous with the story of Joseph Willard Legg, E. E. '16.

Legg's novel experiment was accomplished by a form of remote control rigged up for the college laboratory's oscillograph. Soon the Westinghouse Company ordered one of his controls. And it was natural that Legg should follow his device to East Pittsburgh the next autumn, after he graduated. First in the Research Department, then in the Material and Process Department, he continued to solve oscillograph problems.

The oscillograph films the records of electric current by means of an apparatus of surpassing delicacy. The most modern type, for instance, has a vibrator strip that is 55/100,000 of an inch thick—⅛ the diameter of a human hair. It contains a mirror 17/1000 of an inch wide.

But before Legg began his study, the oscillograph, itself, was a clumsy contrivance weighing almost half a ton. He proved that a compact oscillograph, operated with an incandescent lamp, was practicable; first, with a three-element model (one that will record the action of three phenomena at the same time) weighing about 135 pounds. This was in 1917. More recently a nine-element oscillograph weighing only 100 pounds has been developed. And, acme of creative genius, Legg has just produced a baby one-element oscillograph, called the OSISO—which weighs but 7½ pounds! For good measure, Legg designed a holder for loading the oscillograph film in daylight, something that had been fruitlessly tried for years.

As a result of these advances, power companies are saved enormous expense in learning vital characteristics of their circuits—and in solving problems faced by their plants. For instance, by devising a way to automatically record chance disturbances on power lines, Legg has made it possible with the OSISO to start recording a picture 1/1000 of a second after lightning causes a flash.

And so it goes at Westinghouse with many college men — not just one or a few—but with hundreds throughout the organization. They do their part in advancing the electrical industry while they ply their profession amid unlimited opportunity for creative work.

"What's the future with a large organization?" That is what college men want to know first of all. The question is best answered by the accomplishments of others with similar training and like opportunities. This is one of a series of advertisements portraying the progress at Westinghouse of typical college graduates off the campus some five—eight—ten years.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

SOFT COLLAR SHOULD BE FASTENED WITH GOLD PINS

© VANITY FAIR

There is no denying the popularity of the soft collar ıether it is attached to the shirt or not, and the serious ob- ction to it is due to the fact that when soft collars are worn e effect is frequently untidy. This untidy effect is caused two things, first, the fact that the collar is not cut with ıg points which enable it to be pinned by a gold safety pin st under the tie knot, and, secondly, because no pin is used. soft collar that is cut with long points in front and which just a little higher in the back than in the front, is the only llar that can be worn with any assurance that it will re- ıin in place and preserve a fresh and neat appearance. But en this collar cannot present a neat appearance unless a pin used, because the collar has not been starched. Another l in keeping the collar and neck tie in place is the use of other safety pin, or a clasp which can be a little smaller ın the pin used for the collar and fastens the end of the tie the shirt. This is a very great help in preservini a neat pearance because the tie is thus held securely in place and ısequently cannot disarrange the collar. A set of these o gold safety pins is an ideal gift for the well dressed man.

If you are interested in any question of etiquette or dress ite the "Well Dressed Man" care BUCCANEER *and your ter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail give accurate address.*

(Copyright 1926 by Vanity Fair)

BraeBurn

Of Rochester

The Season's Smartest College Ceothes

To be had at

Markham-Rogers Co.

Durham, N. C.

The Favorite at Coney

Good-Grape

CONTAINS WINE OF GRAPE

That good-grape drink

CONVENIENCE

IT SHOULD PROVE AGREEABLE TO THOSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE FINCHLEY TYPE OF WEARABLES TO LEARN THAT EXHIBITIONS OF THE CLOTHES—HATS—CAPS—SHOES—CRAVATS, ETC., ARE HELD AT FREQUENT INTERVALS IN YOUR SCHOOL. THE VARIOUS ITEMS HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED AND ARE RECOMMENDED, WITHOUT RESTRICTION, FOR THEIR EXCELLENCE AND UNCOMMONNESS.

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OF FINCHLEY WEARABLES WILL BE HELD AT

Carolina Dyeing Co.

Wed. and Thur., Oct. 20th and 21st

THE FINCHLEY *Establishment*

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street
New York

"What kind of a dog is that?"
"Police dog."
"Awgwan."
"Yeah. Secret police. He's in disguise."
—*Green Onion.*

• • •

Rub: "This country has no national secrets."
Dub: "How about what the pitcher says to the catcher?"
—*Life.*

Fancy Ices — Block Cream

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Dial L-963 — Main at Duke

Punches — Sherbets

The proverbial Irishmen, Pat and Mike, were crossing a field when a bull come charging down upon them. Mike shinned up the only tree in sight and Pat jumped in a hole nearby. The bull jumped over the hole and Pat jumped out. The bull turned, saw him, charged. Pat jumped in and the bull jumped over the hole again. This continued until finally the furious Mike bawled down to Pat as he jumped out, "You damn fool! Stay in the hole or we will never get home!"

Pat jumped in as the bull charged and when he jumped out again he yelled frantically to Mike, "You're a damn fool yourself! There's a bear in this hole!" —*The Sniper.*

• • •

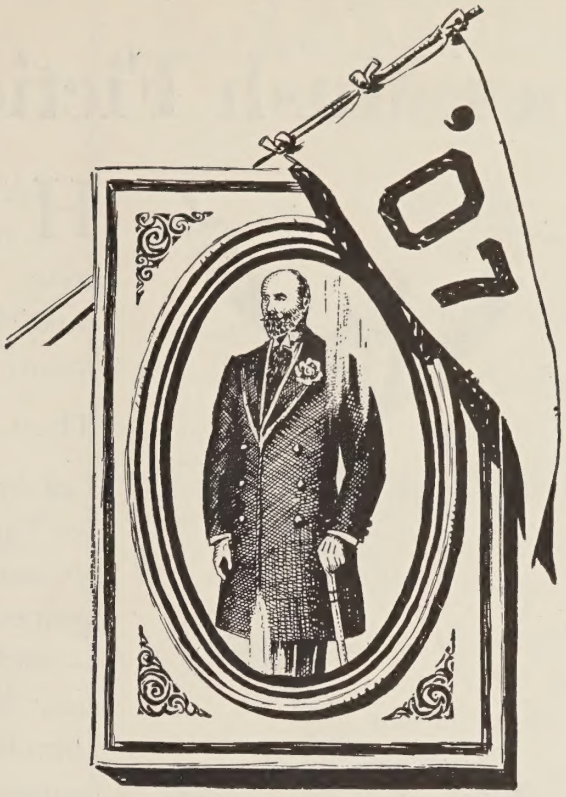
A certain country minister posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for heaven at four-thirty A.M." The next day he found written below: "Heaven, nine A.M. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."
—*Mugwump.*

• • •

"Say, is your dog clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'are you coming or aren't you?' he comes or he doesn't." —*Lampoon.*

an Old Grad *of the* Class of '07



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Just buy yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. and tamp a load flush with the muzzle of your old jimmy-pipe. Connect with a match, and let that first wonderful drag tell you that no other tobacco can come within a mile of this for sheer pipe-quality.

Cool as a dormitory radiator. Sweet as an extra cut. Fragrant as a peach-orchard. P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat —another important detail. Get yourself some Prince Albert today. No other tobacco can bring you so much downright smoke-pleasure.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Does Mush Fiction Bore You?

© Vanity Fair

HAVE you a hate on the happy ending? Have you convictions on style? Does the talk go on until the small hours of the morning in your rooms about how to write?

Then you will like Vanity Fair.

Celebrated satirists and essayists write for Vanity Fair, unhampered by having to cater to a million G-6 intelligences. Masters of the art of impression—such as Paul Morand, Ferenc Molnar, Sherwood Anderson—contribute stretches of jeweled language. The younger poets are in its pages—first.

Every Issue Contains

Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard the dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies—if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. College preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notorieties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, amateur and professional; turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

Motor Cars: Speed, safety, smartness, as last conceived in Europe and America. Salons and shows. Many pictures.

World Affairs: The field of politics, foreign and domestic. Intimate sketches of pilots of various Ships of State.

There's No Better Way to Keep Up

VANITY FAIR lives in the midst of Art and Life. Whatever is new in any of the arts—literature, music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the movies — gravitates naturally into Vanity Fair's pages.

Whenever there is a new technique, a new trend of thought, a new school of brilliant young rebels, it is noted, weighed, and measured in the pages of the current Vanity Fair.

World affairs are also covered. Sports are chronicled—particular attention is paid to golf. Bridge is discussed in its most intricate technicalities by experts.

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Name.....

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"My boy think of the future."

"I can't, it's my girl's birthday and I must think of the present." —*Dodo.*

• • •

"When I was home I stayed in every night, getting educated."

"Listening to the radio, eh?"

"No. My sister was home from Vassar and she talks in her sleep." —*Froth.*

• • •

Sir Garland: "Thou art the sunshine of my soul. Thou drivest away the murky clouds of despair. Thou wilt always reign in my heart. My love for thee will never grow cold. Wilt thou—?"

Esmerelda: "Say, what is this, a proposal—or a weather report?" —*Froth.*

• • •

"Darling," he cried, falling on his knees and covering her little white hands with kisses, "can't you see that I love you?"

She drew herself up to her full height. "Well," she said, "I should hate to think this was just your way of behaving in company." —*Lampoon.*

• • •

"An' I says, 'I'm a man o' unflaggin' industry,' I says. An' he says, 'You won't do,' he says. 'We want a man to stop trains'." —*Yale Record.*

• • •

"What is that wiggling object off near the horizon?"

"Don't know; must be a nervous wreck."

—*Yale Record.*

• • •

Tourist: "Hey, you fool, you better watch out."

Victim: "Wassa matter, you gonna back up?"

—*Whirlwind.*

• • •

Tobacco is found in many of the Southern States and in some cigars. —*Life.*

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"Why did you stop singing in the choir?"

"Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed." —*Tiger.*

• • •

Art Stude: "How many kinds of milk are there?"

Prof.: "Why, there's condensed milk, and evaporated milk, and—but why do you ask?"

Art Stude: "Well, I was drawing a picture of a cow, and I wanted to know how many faucets to put on her."

—*Texas Ranger.*

• • •

Driving, driving, driving. She knew that he must be weary, that to complain would discourage him. It was almost dawn, yet there would be no stopping place for hours. What would people think? What would they say? Probably the usual thing, "out all night." Still she bore up bravely and said not a word about her reputation. She hadn't any.

—*Voo Doo.*

• • •

"Black Boy, how did yo' all get that soot on youah coat?"

"That ain't soot, Carbona, that's dandruff."

—*Lord Jeff.*

• • •

Doctor: "It's a boy, professor."

The A. M. Prof: "What is?"

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

• • •

"Wither away?"

"Aw, dry up yerself." —*Lyre.*

• • •

He: "Hard as concrete, you say?"

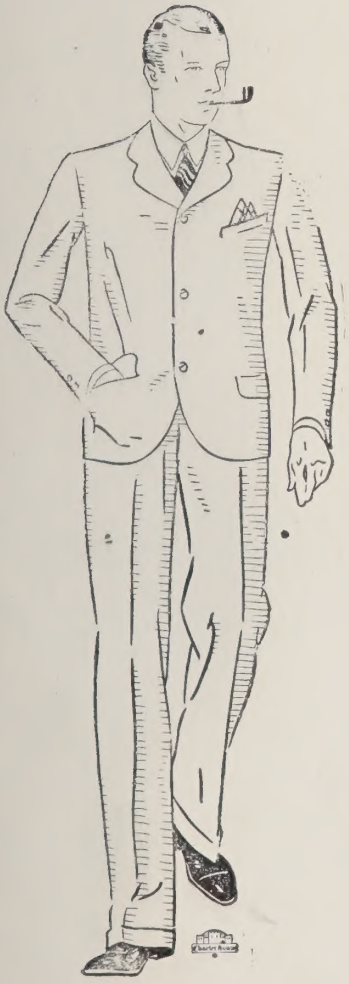
Him: "Yeh. Fact is, I took her for a walk."

—*Puppet.*

ANNOUNCING

Charter House

AUTHENTIC ENGLISH UNIVERSITY STYLES



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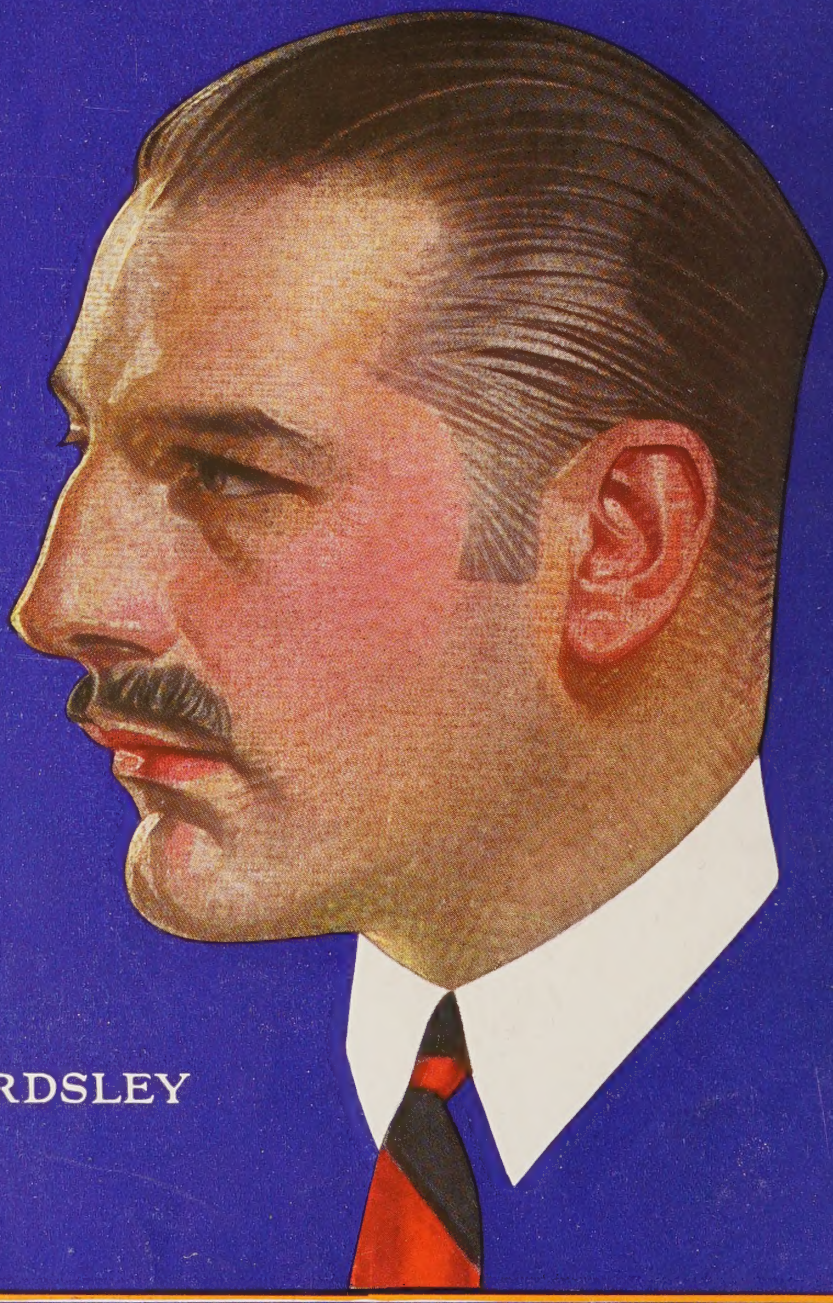

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"I'm just crazy to begin!"
"I think you are." —*Chanticleer.*

• • •

This girl met Tommy,
Tommy had some gin;
When the girl left Tommy,
She wore Tommy's pin.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

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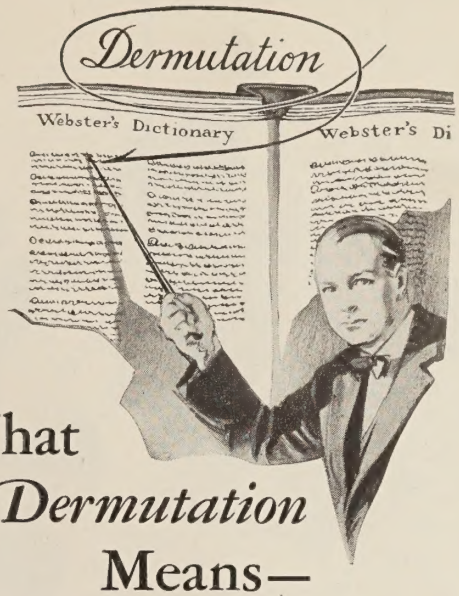

What *Dermutation* Means—

Beard softening in the exclusive Mennen way

I get lots of letters asking me the meaning of *Dermutation.* Millions know that it stands for Mennen beard softening. But some have yet to learn, including Noah Webster's successors.

This Mennen process of absolute beard softening is exclusive with Mennen Shaving Cream. It's made several million regular Mennen stand-bys. So we had to coin a word all our own.

Here's how Dermutation works

Wet your face. Hot or cold water, hard or soft—it doesn't matter. Then a dab of Mennen Shaving Cream. Lather it up. Use a rotary motion. Plenty of water makes a whale of a lather. By the time you get your razor on your face, Dermutation has done its good work—it has softened the old beard all over. Shaving seems no more than just removing lather.

The nuisance of shaving is reduced to absolute minimum, both of time and annoyance. And it's a clean shave, leaving your face smooth as silk.

Millions know the value of Dermutation, and use Mennen Shaving Cream every day. If *you* don't, buy a tube today. The *big tube* for 50c. If not satisfied, send me the tube and I'll refund your purchase price plus postage. That's a guarantee.

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Heard during Prom: "Get to bed, I've had enough of your lip." —*Banter.*

• • •

He: "Who taught you how to swim?"

She: "Nobody, but my sister taught me how to sit on the beach." —*Life.*

• • •

"Waiter, this steak is terribly tough."

"Sir, we are not responsible for the morals of our food." —*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

• • •

Adam (proposing): "Why do you keep me in suspense? Is there another man?"

Eve: "That's what I'd like to know." —*Pitt Panther.*

• • •

Boy (in car): Officer, we stopped only to light a cigarette.
Cop: "Well, don't get so hot about it." —*Puppet.*

• • •

Cadet (on leave): "Where shall we go tonight?"

Femme: "Anywhere you want."

Cadet: "Not anywhere; I've got to report back for duty at 4 p.m. tomorrow!" —*Pointer.*

• • •

Magistrate (severely): "The idea of a man of your size beating a poor weak woman like that."

Prisoner: "But, your worship, she keeps irritating me all the time."

"How does she irritate you?"

"Why, she keeps saying, "Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me once, and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a magistrate, and see what he'll do with you."

"Discharged." —*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

• • •

Yonkers: "Do you believe in fairies?"

Joisey: "Naw! I takes the tube. It's quicker." —*Jack-o-Lantern.*

• • •

Sambo: "I want a razza."

Clerk: "Safety?"

Sambo: "No, sah, I wants it fo' social puhposes." —*Cougars Paw.*

A SMART CURE for Lonesomeness!

The December issue, on sale November first, contains features by Laurence W. Meynell, Don Herold, Arthur K. Akers, James Montgomery Flagg, Roland Krebs, Charles D. Mitchell, Holworthy Hall, Corey Ford, Thomas Boyd and Nancy Hoyt.

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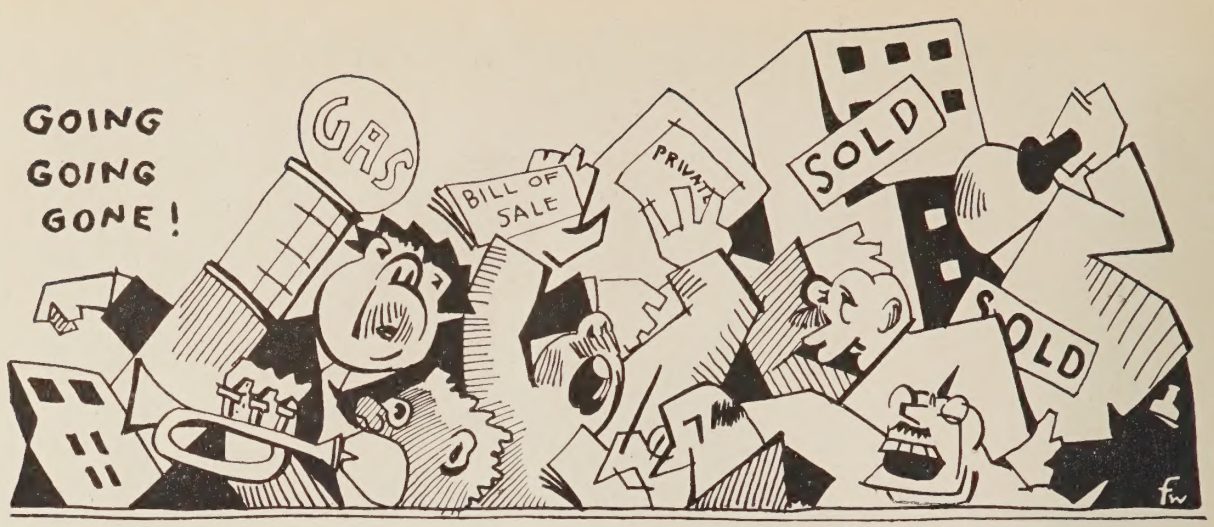
BOOM!

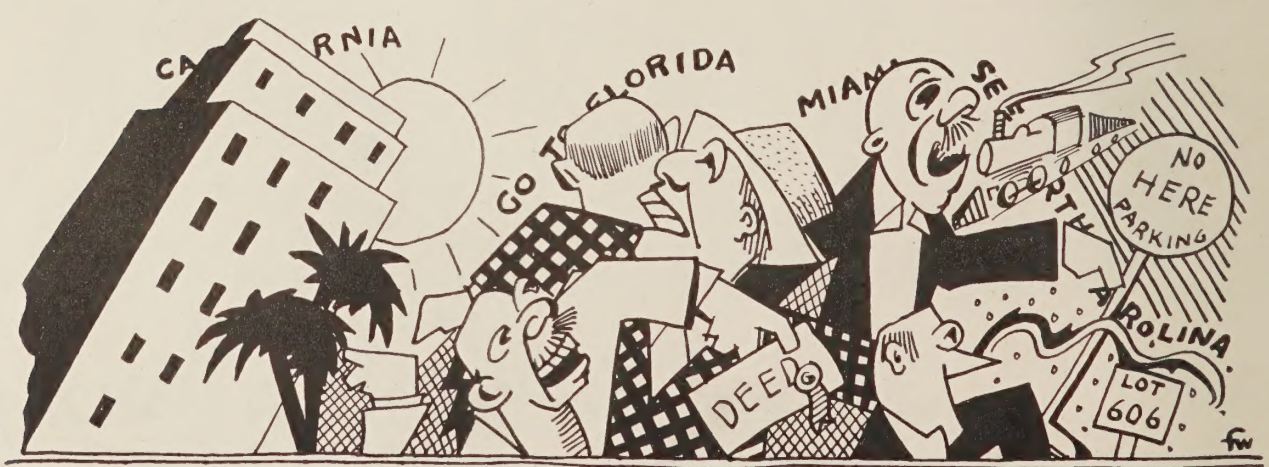


These people came because the bus stopped at their home town and gave them a free ride to the new development. When the salesman tried to sell them some lots, the land owners just laughed and laughed because they knew all the time that the people didn't have any money.

A certain young man bought some land in a new development through a well known mail order house and then just laughed and laughed because he knew all the time that he couldn't pay the postage on it.

When the man with the pencil and paper (above) finished figuring up the profits he was going to make on some lots he had bought, he just laughed and laughed because he knew all the time that the subdivision he'd invested in was going to be a flop.

The man with his mouth open (below) has bought the hotel. As soon as the deed was signed, he just laughed because he expected the building to fall over any minute.



The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV NUMBER 2

"How are bathtubs and Fords alike?"

"Let's have it."

"Both are owned by nearly everybody but few people want to be seen in them."

"I heard that you were color blind."

"I can tell the color of anything, so forget it."

"What were the colors of the wind and waves in a storm at sea?"

"The wind blew and the waves rose."

"What would you advise about this lump in my throat?"

"Try swallowing."

Bods mon, why ye merrie chuckles?
'Sfunnie, coot, I just saw a Liberty Bond presented as a wedding gift.

C. O. D.: Did you see Haley's comet?

P. D. Q.: I never knew he had caught one.

BOOM! BOOM!

Father and mother sat around the fireside with all their children gathered close about them. Alas! 'twas the last night they would sit thus in the old family homestead that had been theirs for generations. On the morrow the old home was to be sold to pay off the mortgage; a new and fashionable subdivision would be built on their beloved home site.

But tonight was theirs. They would sit together in peace and quiet, lost in happy reflections of the past. No sound was heard save the ticking of the great old clock in the corner and low-toned reminiscences.

Suddenly a harsh, discordant noise interrupted this peaceful scene of sorrow—

BOOM! BOOM!

The real estate boom had begun!

1st Engineer: Who was that wench I seen you with last night?
2nd Engineer: That wasn't no winch; that was a hoisting engine.

Little boy, pointing to copy of Buccaneer: "Mother, what's wrong with this?"

Mother, reprovingly: "How many times have I said 'Never point'?"

Little boy: "That's right, mother, there's never any point!"

Use the word zephyr in a sentence.
Whose heifer is that?

Katherine, the Co-ed, majoring in Campustry says the main trouble with these brilliant young men is that they don't shine in the dark.

Archeologist: "I found a wonderful myth in the old baths of Rome."

Student: "I hope you begged her pardon and left."

The floating population of Florida is said to be rising.

"Own your own house-boat week" is making progress in the "gator" city.

He: I hear old Skinflint has a weak heart.

Me: I thought he had a heart of stone.

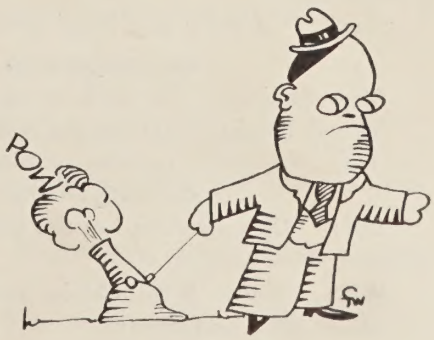
He: Oh, just sandstone.

Nightgowns, this fall, are going to be shorter, but the nights will remain the same length.

Night Watchman: "Young feller, are you going to kiss that girl?"

Unsuspecting Senior: "Why, er, no sir."

N. W.: "By gosh! Hold my lantern then."



POOR FISH!

NO?

Soph: "Have you ever heard of the 'Sesqui-Centennial'?"

Fresh: "No. What's the name of it?"

Soph: "What?"

Fresh: "What did you say?"

Soph: "I didn't say anything."

Fresh: "Oh, I didn't hear you."

Prof: "Give me a proverb that holds true in the present time."

Stude: "A cut a day keeps graduation away."

First Student: "So Jack is against prohibition?"

Second Ditto: "Against prohibition? Why he's so wet that every time you blow on him he ripples."

Bill: "Dija see Sam run the quarter mile this afternoon?"

Will: "Naw. What did he run it in?"

Bill: "His underwear!"

Bur: "Why did it take Solomon 42 years to build his temple?"

Litzer: "Because he was wise."

Bur: "No! Because he had 1001 wives to make suggestions."

One: "Can you tell me what a stout matron is?"

Two: "Yes. A lovely girl gone to waist."

"Aren't those flappers dresses becoming?"

"Yeah. Becoming as short as possible."

Wood: "Why is the flapper lucky who lives near a lumber yard?"

Pecker: "Got you. Because she wouldn't have to go far to get a shingle."

"Some of the University students that dine here," said the boarding house manager sadly, "seem to think that spoons are a sort of medicine—to be taken after meals."

Our Nell was used to the bitterness of life. She had sipped Orange County corn with the best of them. Her days in the universe had been tearful ones. Her father was an onion peeler by choice. Once she had a sister Ruth. But Ruth died and Nell became extremely Ruthless. The day had seemed unusually long to Nell (it was June the 21st). She had an inclination to end it all (there was not but one good drink left in the bottle). Slowly, faltering slightly, she plodded along. There seemed to be something piercing her soul. Closer observation showed that her soul was gone,—worn out by years of bitter contact with the rocky path of life. Yes, her shoes were battered and the souls—the souls—were gone! Suddenly, with heart-breaking rapidity, she stopped. Every fibre in her beautiful, fragile little figure quivered; with a piercing yell she fell to the ground. Faint groans ensued. Mastering all her strength she brought hersef to a sitting position and in a gasping voice, with quivering lips she cried: *"Damn that cocklebur."*

Chaperone (at a dance given by a club of boys): Dick, your club should adopt some means to keep the drunks off the dance floor.

Dick (one of the members): Oh, we have a committee to do that.

Chaperone: Well why don't they throw out that Kaller boy and that fellow Nugrup?

Dick: They're on the committee.

His still form lay upon the sidewalk, motionless, rigid, the eyes closed, his ghastly white face mute evidence that a terrible tragedy had befallen him. The gaping, ever increasing crowd looked on. Nearby a taxicab was drawn up to the curb at an angle, as if it had been hastily brought to a stop.

The newcomer edged up to where he could gaze down upon the still face. "Taxi run over him," he commiseratingly asked of the policeman standing nearby.

"Nope," the cop answered. "He gave the taxi driver a dime tip and he said 'Thank you'."

Slightly Deaf Old Gentleman (to man sitting beside him on train): "Where are you going?"

M. S. B. H.: "To Savannah."

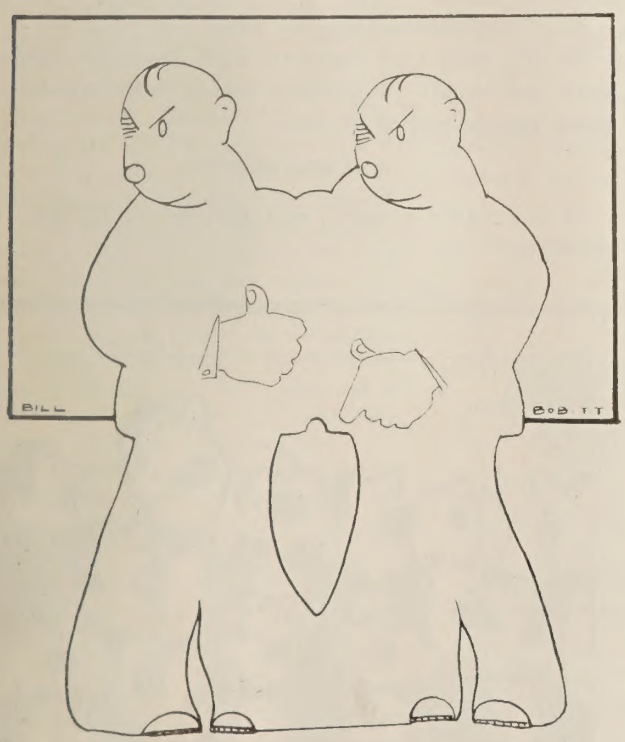
Old gentleman: "My goodness! Who did she elope with?"

NO SALE

Irate Lady: "Florist, I want my money back for this tobacco plant."

Florist: "Why, won't it bloom?"

Lady: "Yes, but it hasn't grown a single cigar yet."



One: "My girl has gone to Frances."
Another: "Why the worried look?"
One: "She's in Seine."

"What are fur coats?"
"Don't be silly. You mean what coats fur."

Street Car Conductor: "Step lively, there. Get aboard."

Old Maid: "You should be more polite and considerate, conductor. Have you no manners?"

Conductor: "What do you expect for a nickel? Romeo?"

SCOTCH LOGIC

Smith: "Gotta match?"

McKenna: "Yes, ye may have one, laddie."

Smith (meaningly staring at pack of cigarettes protruding from McKenna's vest pocket): "I don't believe I have a cigarette either."

McKenna: "Then ye may return the match."

BENEATH THE POINT

Co-Ed: "How do you like my new dress?"

Stude: "Darn pretty garters you got on."

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Crabb: "Didja see where they had invented talking moving pictures?"

Apple: "Yeh. Oughta be pretty good, hadn't they?"

Crabb: "Naw. Who wants to hear a bathing beauty talk?"

Bright: "Why are knickers especially worn by real estate agents?"

Brighter: "Because they are sub-division pants."

She went to Baptist social,
The man who rang the bell
Took a nice long trip to Cuba.

REFRAIN

"He ain't done right by Nell."

They went on a star-light picnic,
There's Mercury, Jupiter, Mars;
They left the picnic at midnight,

REFRAIN

We'll sing "By the light of the stars."

He owned a flock of cars and yachts,
His great-grand-folks were Norses,
He made a million every day,

REFRAIN

The trio will now sing "Horses."

Great booms from little bloomers grow.

THE CONVERSION OF MARK

A Drama Incomplete in Three Acts. Subdivided into Scenes, Unseens, and Obscenes.

ACT I

Characters: Mark, the Model Man.
Pauline, plainly and painfully ugly.
Setting: Midday on the Sahara.
Scene I—Pauline: "Let's neck."
Mark—horrified: "Why I never neck, and anyhow it's too hot."

ACT II

Characters: The same Mark.
Virginia, live specimen of the Virile Virgin.
Setting: Moonlight and a parked roadster.
Obscene I—Virginia: "Let's neck."
Unseen II—Mark's reply.
Epilogue: Mark was converted.

Drunk, in deserted street: "Gimme air—air—."
Friend: "Air? Whaddya mean, air?"
Drunk: "Air—airy drink you can find."

I say, Percival, I have just finished reading Carlyle's Essay on Burns.

Most remarkable book, eh what?

Oh yes, very, but rawther aside from the subject, don't you think? I couldn't find a bally word in it about anyone getting burned.

"I don't give a hoot," said the owl as he flew into the night.

1st. Tenor: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
2nd. Tenor: "Shut up, fool, there's a prohibition officer."

BROWN DERBY

The Editor shuffled up to us the other day and informed us that this was to be a BOOM number. He thought it might apply to us because he heard that we had speculated on a collection of gravel we have so assiduously saved since the beginning of school. The gravel mentioned is an assortment of carefully selected rock taken from our shoes after it has left its bed on the campus walks and taken up its abode in our "pats" . . . . But speaking of booms, we knew a man who went to Florida to run a hot-dog stand and incidentally get rich. He set up his little two-by-one stand on the busiest corner in Miami and started vending dogs at two bits a throw. . . . In four months he had made a million—but he couldn't sell 'em so he had to come home.

We went to a little party the other night and almost forgot to come home, but James called us up the next afternoon and told us we had an engagement with a young widow and her friend so we had to leave the party just as it was getting started. They had orange punch and when we started to liven it up, we found that someone had purloined our thunder and beat us to it, so just to get even, we added our mite to the bowl. I have a hazy recollection of one fair damsel who said she was simply wild about the punch and if we had let her have one more taste of it, she would have been wilder. But we finally got her under a shower and she cooled off a little. Then she re-dressed and came into the room like a perfect lady. . . . After a while, some egg inveigled us into a bridge game and the bidding and stakes leaped with jerks and bounds. Later two players wanted to quit, saying that they could not see the spots on the cards. I was having a little trouble myself so I told some one to turn on the light but this didn't help much. When James called us, I found that I had lost my tux shirt, three studs, a whole cheque book, my breakfast and, I might add, my equilibrium.

With all of our present fuming and rhetorical acid throwing at and about our dear University we would like to meekly suggest our own humble reforms. We would like to have all of the campus walks paved, and little lockers put in all the buildings—then we could sleep five more minutes in the morning, put on roller skates, and get to class on time, parking the skates in one of the lockers. . . The thing has endless possibilities. . . imagine a snake dance on skates. . . and there would be less griping generally, for the student would not have the opportunity of swearing at the University for putting the buildings so far apart—and the dormitories so far from town. . . too, his temper would be improved—five minutes sleep is a whale of a lot in the morning, and can do a lot toward changing the temper of our bitterest panaceaists—Ah there, Webster!

We have been in communication with a friend from another school who writes that it is considered a disgrace for men to go about the campus with collars open. We do not vouch for the authenticity of this statement. If a man's got a number 18 neck, show it. Anyway they won't shock the co-eds with this immodesty because some of the co-eds usually wear less clothes on the street than our athletes do on the field. If you don't believe it, look at some of 'em. You don't need an imagination. . . And the sun might help. . . This is not a dissertation against the co-edwards. No, indeed. We have an extreme predilection for the fair ones. (Oh, ho! Malherbe.) That word "fair" is no pun and we won't say anything about gentlemen.

Speaking of gentlemen and comfort, we know a gentleman who would like the basket-ball squad to play in tuxes and has seriously objected to the change from the old fashioned night-shirts to pajamas. We can't see the reason for the latter statement unless the gentleman referred to has an over supply of nighties. Well, the man on the bill-board is entitled to his own opinion and we don't care a whoop whether men in other schools regard the open-collar no-tie fad as decent or not. So long as the ladies raise no objections, we will continue to display our collar bones whenever we find it convenient.

We read a hotsky book the other day . . . HOT SATURDAY. Neatly done and there are several scintillating passages. . . "Their kisses grew longer and more complicated." . . . The action takes place in a day and a half but the novel gives quite a bit of the past of the principal character, Ruth. . . . Very interesting. . . She's got beaux all right. . . Mountain climbing alone with some of them but they don't like her that way . . . Too bashful and shy. . . She's looking for a husband now and she's almost got a millionaire hooked but someone brings up the past. . . Exit chance for husband. Ruth gets peeved, throws discretion to the winds, picks up a friend Saturday night and she doesn't get home 'till the next morning. . . Hot Saturday . . . Just before lunch "Croesus" turns up and declares his love anew. . . The book's good. Read it.

Buck Jr.

Her: "So your father lost all his fotune in the peanut industry?"

Him: "Yes, someone stole the stand.'

BOOM!

Listen my children and you shall hear
The tale of a boom that grew quite near.
A tale of a boom that grew and grew
And perhaps sucked in both me and you,
But if it didn't then cuddle close
And give me a kiss (ah, there morose!)
'Twas the first of December, the night was clear
When we sighted the jolly old Buccaneer;
But they outnumbered us two to one
And they took our girls without firing a gun.
I stood on the bridge as the moon rode high
When down in the hold I heard a sigh.
I called up the dog watch and scuttled my guns
Then climbed up the rigging with hot-cross buns,
And while I hung there in shivering fright,
A coal-black raven came out of the night—
A coal-black raven as glossy as sheen—
Ah! The hair of that lass in Aberdeen!
I hid in the top-sail, a quake in my bones,
For there was the spectre of Davy Jones!
Ah, "Merciful Heaven," I breathed in a prayer
"My home in old Scotland. I wish I were there."
Then up came the frigate, the Roger on high.
Then a bolt of green lightning right out of the sky!
I fell in a swoon, I remember no more
Till I found myself dying on Britain's low shore.
A tear wet my cheeks and a boom deafed my ear,
But the last ghastly sight of that grim Buccaneer!
Ah, children I weaken, but cuddle up close
And give me a kiss and then—(ah, there morose!)

DO WOMEN PREFER BLONDES?

Palmist: "And you will marry a tall, red-headed man."

Co-ed: "Can't you be a little more specific? All three of them are tall and red-headed."

Book agent: "Have you an 'Edgar Allan Poe' in your room?"

Freshman: "Naw!"

B. A.: "Well, have you a 'Jack London'?"

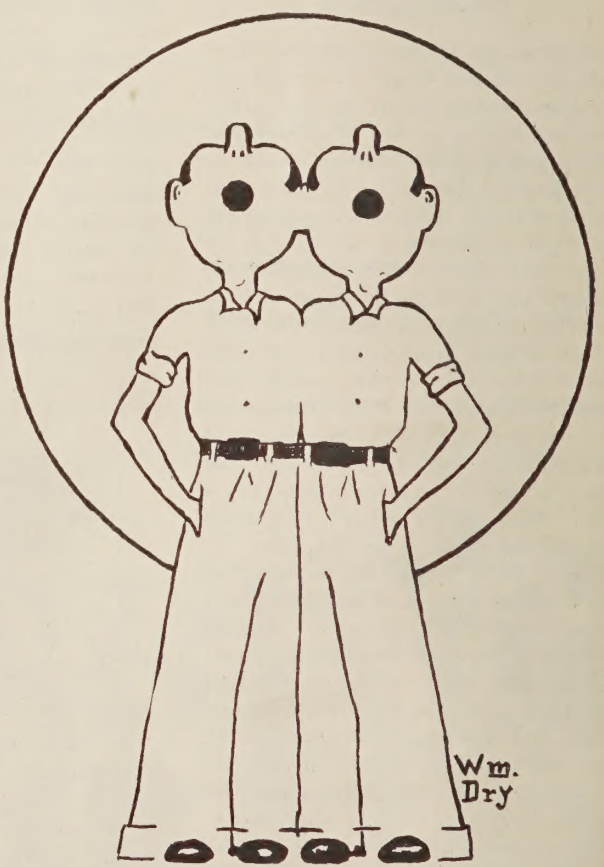
Fresh: "No!"

B. A.: "Or possibly a 'Robert Louis Stevenson'?"

Fresh: "Nope. Probably they room in that dormitory across the campus."

It's never been discovered where people who live beyond their incomes get the money.

I told him I liked rings so he sent me an alarm clock for a Christmas present.



Ding: "Hows the sail business?"
Dong: "Oh, it's on the boom."

TOM SIFT AND HIS AERO-SUBMARINE, OR THE RODEO RIDER'S REVENGE

It was a beautiful June day and our hero was locked in his workshop, isolated in the heart of New York. Mr. Sift, his father, was sitting on a barrel of dynamite in the parlour reading next Sunday's paper when Tom dashed into the room.

"Hurrah, Dad," he shouted in a whisper, "I've found the secret."

"I'll bite," said Sift, Sr., who had bitten many times before.

"I've completed my aero-submarine. This machine will revolutionize the world. The government has offered me three hundred million for it but of course I must hold out for a larger price." "Yes, you are right and I am wrong," said the elder Sift, "but run along and play because I must fill out an application for the marble shooting contest. You know the grand prize is seven dollars and we must eat."

"Oh, Massa, Mister Sift, dem foreign spies done busted in de workshop and stole de plans ob de new inventory," broke in the Irish serving maid.

"We're lost unless we overtake those scoundrels and recover the plans," shouted both Sifts in high wrath.

Tom ran out his scout plane, threw Mr. Sift into one seat, hid the Irish girl under one wing, jumped into the cock-pit and flew away into the star-dotted heavens. They had no sooner gone the first three thousand miles than they saw the spies launching a complete model of Tom's invention.

"We're lost," cried Tom.

"This plane can't be a submarine," said the elder Sift and the airship immediately started a nose dive, evidently in an attempt to prove that old man Sift was a prevaricator.

"We will follow them to England, Russia, France, Vermont; anywhere to recover the plans," stated Sift, Sr., with a firm eye.

The flight to China was a harrowing one. The only time that our brave party saw the thieves was when the captain came up to throw the dishwater overboard.

"They've gone to the Russian Steppes," said Tom.

Our party had just flown over the sixth Russian townsky when they sighted their prey.

"At last we have them," cried Mr. Sift, who was getting a ten pounder ready to shoot when the spies again took to the watery deep.

"We're lost," cried Tom, and landed the plane on the beach.

"Hee, haw," laughed old man Sift and fell down a flight of Steppes.

Immediately a submarine came to the surface and a girl appeared.

"Mary!" cried Tom, for it was she, Mary, his sweetheart.

"I knew you would need this so I thought I would bring it to you," and she gave Tom a kiss.

With this the whole party descended into the sub and the pursuit continued.

"Let's sink them," said Bloody Mary.

"Fine," came back Tom wittily, and discharged a broadside of torpedoes.

"We surrender," cried the spies as they came to the surface and gave up the ghost.

"Hurray!" cried Tom.
"Hurray!" cried Mr. Sift.
"Hurray!" cried Mary.
The Irish girl said nothing.

Storm-sufferer: "Leg cut off in the storm?"

Scotch victim: "And the financial loss is unbearable."

Left: "What are you doing now?"
Right: "I'm in the real estate business."
Left: "What line?"
Right: "I play the trombone."

A NEW SLANT ON AN OLD SAYING

"There's something in that too," said the burglar, as he stuck his hand in the spittoon.

"My son never touches a drop."
"How nice. My son only drinks at college, too."

Avaricious Perirwinkle (age two years), remarks that there's going to be another BOOM soon.

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THE ISSUE

In this number BUCCANEER has taken it upon himself to impart to the world some general information and history on the increasingly important subject of booms.

When that far-famed Spanish gentleman, Ponce de Leon, landed in Florida some three hundred years ago, he made a fatal mistake when he spent all his time in search of the Fountain of Youth instead of starting a real estate development and selling some choice building lots to the natives. History gives no clue in regard to his lack of foresight. In fact we have heard only two explanations ever attempted. One of these we read in a book somewhere—or maybe we dreamed it—anyway in the good old days they did most of their subdividing with swords and maces. Jolly old custom but not nearly so lucrative as some of our more modern methods have proven to be. The basic idea in both cases was the same, however: somebody had to get fooled.

Unfortunately Ponce de Leon's arrival in this country was a little previous: before the perfection of those ingenious little schemes by which the promoters get the prospects to the sucker stage. Who ever heard of a successful land boom being conducted without the aid of motor buses, high lung-powered salesmen, free air, bootleg liquor and barbecues?

We asked the art editor to give us a cut that would be suitable to run above an editorial on booms. He evidently had some ideas of his own in regard to the subject for he presented us with a portrait of the unshaven gentleman to the left. Land booms, he said in explanation, weren't the only kinds of loud noises that had been stirring up excitement in recent years. When he added that the bewhiskered individual's method of subdividing (also shown at the left) produced considerably finer results, we had to yield the point and admit he was right. And that's that.

CONTRIBUTORS

We are pleased to acknowledge contributions from the following:

Virginia Lay, Walter Spearman, F. S. Wright, J. R. De Journette, Fred Wright, Glenn P. Holder, Sanford C. Harper, F. Stafford Wright, John Mebane, William Dry, Bill Bobbitt, and Fred S. Wright.

"What is divorce?"
"Damfino."
"A penalty for catching dear out of season."

Howe: "Why should elephants make good draymen?"
Cum: "Why?"
Howe: "Because they know how to handle their trunks."

Bed: "There's only one questionable place in town."
Bug: "Where's that?"
Bed: "The Bureau of Information."

Did you hear the story about the two bells?
No, what is it?
One started to peal but the other one tolled.

THE MAN IN SEARCH OF A VANDYKE BEARD

Horace wanted one; wanted one badly. People named Horace usually wanted a Vandyke beard. His life was free and uninhibited until he heard a barber murmur to a man, whose hirsuteness was amazing, the words "Vandyke beard."

"Please sir," Horace whispered to his barber, "what is a Vandyke beard?"

The barber carefully pushed his shaving brush into Horace's mouth, and, deftly trimming his right ear, murmured, "A Vandyke is something that Patagonian colored laborers use to dig turnips with."

"Garn!" Horace ejected the shaving brush, and recovered his Oxford accent. "My dear man, I do believe that you are spoofing me."

The barber's witty comeback took Horace's other ear off. "See 'ear," he said, waving it under Horace's nose. Horace rose with dignity, and green with envy, and purple with rage, and red with blood, stuffed the barber's towels down his throat, turned his water heater over on him, and stole his nail file.

"I abominate above all things," he said, kicking the barber in the shin, "bad puns. Good day to you, sir!"

It was in the Indian ocean that he found it. He had become a man, take him all and all, we shall never look upon his like again, thank God. Anyhow Horace was in the Indian ocean, being vastly amused by a shipwreck. You can always tell persons of aristocratic standing, everything amuses them—in a very superior, slightly boring way. He was idly drifting about on the Indian ocean, with only a Yiddish newspaper for amusement, and absolutely no hot water to shave with, to say nothing of bathing. So Horace, who had never shaved without hot water, after becoming inhabited with inhibitions, did not shave. As he had only a meat cleaver, shaving would have been a difficulty, even to a man with Horace's knowledge of the silk industry.

But those little known forces of nature were at work, for the Goddess of nature is always on the alert and always busy. If you will look out of the window on a bright spring morning, you can see the bursting buds, the peeping blades of grass, and milkmen, and paper boys. And all of these are a part of a great plan, controlled by a Divine force, which never rests and works for the good of mankind. In other words, Horace grew a beard. And some said that he later took to drink, and others say that he married into the wrong sort of family, but I think that a man's private life is his own, and if it is art that he produces, even though it be a mustache, or beard, still we shouldn't hold that against him.

A NECKED-HIGH PARTY

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES:

Popular Girl—I can't understand what your date meant by asking if you took *Manhattan Transfer* to *The Big City* to buy a *Green Hat* with *Gold by Gold.* You'd better have a nice friendly chat with mother.

R. A.—When attending social functions of that nature, a white shirt is not enough. I suggest the addition of a pair of trousers, or, at least, you sap, some light trunks.

Pretty Co-ed—Be careful, my dear, college boys ain't so hot at times.

'30—You say that after being engaged for six months, your fiancee confessed that she had a wooden leg. Where have you been? All I can suggest now, is that you break it off.

16 and Pretty—No, my dear, one piece is not sufficient. Really, it's quite fair to wear two. You know, some sororities even insist on that third piece at their dances. If you have further problems, my phone number is 401-M.

BANG!

BOOM! BOOM! People shooting everywhere. The hospital had hurriedly added another annex to take care of the dead and wounded. Eighteen ambulances had been running at breakneck speed since dawn and it was rumored that one had completely worn out a set of tires. Everybody was shooting. No one could stop them, but then, no one seemed to care. The population of the little city—men, women, children, brewers, nurse-maids—seemed to take a fiendish delight in this gross atrocity. The police shot here and there. The town militia turned out and even the war-scarred cannon in the square was helping fill the pure heavens with clouds of sulphurous, black smoke. Heavy and pungent powder fumes permeated the lower layers of air over the city. People staggered here and there. Stretcher bearers were busy attending to the injured but still the mad populace rushed on. Would they ever stop? Put up those guns! Gawd! Men bleeding and yelling. Small boys and girls entered the fray as bravely and with as much zest as the older people. Would someone stop this hideous waste of money and life? The mayor and his officials looked on complacently, powerless to stop this mad mob. BOOM! There was the big gun again, belching forth ghastly clouds of smoke—hidden death! The Stars and Stripes fluttered serenely above the seething mass unharmed. Hooray! Victory? YES!

It was the Fourth of July.

That girl has debutante teeth.
How's that?
Coming out.

How's the bootlegging with you?

No good. I took a revenue agent in with me last week and he's knocking down on me.

YON SIDE OF SKUNK CREEK

A mountain drama in three stirring acts—very stirring.
(Without Apologies to the Playmakers)

ACT I

Pa Brevis, moonshiner: "Stir that thar licker, son."

ACT II

Son Brevis: "I here sompun a-stirrin in them thar bushes, pa."

ACT III

Sheriff: "Git a stir on ye, youse a-gwine to de jailhouse."

Epilogue: Now wouldn't that stir you?

ART THOU READY? HE ASKED

This retort took last prize at the World's Fair in Chicago. It seems that a certain gentleman of quality by the name of Gasque was walking up the main boulevard one sunny afternoon when he was accosted by an old man who had been renowned in his younger day as being a wag. In the course of the conversation, the gentleman asked the wag how his little son was getting along. "Excellently," he replied, "and how are all your little gasquets?" Traffic was jammed for over an hour as the crowd tittered at this brilliant riposte.

Hard boiled Harry says: "I'll take my women either tight or loose, it don't matter much."

A TRAGEDY

I had the most terrible luck last evening. I was utterly miserable.

After dinner, I sat down to read the paper. Later the phone rang and one of the boys reminded me of a little game. The wife said I could go.

On my way to the club, my bootlegger gave me a quart of seven-year-old Scotch free gratis for nothing. It was excellent.

I parked near a hydrant and a policeman kindly moved my car about ten feet away. He would not accept a tip or a cigar.

I won almost eight hundred dollars in the game.

I got home at four o'clock and the wife was asleep. She did not awake.

Then the alarm clock went off and I woke up.

I had terrible luck last evening.

"I'm too full for words," said the drunk as he got down from the speaker's stand.

PAGE CAL

The crowd had assembled to hear the renowned speaker, that silver-tongued orator who had held his audiences in all the principal cities of the world frozen to their seats until he had finished his speech. He had addressed kings and mayors, the "400" and street-gamins; he was the sophisticate, self-assured, metropolitan. He had never been confused by his enemies, he had always driven home his point.

The crowd sat spell-bound.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he started, and the audience knew that here was the ideal orator.

"— This assemblage is a sight for sore eyes, we have fought our last fight—."

The small man on the aisle crossed his legs.

The speaker hesitated, and again started.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this abbemblage is a sight sor fore eyes—."

The small man re-crossed his legs.

"Gadies and Lentlemen, this asslembalage is a sore for sight eyes, that is, er— this abbemblesage is a thite for bore eyes—."

He gulped a glass of water.

"Fladies and gentlegage, this have a site our lore fyes—, we are bought the gas light—fis are gought our sas thite—."

He slowly sank into the arms of one of his colleagues.

He had fit his last fought.

NOT QUALIFIED

Fan: "I hear that she has become a movie star."

Fanette: "Oh, my, no. She has only been divorced three times."

Dulcy: "What fine eyes you have."
Chauncey: "Yeh, strained."

Just as old-time samplers were selections of the best stitches in fine needlework.

Just so is the modern Sampler a selection from ten boxes of candy which proved most popular in the eighty-four years experience of Whitman's in candy making.

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For "best thoughts" in sweets consult the Sampler!

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—that the BOOK "X" is more than a place to buy text books? Located in the most convenient place on the campus and having a complete stock of supplies demanded by students, it is truly a Carolina institution.

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Athletic Supplies Fountain Pens

Novelties

Cold Drinks Candies

Pipes and Tobacco

The Book Exchange

An Englishman went to a banquet and when the toastmaster got up and said: "Here's to the happiest days of my life—spent in the arms of another man's wife—my mother," he thought it was clever and at another banquet the Englishman was called on as toastmaster so he proceeded—"Here's to the happiest days of my life—spent in the arms of, By Jove, I cawn't think of the lady's name." —*Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

"They say him and her's gonna get married."

"Don't say him and her, say her and him. Always put ladies first." —*Pitt Panther.*

• • •

One: "What do you call your mother-in-law? I don't know what to call mine."

Two: "Well, during the first year I called her, 'Say.' "

One: "And after that?"

Two: "Easy; we both called her grandmamma."

—*Puppet.*

• • •

"Sister, what's a stag?"

"A deer with no doe." —*Brown Jug.*

• • •

He: "There's a man who doesn't hide his light under a bushel."

She: "Heaven's no. I've seen him glowing under a pint."

—*Gargoyle.*

• • •

He: "Thinking of me, dearest?"

She: "Was I laughing? I'm so sorry."

—*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

"Going to bed?"

"Naw, I'm just undressing to see how I look in my B. V. D.'s." —*Malteaser.*

• • •

Ex: "I came home and found a newlywed supper."

Wye: "Whatsat?"

Ex: "Hot tongue and cold shoulder."

—*Chanticleer.*

HABERDASHERY

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Latin Prof.: "Ding dang and how now, Smythe; hast rushed up on thine forms since de holidays?

Smythe: "Eh, deah; gaw-blimey for a blighter if'n I ain't aw "Flaming Youth" and six reels of Nita Naldi.

—*Texas Ranger.*

• • •

"What do you boys do all winter?"
"Go to classes and drink."
"And in summer—?"
"We don't have any classes." —*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

Young 'un: "Pardon me, this must be the wrong :rth."

Old Maid (sighing): "How you boys do jump at con-usions!" —*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

Prof: "The only way to study descriptive geometry is using models."

Stude: "Oh, professor." —*Stone Mill.*

• • •

"Why do cigarettes have oriental names?"
"Because they have good shapes and thin wrappers."

—*Pup.*

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Fraternity, Sorority, or County Club Feeds are Our Specialty—let us prepare your next one. Our Fresh Fruit Punch and Sandwiches are Delicious. Drop in to see us or call us up.

The Carolina Confectionery

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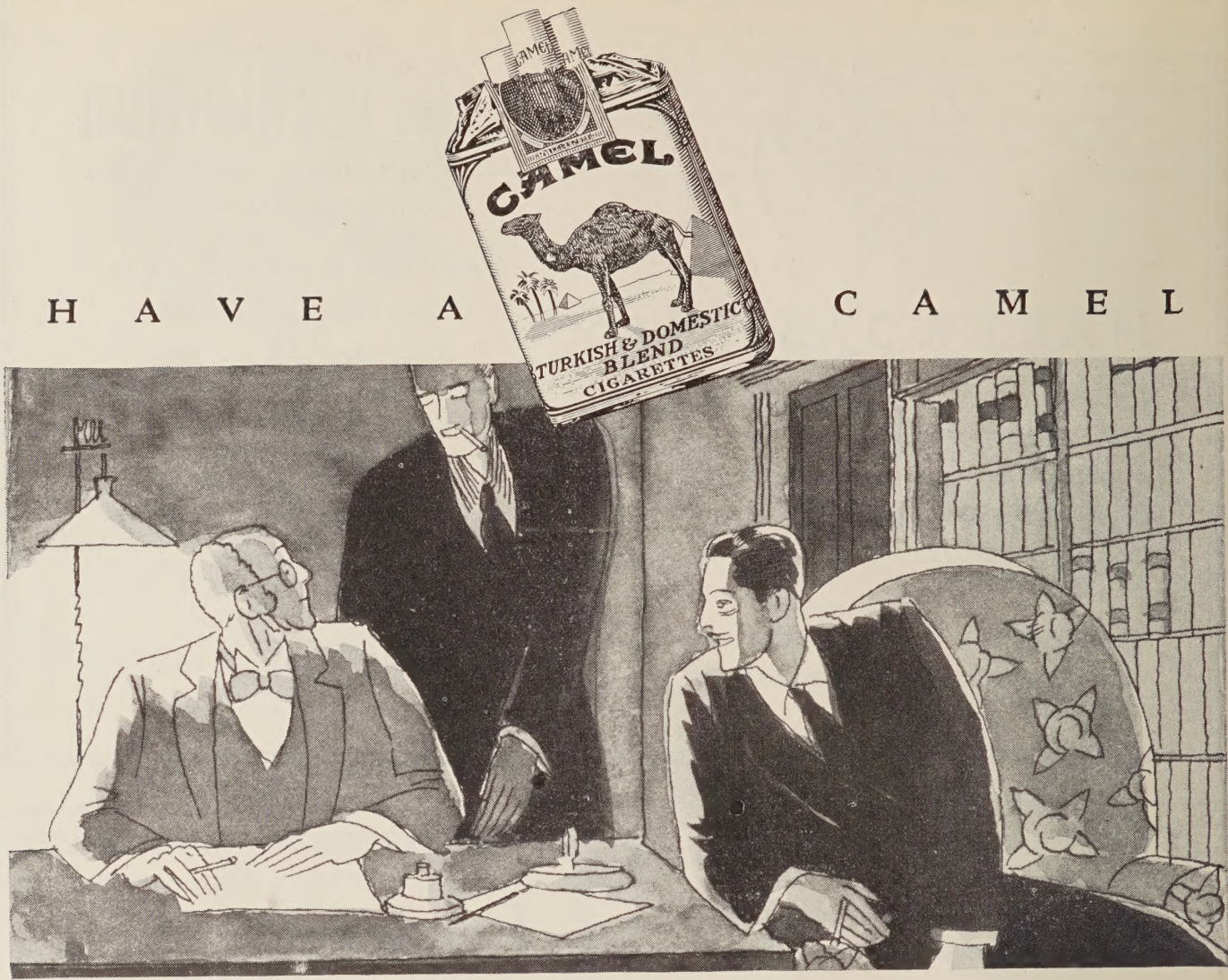

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GOOD AND BAD TASTE IN THE SELECTION OF A SMART DINNER JACKET

All men appreciate the importance of being properly turned out when wearing evening clothes, even though this interest does not always extend to their attire at other times during the day. And because of this generaally wide-spread interest and pride in evening clothes, it is important that every man should know just what is correct in the matter of style. To illustrate this point, the above illustration shows just what is considered good taste and poor taste in dinner jackets. The dinner jacket in good taste should be cut along the most conservative lines with wide shoulders and tapering at the waist-line so as to give the jacket a suggestion of fit rather than being actually tight fitting. The lapels of the dinner jacket should be peaked and should be faced with a dull, ribbed silk. Only one button is used to fasten the dinner jacket and this button should be placed at a man's normal waist-line, and not placed below it as shown on the figure of the man on the left, whose dinner jacket is in poor taste. The dinner jacket should be cut away more in front than is shown in this illustration and the sleeves should be finished with four buttons, the lowest one of which should be about one inch above the cuff. These buttons should be small in size so as not to attract attention. The collar should be of the same material as the jacket, when it has peaked lapels, for the only time that a collar is faced with silk is in the case of a shawl collar. Dinner jackets with shawl colars, however, are not considered as smart as those with lapels. White washable waistcoat of linen or pique are smarter than black waistcoats with dinner jackets, although the black waistcoat is correct. When a black waistcoat is worn, it should be of the same material as the jacket, as those in rich brocaded silks and satins are not considered in good taste.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette write "The Well Dressed Man" care the Buccaneer *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.*

(Copyright 1926 by Vanity Fair.)

"Mandy, tell dat man to take his ahm 'way from 'round yo' waist."

"Tell him yourself. He's a perfect stranger to me."

—Pitt Panther.

• • •

"They say the Chinese hold the seat of thought to be in the stomach."

"How perfectly nauseating to be an idiot!"

—Princeton Tiger.

• • •

Burglar: "Don't be scairt, old lady, all I want is your money, and—"

Old Maid (interrupting): "Oh, go away! You're just like all the other men." *—Gargoyle.*

• • •

He: "Have you made up your mind to stay in?"
She: "No; I've made up my face to go out."

—Tiger.

• • •

An artist's model is seldom wrapped up in her work.

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

• • •

"How's that girl you had up to the house party?"
"Wiser." *—The Lehigh Burr.*

• • •

Mother: "Why didn't you prevent him from kissing you? (Reflectively) But I suppose it was all over too soon?"

Daughter (with a far-away look): "Yes, Mama, it was over too soon." *—Flamingo.*

• • •

Ikey: "Becky, for vy won't you marry me? I'll gif you everything you vant. I'l even gif you underwear mit fur trimmings."

Becky: "Oh, Ikey, that vould tickle me to death."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

• • •

He: "Do you walk home from rides?"
She: "No, I ride home from walks." *—Froth.*

• • •

Hearts: "And what did they do with the girl who was shot for trumping her partner's ace?"

Trumps: "They buried her with simple honours."

—Chaparrl.

• • •

"Why is an aviator's life like a girl's clothes?"
"I give up."
"One slip is enough." *—Medley.*

Braeburn

Smart Styled Clothes For College Men

Tailored At Rochester

MARKHAM-ROGERS COMPANY
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

OVERHEARD IN THE GIRL'S CLOAKROOM

"Say, Madge, got a smoke?"

"Sure! Try a Marachino—cork-tipped."

"Good gawd! How I hate them cor-tip fags."

"You're cracked, sister. They're special—only ten for a quarter."

"Yeh, I've tried 'em, but it's so hard to light the tip and anyway, the taste of burning cork plays the devil with my throat."

• • •

Co-ed (looking at animals in the big tent)—"How can you tell the tiger from the tigress?"

Trainer—"Well, you see, it's like this—I take a piece of raw meat and throw it into the cage. If he picks it up it's the tiger; if she picks it up it's the tigress."

• • •

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I sure can."

"Well, I'm in need of five bucks."

"Be at rest, it is as if I'd heard nothing."

—*Ala. Rammer-Jammer.*

• • •

According to a Sociology professor both sexes may be called "he," since the masculine element always embraces the feminine. Quite logical. —*Flamingo.*

Armour (in ecstasy): "Thinkest thou that glasses do help one to see?"

Swift (pronto): "Aye, indeed, after the first six I can see double." —*Mountain Goat.*

• • •

He: "You have only yourself to blame."

She (indignantly): "You forget I have a husband."

—*Bison.*

• • •

"Here—go bomb Moscow."

"Oh, that wouldn't be nice. Moscow just had a calf."

—*Spanker.*

• • •

La Vie Parisienne will soon change its name to La Vie Collegienne. —*Pitt Panther.*

• • •

Our idea of a lazy man is one who pretends he's drunk so his fraternity brothers will put him to bed.

—*Desert Wolf.*

• • •

If all the students in college were laid end to end, Gawd wouldn't they look funny. —*Red Cat.*

ORGANIZED efficiently to serve the financial needs of the students of the University and the townspeople of Chapel Hill.

The Bank of Chapel Hill

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County.

A RUSHIN' ROMANCE

I sat upon a lenine red
A bolshevik ell on my head.
I watched the vodka flowing by,
A near-by ikon heaved a sigh.
Upon the banks an aged czar
Landed a flopping samovar.
Along came Sofe in ger droschky
Her weary horse could be more trotsky.
She walked a steppe and took the check-off
From his proudly arching nervous neck-off.
I saw a mujik in a tree,
And shot him with my kerensky.
We cooked him in my copper bett,
And we were hungry. So-viet!

—*Vagabond.*

• • •

Wife: Don't deny it. I saw you coming out of that cabaret.
Hubby: Now dearie, you wouldn't want me to stay in here, would you?

—*N. Y. Medley.*

• • •

Frosh: "I want to ask a question about a tragedy."
English Prof.: "Well?"
Frosh: "What is my mark?"

—*Medley.*

ESTABLISHED 1896
LANGROCK
FINE CLOTHES
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Most men strive for success which is really the goal for happiness, but appearance reflecting your individuality is successfully expressed in
Langrock Fine Clothes
known for more than a quarter of a century as a standard for quality, plus value. Dependable for Style and Exclusiveness.
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The Cary Lumber Company is old in the field and seasoned by service. For more than thirty years the better grades of lumber have been cut and manufactured by the Cary Lumber Company.

Cary Lumber Co.
Durham. N. C.

"Miss Curly," said the office manager apologetically to his stenographer one morning, "I would suggest that you do not write letters to your young man during office hours. Smith & Jones report that we sent them a shipment of love and kisses instead of the tar and axle grease they ordered."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

• • •

Ain't it tought,
Girls?
When you cuddle close
To the boy friend,
And run your soft
Finger
Upward along his
Cheek,
Ain't it tough?

—*Mercury.*

• • •

Jackey: "Why is it that the Jews don't go to heaven any more?"
Ikey: "For vy?"
Jackey: "Because business has gone to hell."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

• • •

He: "Pardon me, has your dress slipped off or am I seeing things?"
She: "Both."

—*Flamingo.*

How Is Your Clothes Line?

© Vanity Fair

DO YOU know what is currently worn by well-turned-out men in your own college and elsewhere?

Are you wax in the hands of your tailor, or can you tell him a few things to keep him respectfully consultant?

Vanity Fair reports for you the sounder and more conservative fashions. Has London correspondents. Shows the best from New York haberdashers. Takes particular note of college preferences. Is really worth reading.

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Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard the dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies — if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. College preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notorieties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

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Greenwich, Conn.
Nobody shall part me from my favorite hat, but I'm willing to listen to you. Here's my dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Frosh (to genial gentleman with whom he has walked up e Hill): "What are you?"

"I'm a professor of economics."

"Professor, eh? Ever walk with one foot in the gutter?"

"No."

"Ever make a mistake and hang yourself on a hook?"

"No."

"Never thrown yourself down a clothes chute?"

"No."

"You're a hell of a professor." —*Octopus.*

• • •

"What time you gettin' up in the morning?"

"When the clock rings."

"What time?"

"I don't know, the alarm doesn't work."

—*Pitt Panther.*

• • •

Boston child at railroad station: "Masticate! Masticate! e the big Masticate."

Nurse: "What are you trying to say, child?"

Child: "See big Choo-choo." —*Purple Parrot.*

• • •

He: "Have you read the Plastic Age?"

She: "Yes, and I've always wondered how much truth re was in it."

He: "Let's go out on the porch."

—*Royal Gaboon.*

• • •

"Aye, aye, frosh, every man has his price."

"And every woman her figure."

—*Middlebury Blue Babboon.*

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE
Mr. Gib Collins
will be at
CAROLINA SMOKE SHOP
MONDAY and TUESDAY
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LUXENBURG CLOTHES *are made to your measure and tailored in our own shops.*

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Between 16th & 17th Sts.

14

"Papa what was the stone age?"

"That was the glorious period my son, when a man axed a woman to marry him."

—*Bison.*

• • •

A FABLE

Jonah, a young college boy, on his way to France, indules too freely in the wines of Bacchus and becomes intoxicated. He wabbles around and finally falls overboard. A whale came up and swallowed him. After three days and four nights in the belly of the whale, he passed out.

—*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

"I don't mind doing the dishes," said the hen-pecked husband, "and I ain't objected to mopping the floor and sweeping up, but I ain't gonna run no ribbins through my night gown just to fool the baby."

—*Whirlwind.*

• • •

"I pulled a good one that time," remarked the farmer as he finished milking the cow.

—*Burr.*

• • •

Executioner: Come now, bend over if you want your head cut off.

Prisoner: Patience, fool, there is something in my eye.

—*Reel.*

• • •

Author: What do you think of this story? Give me your honest opinion.

Editor: It's not worth anything.

Author: I know, but tell me anyway.

—*Washington Dirge.*

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

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DURHAM . NORTH CAROLINA

The stag at eve

THIS fellow missed out on a heavy date tonight by the close margin of one phone-call. But don't waste pity on him. He has his jimmy-pipe and a tidy red tin of Prince Albert . . . grand little pals in time of stress.

When that cool, comforting smoke comes curling up the pipe-stem, troubles evanesce with every puff. For P. A. is The National Joy Smoke in fact as well as phrase. Cool as a money-lender. Sweet as a check from home. Fragrant as a pine-grove on a damp morning.

You'll like Prince Albert better than any other tobacco you ever packed into a pipe. You'll like the friendly way it treats your tongue and throat. You'll like the way it helps you over the rough spots. Buy a tidy red tin today and *see!*

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Because it's toasted, the hidden flavors of the world's finest tobaccos are developed

LUCKY STRIKE

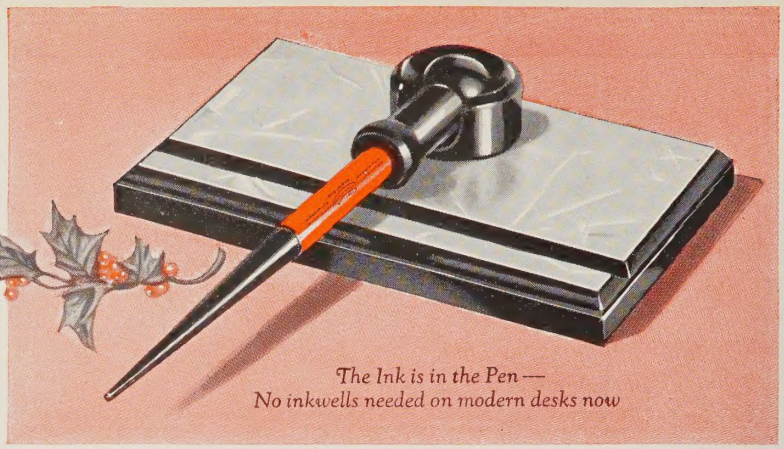
"IT'S TOASTED"

THE BUCCANEER

PIRATE NUMBER

PIECE OF EIGHT

A Princely Gift
Base of Pearl Permanite on Black, or of Tortoise Shell, Edged with Gold Design, Complete with Parker Duofold Pen, $16.50
Gift Box Included



The Ink is in the Pen—
No inkwells needed on modern desks now

Here IS Something New to Give!

And Because the Pens Lie Level Without Drying Geo. S. Parker's Desk Sets Are Far Ahead of Others

All With Non-Breakable Permanite Barrels—And 25-Year Point in the Parker Duofold

OF all the Christmas Gifts that have appeared this season, not one has caused such tremors of delight as these tapered Parker Duofold Fountain Pens in rich Glass and Permanite Desk Bases.

Here IS something new to give!

But all the more reason to give the one that permits the pens to lie level on the base *without drying*—always ready to write.

Parker's Ball-and-Socket Action does not hold the pens rigidly upright, as some. Nor merely let them tilt, as others. Parker's action permits the pens to move gently in *all directions from horizontal to vertical.*

Thus these Desk Pens do not remain sticking up in the way. No accidental blow can tip the set over or spoil the pen. And at night one can slip the Parker Set in a drawer and lock it up. Moreover, all Parker Duofold points are guaranteed 25 years not only for mechanical perfection but *for wear!*

If that's the kind of set you want to give Christmas, insist on the original Geo. S. Parker and accept no other. Write us for illustrated circular if no Parker dealer is near.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN · OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · ATLANTA · DALLAS · SAN FRANCISCO · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

If anyone to whom you give the Parker Set wants to exchange the point he can pick out any Parker Fountain Pen in the dealer's stock, and have it converted into a tapered Desk Pen in a twinkling. Only the Parker Pens and Sets have this interchangeable feature!

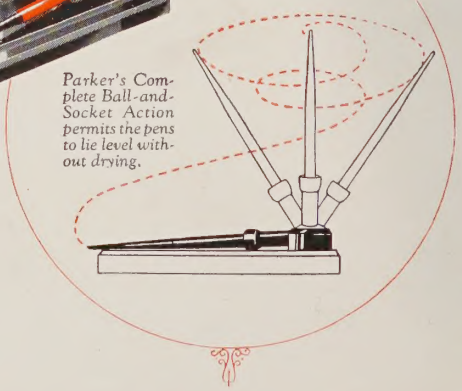
Black Glass Base, with Parker Duofold Jr. Pen, $10.

Parker Duofold Desk Sets

Black Glass Base, with Parker Duofold Jr. Pen, $13.75; with any Parker Pastel Pen, $12.25. "Azure Mist," "Apple Green" or Crystal Base, with same pens, $16.50 and $15.

Black Glass Base, with 1 Parker Duofold Pen, $17.50 or $19.50; with 2 Parker Duofold Pens, $27.50 or $31.50.

Double Oval Base, Black Glass with 2 Parker Duofold Jr. Pens, $31; with 2 Over-size Duofolds, $35



Parker's Complete Ball-and-Socket Action permits the pens to lie level without drying.

If all the
Silk stockings
Worn by the Co-eds
Were placed
In a pile,
Nobody
Would
Go
Near
Them. —*Froth.*

• • •

"Wanna spoon?"
"Waddaya mean?"
"Well, those couples over there are spooning."
"Ha! Ha! If that's spooning let's shovel."

—*Iowa Frivol.*

• • •

The bride was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.

"What's the matter, dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.

"Why, I certainly thought that we were going to get a room all to ourselves." —*Punch Bowl.*

• • •

Girl, a member of an old Southern family, pointing to a portrait—"He is the father of our family."

Friend—"Well, what does he do during the day?"

—*Chanticleer.*

• • •

Found on a Freshman's Registration Card:
Question: "Give your parents' names."
Answer: "Mama and Papa." —*The Outlaw.*

• • •

Greenhorn: "And how can we tell when we're near an elephant?"

Bored Companion: "You'll detect a faint odor of peanuts on his breath." —*Life.*

• • •

Lon: "If that man shaved off the little mustache on his upper lip, and grew one on his chinless chin, what would you say to that?"

Lou: "That would be more to the point." —*Columns.*

"Each experiment with other shaving creams increased my enthusiasm for Mennen"

If you could go through my mail—I get literally thousands of letters—you'd be amazed at the way one thought bobs up over and over again: "I've tried so and so's shaving cream—but never again! I'm back to Mennen for life."

Here's part of a typical letter from W. H. Robinson, 463 Richmond Street, London, Ont., Canada.

"Mennen Shaving Cream in 1914 was recommended and presented by my druggist in exchange for a tube of another make which had become granulated. Since that day I have been a user and booster of Mennen.

"Six times I have experimented with other creams and soaps but each experiment increased my enthusiasm for Mennen. I am through experimenting. With my stiff beard, tender skin and daily shave, I trust implicitly in Mennen."

Every experiment in other directions emphasizes the real value of Mennen Dermutation—the famous Mennen process of absolute beard-softening. This exclusive Mennen feature reduces even the wiriest and most pugnacious whiskers to complete docility.

No matter whether you've got the tenderest skin in seven counties—whether you're using hot, cold, hard or soft water—Mennen will give you the quickest, smoothest, cleanest shave you ever experienced.

With Mennen you can get five months' daily latherings out of one 50 cent tube, unless, of course, you're one of the many thousands of men who use Mennen for shampoo, too. ¾ inch of cream—less than ⅓ cent a shave—does the trick to the King's taste.

Demonstration Tube Free

Would you rather try Mennen at my expense? Send me a post card for a Demonstration Tube, Free.

Now about after shaving. Mennen Skin Balm has the kick you're looking for to give a fine, fresh tingle. Tones up your skin. Gives a wonderful face-feel and a look you'll be proud of. Try a tube—only 50 cents. Warning: Hide it from the ladies. They know its complexion merits...but make them buy tubes of their own.

Mennen Talcum for Men—the finishing touch to the Mennen Shave—the "plus ultra." Absorbs superfluous moisture and doesn't show on your face. Fine for "all-over" use. 25c.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY, 353 Central Avenue, Newark, N.J.
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MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

C O L L E G I A T E

SEASONED CONTACT WITH THE MOST DISTINGUISHED APPEARING COLLEGE MEN HAS ENABLED THIS ESTABLISHMENT TO FITTINGLY INTERPRET THEIR STYLE PREFERENCES IN CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES.

THE FINCHLEY Establishment

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street
New York

Unidentified Female: "Oh, Mr. Grange, I understand you make a lot of money."

Mr. Harold Grange (a well-known motion picture actor): "Yes, indeed, but I have to pay a pyle." —*Beanpot.*

• • •

Cold weather never bothers polar bears, reindeers, or calves. —*Whirlwind.*

• • •

"When I came back in the dance last night the chaperone glared at me as if I had been out necking."

"Goodness, what did you do?"

"I glared right back at her as if I hadn't." —*Sniper.*

• • •

Officer, to kaydet who spent furlough in the north woods: "Well, did your rifle marksmanship course help you any?"

Cadet: "Very much, sir. Hold and squeeze, hold and squeeze." —*Pointer.*

Astronomer (to his young wife): "Congratulations, my dear. This is your birthday and I shall have a great surprise for you tonight!"

Wife: "What is it?"

"At eleven-thirty tonight there will be a total eclipse of the moon!" —*Dorfbarbier* (Berlin.)

• • •

Poet: "To dance with you is to fly. With your wings we can reach the stars!"

Modern Girl: "How about volplaning down to the bar?" —*Le Régiment* (Paris.)

• • •

First Brother: "Why do you always win at poker and lose money on football games?"

Second Brother: "Hell, man, I can't shuffle football players." —*Pitt Panther.*

"Did they start you at the bottom in your business?"

"At the bottom—the deuce! They excavated!"

—*Chaparral.*

• • •

"At the house party I mistook a celebrated millionaire for the butler and tipped him a dollar. Afterwards we had a good laugh over the affair."

"A whimsical episode, to be sure."

"Yes, but he never handed back the dollar."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

• • •

An Englishman was seeing some "collegiate" dancing for the first time. He seemed greatly impressed, and after a lengthy pause inquired of his guide, "I say, my dear chappie, they marry afterward, don't they?" —*Brown Jug.*

• • •

"What's wrong, Rastus?"

"Ise got bit by a dawg."

"Boy, you is sure to get a terrible disease called hydrophobia."

"How so?"

"Well, every time the dog shakes his head you'll shake yours."

"Go on."

"Every time that he barks, you'll bark."

"Say, bo, what does I do when he wags his tail?"

—*Chanticleer.*

• • •

"No Jack. I don't love you any more and I don't feel that I should let you kiss me (*pause, and then brightly*) but we can still be friends and I'll come to all the hops, and you can take me to all the theatres and night clubs Christmas Leave. I'll even keep your miniature. And if you'll just send me the tickets, I'll even be at the Navy game so that I can see you after the game." —*Pointer.*

• • •

Frosh (at P. O.): "I'd like to see some of your two-cent stamps, please."

The clerk produced a sheet of one hundred twos.

The freshman pointed to the stamp in the center. "I'll take that one," he said. —*Punch Bowl.*

She's 19 now...

SHE'S nineteen today . . . she'll never be again. She'll never know again the glamour of star-powdered nights . . . the drifting laughter of young crowds . . . the fragile, fleeting hours of youth when life's a wonderful time -- a coin in the air.

This magazine understands her, and we think you should. We offer Youth -- straight from the campus, warm from the pens of men who know it best. These college people are producing wonderful things in word and picture these chromatic days.

And there are the writers who ride with youth . . . Cyril Hume, Scott Fitzgerald, O. O. McIntyre, George Jean Nathan, Katharine Brush, Royal Brown, Lucian Cary, Donald Ogden Stewart, Percy Marks, Thyra Samter Winslow, Lynn and Lois Montross, Nancy Hoyt, Holworthy Hall, Arnold Bennett -- the list goes on.

College Humor

At All Newsstands, the First of Every Month

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UNUSUAL CANDIES

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created by Virgil Hollingsworth

THE SOUTH'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S FINE THINGS

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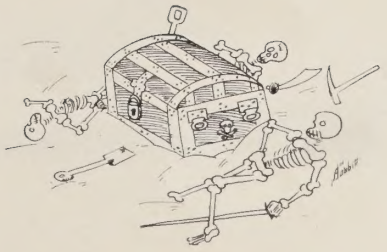


PIRATES — — — — — ONCE!

TO THE MODERN GIRL:

The Original Pirate Number

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 3

BOO! PIRATES!

ACT II. Le Cygne 14

Scene is all wet—naughty, naughty! Also a sea, a ship, a fo'c's'le, a tops'l, a tack, and a tackle. BUCCANEER on tops'l-yard and COOK in gallery.

(*Note—The sea is on the back-drop and the ship is on the stage.*)

BUCCANEER: Westward, Ho!

COOK: Land, Ho!

BUCCANEER: 'Tain't! 'Tis a garden hoe.

COOK: 'Tis!

BUCCANEER: 'Tain't!

*This dynamic struggle continues until the TACKLE falls from the tops'l and lands on the TACK. The twain chase him into the fo'c's'le, as they sing sweetly: !! — — ?! ? ** — — ! ! !*

(*Note—See first note.*)

Ancient Buccaneer: "This business ain't what it used to be."

Protegee: "Why so?"

A. B.: "Well, in the good ole days us pirates had our fun by dressing up in the clothes of female captives."

Protegee: "Can't you still do that?"

A. B.: "No, my lad, even a pirate has some sense of modesty."

MAPS

"What modern show has done a lot toward revealing the truth?"

"Earl Carrol's Vanities."

"Whose name is on more people's tongues than any other?"

"I'll bite."

"Smith Brothers."

The other day a young girl was seen swimming in the English Channel. Wonder if she was another channel conquerer or just a pirate's sweetheart?

He: "Use the word Pirate in a sentence."

She: "I ho pirate better at the next prom I go to."

"A galleon, a galleon, my treasure chest for a galleon," yelled the pirate sot when he found himself clinging to a board in the middle of the cold Pacific.

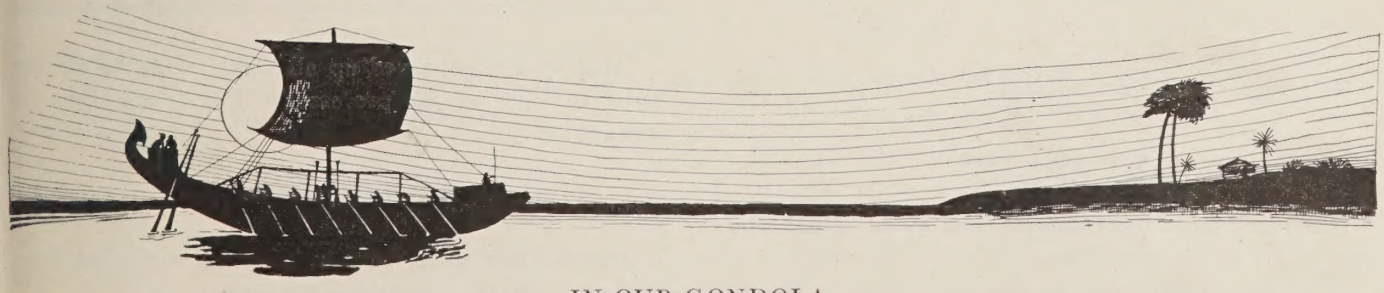
She, on athletic field: "Who's that man, the last one in the race?"

He: "That's Lee. He's a rum runner."

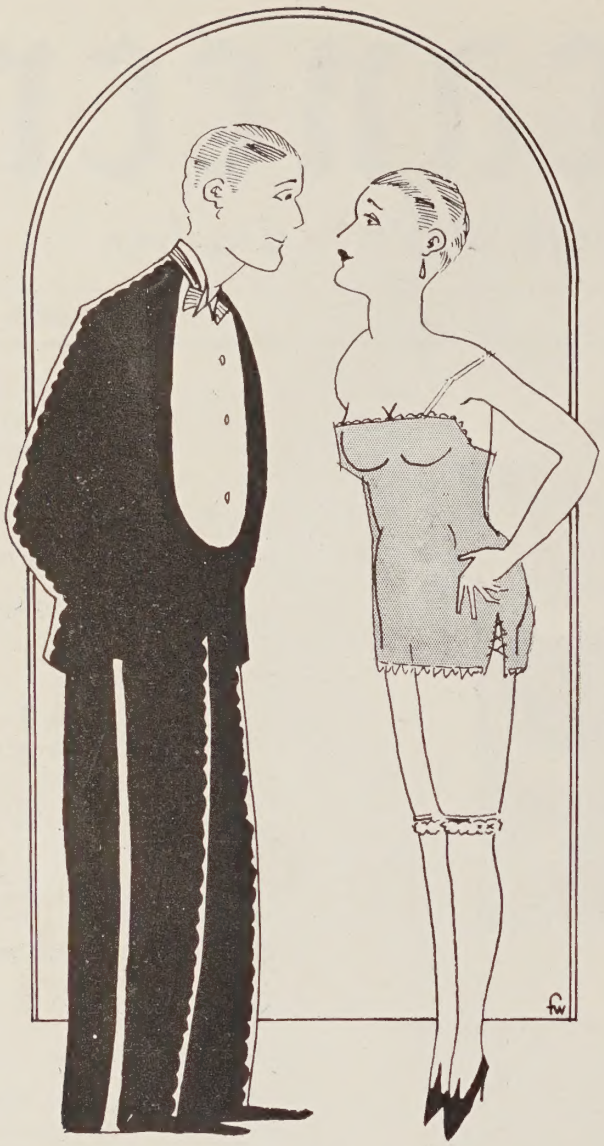
She: "Does he sell good stuff?"

The ship was still. Around the cabin came a long line of a shadowy figures, a man leading many pretty girls. They were ghosts. A pirate and his stolen girls? No, the shades of Brigham Young.

"Hell's bells," said Satan as the fire alarm sounded through Hades.



IN OUR GONDOLA



"John, dear, I simply haven't a thing to wear to the theatre tonight."

"Well, why don't you wear what you have on?"

"What, appear in public like this?"

"Why not, you don't seem to mind walking right out here on the front of this page and letting everyone stare at you."

Golf Bug: "I made a hole in one last week."
Senior: "One shot?"
Golf Bug: "Naw, one morning."

Happy: "I have a posthumous book by an author who used to live in my home town."
Hooligan: "Where does he live now?"

A STORY

Here's to the pirate, his flag and his gold,
Here's to his hardy crew.
Here's to the seas that he governed of old,
Here's to his cutlass true.

He blew up the galleons and pillaged and killed,
He took all the beautiful girls.
He robbed every day 'till his coffers were filled
With diamonds and bracelets and pearls.

His conscience was dead as he stood on the deck,
His orders were simple and few.
With cutlass in hand and gold chains round his neck,
Waiting vessels to come into view.

He orders a broadside then leaps on the rail
With internecine, blood-thirsty eyes.
With curses and shouts, then, they all board the Mail
With a slash and they capture the prize.

When we're told of these pirates and exploits bold,
When a man fought like hell for a curl,
We immediately know we're not playing a role
When we dine with this Pirate, The Girl!

Fluff: Know why football is called the pigskin game?
Ruff: Yeah, because it has so many rooters.

One Freshman stayed up all night trying to see the point to one of his professor's jokes, and then it dawned on him.

Jesse: "Done your share in 'Cleaning Up Week'?"
James: "Yeah, I just blew my nose."

Two of the gun crew of the pirate ship were walking about the deck one day talking of the olden times and of the Romans who were so cruel to the Christians, when a man appeared around the corner of the ship. Immediately one of the gun-men stopped and gazed intently at the advancing figure, and, as he was a new man on the ship, turned to the gunner and whispered, "Who's dat boid wit de red whiskers?" "That illustrious gentleman? why that's Blackbeard," the other answered. The next day the whole crew gathered to watch him walk the plank.

The Pirate advises the girls who want husbands to use their heads and not their necks.

Salesman: "Do you think this would suit your taste?"
Old maid in department store: "I would have you know that I do not chew my handkerchiefs."

Single: "Does your wife select your clothes?"
Married: "No, but she picks the pockets."

A glance at the latest auto license tag is enough to convince the thinking man that there is no longer safety in numbers.

"Why does a violin have a bridge on it?"
"It is used to get the music across."

Prof: "Wake up that young man next to you."
Student: "Do it yourself; you put him to sleep."

"Your violin must have fleas."
"How come?"
"Because you're always scratching on it."

THE PIRATE LOVER

A Musical Tragedy in 2½ Acts

From the Novel of a Worse Name by Captain Aloysius Applewhite Kidd

Past of Characters (In order of their disappearance)

Blackbeard (passed out).

Jonathan Edwards, Puritan Pastor (But far from a Puritan Past!)

Mary Read, Famous Female Pirate (No past—to speak of!)

Acknowledgements

Costumes—
From Pirates' Victims.

Ship—
From Spanish Main.

Lighting—
From Sun and Moon.

Actors—
From Buccaneer Days.

Accidental Music by Pirate Band.

Act I—Top deck.
Act II—Bottom deck.
Act II½—Midway between decks.

ACT I

Mary Read, a stalwart piratess with a long red beard growing from moles in either cheek, stumbles upon the stage. She drags in her captive, Jonathan Edwards, a small chap much resembling Angels, with wing-like projections just behind each ear.

Mary Read:

"Ah! Ha!" *She spat from the center of her left mole.* "You are only my captive now, but you'll be my husband soon." (*Band tremblingly renders "God Save The Man."*)

As she spoke these cruel words, she plucked out her teeth and looked at them gloatingly. (*Sympathetically the band moaned "Put Your Teeth Where They Belong."*)

Mary Read: "Art ready for the matrimonial Knot?"

J. Edwards: "I am not. 'Pon my word, I would rather die than live with such an ugly wench!" (*Band feelingly renders "Me Too" and "Who Wouldn't."*)

Curtain falls in disgust

ACT II

Mary Read enters carrying a tear in her left eye. She lays the tear upon the deck and gives a heart-rending sob.

"Oh, if I were only worthy of little Jonathan! One look from his innocent face softens the heart of an old pirate like me." (*"Baby Face" by band.*) *With half an eye to the windward and the other half to the waterward she lisps:*

"But hark, 'tis almost time for my date with the scurvy Blackbeard".

Curtain and stage drop with a sickening thud and a horrible groan, respectively.

ACT II½

Blackbeard stalks upon the scene and tosses Jonathan and a lifeboat into the sea. As they drift away together the band sadly plays the last seventeen bars of "Drifting Apart".

Mary Read, pleasantly amused at this little domestic comedy, winds Blackbeard around her little finger and drops him, like an outgrown wedding ring, into the depths of the ocean. As the wind and rain fall upon the stage (the curtain being injured from previous falls), the pirate band renders "Bye-Bye Blackbeard" and the entire ship slowly sinks into a state of lethargy.

THE END

Publisher's Note: The State of Lethargy referred to above is probably some mythical kingdom.

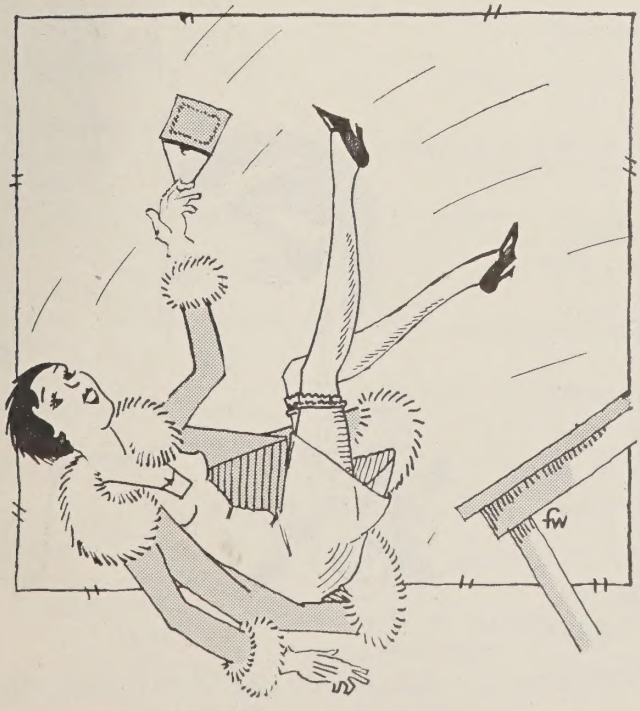
BROWN DERBY

Speaking of pirates—I think that is the trend of this issue—we might mention an incident that happened to us last week. While on a week-end jaunt in another state, we happened to stop over at a well-known hotel. It's name should be changed to *Halsted Street*. We got socked for sixteen bones as a penalty for signing in the man's penmanship book and after being fined, we were shoved into a stall with a couple of cots to sleep on. Breakfast consisted of corrupt coffee, stercoraceous cereal, emaciated eggs, rancid rolls and burnt bacon. After we had tipped all the force, they pooled and bought half interest in the hotel. One bag got squashed in the elevator and leaked nine dollars. We were charged for seven phone calls, six of which were wrong numbers, and the management thought it was doing us a favor. Quoth the Raven—.

Here's a warning to girls. Last month we attended a football game—which by way of a parenthetical expression is nothing new in our young and sophisticated lives—and a deplorable accident occurred. As there was not room in the stands for everyone, a few pretty young ladies conceived the brilliant idea of standing on a table across which soft drinks were being vended. The legs of the table suddenly gave way and the party of girls crashed to the ground. No one was hurt, but one damsel fell backward over the table, head on the ground and feet in the air. We have only one comment; she had shown remarkable judgment in her shopping.

Know: "Who originated the Lion Tamer's Club?"

Ledge: "Daniel."



Someone asked us the other day where we got such an all-fired name for this page. That, dear reader, is a secret. We would like immensely to divulge the name of the person that so graciously offered to let us use his idea—provided we would let him draw the cuts—so we consented and there you are. Which reminds us of the one about the boy who, when a girl spoke to him on the street, cut her dead. "Why didncha speak to the lady, Bill?" said his friend. And Bill answered, "That wasn't no lady."

Just before going to press, we received the following poem from a contributor to run in *Brown Derby*:

A pretty young girl from New York,
Had a most peculiar wawk.
Once while crossing a street,
A truck she did meet,
And now both her legs are of cawk.

We are very sorry but BROWN DERBY is not a page for contributors but send 'em in and we'll use 'em in the other columns of the BUCCANEER. This page has been added merely to fill up space and afford an outlet for an occasional out-burst that would not be suitable anywhere else in the BUCCANEER. All written contributions should not include stamps as we can't spend anything but money.

Speaking of writing reminds us of the enormous amount of letters that we have received lately. All our girl friends have dug up excuses to drop us a line and ask if we know Thus and So or please send me such and such a BUCCANEER or I have a lot to tell you sometime. Let's see, it is nearly a month yet until Christmas, isn't it? It seems to us that the girls are starting to be nice rather early but it's their business. The dear things don't know that we expect to be in Cuba for Christmas and whoever thought about anybody in the U. S. when one is in Cuba except to laugh every now and then at the poor fools. By the way, we sincerely hope that this does not get into the hands of any of our female correspondents.

Buck Jr.

She: "What do you know about pirate's lips?"

He: "Well, after seeing you dressed as you are, I know a lot more."

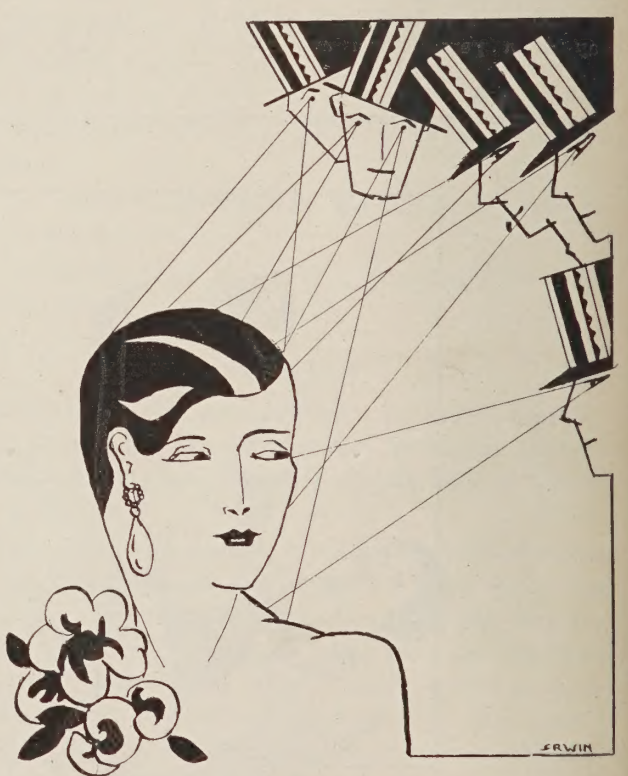
"All right, mother, I won't," and Prudence Dim kissed her mother goodbye and boarded the train. It was her first trip away from home.

She found her seat and assumed a most dignified position, pulling her dress well down over her knees. She sat perfectly still and though her eyes wandered a little she was careful not to let them get out of sight.

Presently the conductor, making his usual rounds, stopped in the aisle by her. "Where does your ticket read to?" he asked. Prudence stiffened visibly but no reply did she make. The conductor was quite astonished. "May I see your ticket?" he asked again.

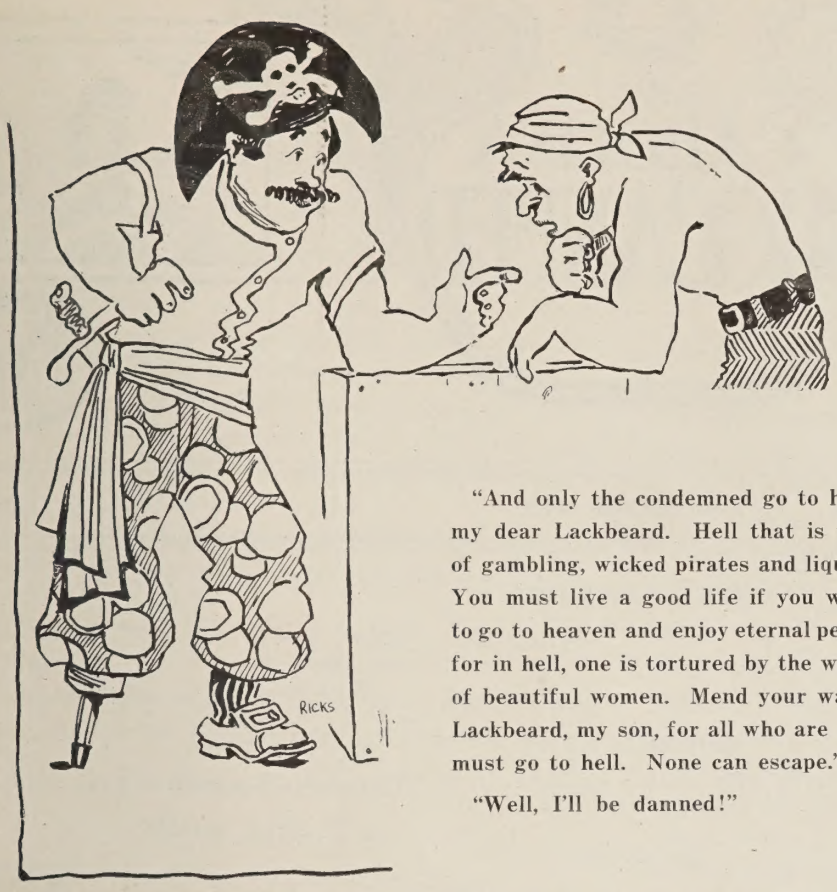
Prudence reached in her pocketbook and pulled out, not her ticket, but a pencil and paper. "My mother just warned me," she wrote, "not to speak to any strange men on the train."

Thup! Thup! The gory sound of a noble's blood as it dripped from a cutlass wound in his side. There on the crimson-stained deck lay a score of dying men, wounded, hacked and torn by cruel, barbarous pirate-blades. Thick blood oozed into cracks and sluggishly rolled over the ship's deck. Men groaning, clutching at gaping wounds and sucking in a last few breaths of stenched air. There the inhuman band of murderers pawed over the spoils—beautiful women and jewels. The atmosphere about the ship was permeated with an unholy scent of raw flesh, now-killed human flesh. Blood-stained knives hung about the waists of the lustful animals; blood-stained knives that smeared the dirty breeches with fresh blood that covered the dark, rust-like splotches with a hideous red. Men dying; women screaming and fainting at the approach of a cut-throat with ensanguined claws. Blood .... Fresh blood .... Open sides emitting little rivulets of the sticky fluid.... Groans .... And the pirates were dividing the loot. "Papa," lisped a little boy to his gory and expiring father, "What's an optimist?"



TRIG

After considering all the angles and curves of this problem, the ayes rule.



"And only the condemned go to hell, my dear Lackbeard. Hell that is full of gambling, wicked pirates and liquor. You must live a good life if you wish to go to heaven and enjoy eternal peace for in hell, one is tortured by the wiles of beautiful women. Mend your ways, Lackbeard, my son, for all who are evil must go to hell. None can escape."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

Father: "But, young man, will you be able to dress my daughter?"

Suitor: "Why I would soon learn how, sir."

1st Pirate: "How come you let that guy walk up and bean you like that widdout slicing him?"

2nd Pirate: "Well, didn't the cap'n say 'wait till you see the whites o' their eyes'?"

1st Pirate: "Yeah, but—"

2nd Pirate: "Well, this gink had on smoked glasses."

Poe (rapturously): "Ah, the leaves are turning."

Tic (scornfully): "Ah, hell. You mean the finals are coming."

She: "Oh, look! Isn't nature grand?"

He (admiring something else): "Yes, and silk hose add so much."

"John is a conscientious golfer."

"How do you know?"

"I heard the Pro say he was working hard on the 19th hole."

EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF KAPTAIN KIDD

Don't scramble around and fume when being roasted by your wife; people are apt to call you a bad egg.

Half: "How did that peddler sell his anti-fat remedy to Mrs. Fatlady?"

Pint: "He told her it was the original stuff that made the tower of Pisa lean."

"Why do conductors make successful husbands?"

"Because they tell their wives where to get off."

THE TRIALS OF A STUDENT

The scene is laid in the municipal court of a small city. Horatio Sylvester Sheepsherd, II, son of a prominent citizen in a neighboring town is called before the judge.

Judge: "You are charged with breaking the speed law."

Horatio (surprised): "Your Honor, this cannot be; I've had my hands on no such article."

Judge: "The officer says you were driving a car wide open.

Horatio: "He lies; I drove a closed car."

Judge: "Were you alone?"

Horatio: "Yes sir,—my girl and I."

Judge: "Where were you sitting?"

Horatio: "In the driver's seat."

Judge: "And the girl?"

Horatio: "In the driver's seat."

Judge: "Who was driving?"

Horatio: "We hadn't decided."

Judge: "Were you going fast?"

Horatio: "No, your Honor, I was merely holding her hand."

Judge (who knows prisoner's father intimately): "You are a Jr., aren't you?"

Horatio: No,—freshman.

Judge: "Guilty, suh; damn you, suh!"

"Why, that's nothing, sir, I give my act after only one rehearsal and think nothing of it."

"Neither do I."

Hee: "Why does your girl call you millstone?"

Haw: "Because she says that I'm always hanging around her neck."

VOL. IV DECEMBER, 1926 No. 3

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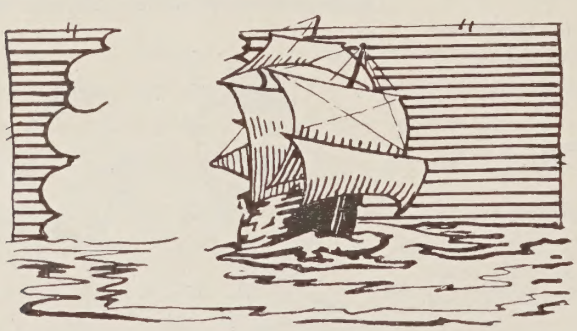


THE ISSUE

THREE years ago, when BUCCANEER first made its bow, a solemn and secret meeting was held within the sacred portals of the County Club room in the Y. M. C. A. After due consideration and much careful deliberation the editorial powers—that were—decided that the third issue every year should be dedicated to pirates. The hallowed tradition has been handed down from year to year and has finally fallen into the hands of the present editorial staff.

We would be quite unwilling to vouch for the absolute authenticity and truth of the above statements. It has always been customary, however, for the editor to offer some kind of an explanation for the reappearance of the *Pirate Number.*

The beautiful ship at the head of these columns, drawn by our beloved art editor, is supposed to be the symbol of our quaint and honored custom. We venture here to make a prophecy—and incidentally to express a hope—that this is the last of the Pirate numbers.

If there be any rocks in the immediate vicinity of the aforementioned ship, lying in the same direction for which she is headed, we hope that no one will alter her course.

If this be treason, make the most of it.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

BECAUSE of the fact that we have received several contributions from co-eds this year we deem it necessary to correct what, in time, may become a false impression.

The following conversation—for reasons which will become obvious later—took place recently between a freshman and a sophomore:

Freshman: There certainly is a mighty risque joke in the back of the BUCCANEER this time; and you know it was written by a girl.

Sophomore: Written by a girl, you say? What makes you think so?

Freshman: Why it says *Virginia Reel* right under it. *Virginia Reel* is not registered at this University.

FROM MISSOURI

THE fame of the BUCCANEER has spread as far as Missouri and in the rural districts, at least, is already threatening to replace the Sears Roebuck catalog as the favorite publication of the mountain populace. A few days ago we received a letter postmarked Dixon, Missouri, which we reprint *verbatem* below.

Dixon mo.
Nov. 5, 1926.

Mr. Editor

On other side find poem which you may print for the good it might do. Also see several types of funny sayings Can you use any of them? If so what would they be worth to you? You may print these Free to try them out, Then if you want more I can send them later. If "Unavailable" Please return

Truly Yours
OZARK MOUNTINEAR.

The title of the poem which Mr. Mountinear speaks at the first of his very interesting letter is, "If the Boys Only Knew." We are indeed sorry that there is not sufficient space to allow for its printing.

The "different types of funny sayings" are so unique and original we do not wonder that neither *Life* nor *Judge* has ever had anything just like them. The short sketch below is most conclusive evidence that the last summer's newspapers have already penetrated as far as Dixon.

THE WONDER FAMILY

July-Anne Wonder: Jemes Allin, Aint tha a rite smart in practeece bout this swimmin biziniss?

James Allen Wonder: Without raising his eyes from his Bible (Sears & Robuck Catalog) Y Hit's awl in practeece.

July-Anne: Then I wonder how long Miz Corsin Mother of Too'd haf T. practeece T. swim fun Albany T. New-York, then roun the Ilin uv Man-hat-on, then cross the Lantick Oshin an then cross the Inglish Chanil?

James Allin: Raising his eyes in amazement. Gosh what a swim!

Sleepy eyed Bill Wonder: I bet Miz Turtle, Mother uv Too-Hundred, an Miss Eder -- Lee, Mother uv Nun, kin do hit 'thout enny more practeece ner thave already done an got.

(Signed) Ozark Mountinear.

At this point the writer of these pieces must have run out of paper, for the rest of his contributions have been written on the backs of the leaves of a three by five inch calender. We reprint them with only one change: in place of the letter *I* the author has used a very carefully drawn eye. Unfortunately we are not able to reproduce the original.

Moas enny ole man kin keep a seekrit. Kin you say as mutch fur a wummern?

Brown: I reckin et inglish mun et partid his hare in the middle an beet the merry kin gal's time a swimin the channill figgers he's done gone and done sunthin wonderful.

Smith: Hit wuz Sun thin wonderful fur a Inglish mun. Not evry 1 uv um kin beet a Merrykin gal's time a swimmin the channill.

Jones: Hit's not every Inglishmun et Kin beet et English gal's time et stayed in the water 25 ours an then never swum the channill but haf a mile.

All three stalwart Americans together—Brown, Smith, Jones:
Ha-ha-ha!
Haw-haw-haw!
Har-har-har!

Further comment on our part is unnecessary.

APPOINTMENTS

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Bill Bobbitt and Bill Dry have made positions on the art staff, and that Walter Spearman and T. P. Harrison are the latest addition to the editorial staff.

Rose: "What type of person lives longest?"

Marie: "A rich relative."

"Where's Jim now?"

"He's in New York in a powder mill."

"Working at last, eh?"

"No, it blew up last week and he hasn't been found yet."

Who was the first pirate?

Adam.

Adam?

Yes, he robbed the world of peace and contentment when he gave up one of his ribs.

"That's a dirty dig," said the man as a pirate stuck him with a muddy cutlass.

PIRATE TERMS DEFINED

1. THE BLACK SPOT

This was a little round piece of black paper the pirates used in a game called *Spottit* or *Crownim*. One person was "it" and tried to pin the black spot on someone else. After twenty minutes of sword and horse play the lucky person who happened to have the spot in his possession was either thrown overboard or beheaded by his playmates.

2. WALKING THE PLANK

This is another game the pirates amused themselves with. The persons who were "it" (usually chosen by popular vote) were told that they were to be taken for a little stroll to see the sights. Accordingly they were blindfolded and at the proper time were conducted along a plank projecting over the side of the boat and allowed to step right off the end into the cold, cold water. They were usually left in this position indefinitely.

3. THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST

Fifteen men were required for this game. The rules were very simple, each man being required to sing a different song in a different key. The man ending up with the key to the chest was the winner. Tea and ice cream were usually served after the singing.

4. GUNWALE

Uncanny noise a pirate's gun made when calling to its mate.

5. BILGE WATER

Similar to our present day moonshine.

6. DOG WATCH

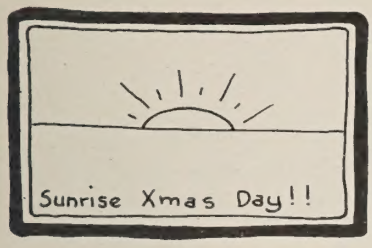
An old-fashioned, key-winding watch worn by the ship's pet dog. It was the dog's duty to bark the time on rainy days.

7. JOLLY ROGER

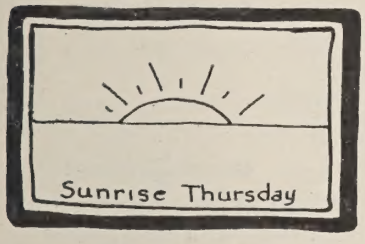
Heads off! The flag is passing by!

Pi: "Do you pick your teeth?"
Rate: "Sure."
Pi: "Well, why don't you pick better ones?"

SPEAKING OF CHRISTMAS



Christmas is a day so is thursday also washington's birthday and monday. In england xmas is



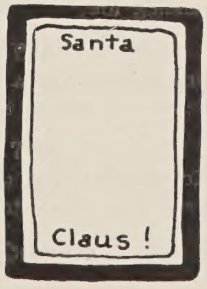
pronounced xmas and not xmas that is because the english

drop their h's.

Xmas is also a holiday sleighing is done on xmas any other day is all right like election day or any day in chicago santa claus

comes on xmas eve xmas eve is the day before xmas only santa claus comes

at night he has no children 'cause there aint no santa claus



Xmas is a day of cheer much spirit is shown spirit is also shown at football games but not xmas

spirit people hang mistletoe in their house at xmas time mistletoe

is a wildflower also an excuse.

This excuse for a page is the work of seedy smith and fess wright excuse us mr. fgc

A PIRATE'S TALE OF WOE

1.
There once was a terrible pirate,
Truly ferocious was he;
His Ford was a captured galleon,
His Highway the deep blue sea.

2.
His snore could outrumble the thunder;
His tiptoeing was awful to hear.
They used his voice for a foghorn;
He knew not the meaning of fear.

3.
But one day he captured a galleon
And the prisoners were many they say;
And among them stood a fair maiden
Who stole his heart away.

4.
They were married upon the deep ocean;
The wedding was elaborate 'tis said.
Three men walked the gangplank,
The rest to the fishes were fed.

5.
Two years pass by swiftly
To the pirate; they are much too long;
He now rolls a baby carriage
As he sings this little song:

6.
"On many a sea I've wandered
And many a ship I've sunk;
Tons of gold I've captured
And gallons of likker I've drunk.

7.
"But now I've ceased my roamings,
No more can I sail the sea
For a woman ended my freedom
And made a nursemaid of me.

8.
"I've learned to cook and be humble,
No more can I drink and get tight.
I've learned to sing 'Rocky-by-baby'
And put the cat out at night.

9.
"To you who hear and see me
Take warning, good brothers, I pray,
And stay away from all women
Lest you be like me some day!"

Over a hundred years ago Bluebeard said: "Don't give your wife a carpet beater; you may be rugged."

Surgeon: "I'll sew that scalp wound for ten dollars."

Patient: "Gee, Doc, I just want plain sewing, not hemstitching and embroidery."

The bull may be the master of the barnyard but you must admit he looks cowed.

Kaptain Skidd: "What kinda rum ya got?"

Stewed Steward: "Fullback rum, sir fullback rum."

Kaptain Skidd: "How's that, ya scoundrel?"

Stewed Steward: "Running low, man running low."

USETER BE

Ho, ho, ho! And a bottle of rum
Dead men tell no tales!

BUT NOW

Ho, ho, ho! And a bottle of booze
Dead men tell no tales!

TRAGEDY

The little dog ran all over the street.
The big steam roller ran all over the little dog.
The little dog ran all over the street.

I. Newton was good. He got a hunch one night on coming home unexpectedly that something was wrong. He said to himself quietly, "Apples will fall to the ground." Think, O thuggish reader, of the importance of that moment. Well, he knew his eggs, and bright and early next morning he arranged a simple little apparatus under the old family apple tree. He picked up the materials he needed around the house: three kegs of amorphous sulphur (edible variety), a worn out trans-atlantic cable (No. 72 gauge three-ply non-collapsible), three I-beams, a light crane, a U. S. N. hammock, and a pitcher of pink lemonade.

Everything set to make the most important discovery in the history of science.

Unfortunately, there were no apples on that particular tree.

—to be discontinued.

"What is your idea of a waste of time?"

"Telling hair-raising stories to a hall-headed man."

CONDENSED DIRECTIONS FOR FINDING THE TREASURE

Start from the beginning of the trail and walk three miles in a circle until you come to a cow with decided bovine characteristics. Before going further you most give this cow the password. Approach stealthily and whisper, "Upside down." In order to do this properly you must, of course, stand on your head.

Having safely passed the sacred cow, allow your nose to run for thirty paces. Follow it wherever it may lead.

At this point turn to the right and walk sideways until you come to a stick in a Coca Cola bottle. This stick is exceedingly important as it is inside dope. Throw the stick in the air and crawl ten times the length of a giraffe's neck in the direction which the stick points until you discover the fragments of a figure. From here you must turn three somersaults and then walk in the opposite direction until you come to a lemon.

Hide yourself behind this lemon until you see a horse. Slip up behind the horse. You will then have the end in view. Return to where you started and dig thirty fathoms in almost any direction.

This process is to be repeated until the treasure is found.

Give Whitman's

The Candy Everybody Wants!

Whitman's alone cater to individual tastes in chocolates and confections.

By taking a little thought you can pay the real compliment of giving an assortment that will exactly suit the taste of the person who receives it.

Packages of known quality—names made household words all through the land because they stand for definite candy tastes, each package having an individuality and an appeal all its own.

Write for our illustrated descriptive circular and order form which will simplify your Christmas shopping, and enable you to make your candy gifts each a personal choice.

At the Whitman agency near you are all the Whitman packages, in special Christmas wraps and bands—Sampler, Pleasure Island, Salmagundi, Cloisonné, Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, The Fussy Package, Nuts Chocolate Covered, Chocolate Covered Fruits and Nuts, the Wonderbox and others.

Every package of Whitman's is shipped direct to Whitman sales agents everywhere and doubly guaranteed.

Examine also the fancy holiday containers for Whitman's —unusual and beautiful boxes, baskets and chests.

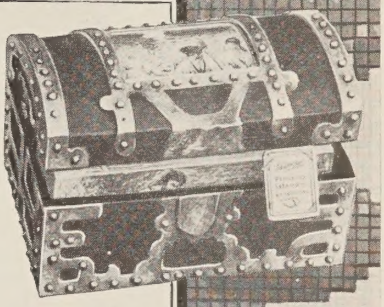
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

CLOISONNÉ
Chocolates in a beautiful box of metal—a gorgeous gift. Decorated with Christmas band. 3½ lbs. $5.

A FUSSY PACKAGE—
Nut combination, nut and chew-y centers. Special Christmas bands.

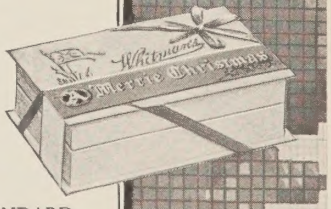
SALMAGUNDI
—A "medley of good things" in chocolates packed in charming metal box, banded for Christmas.

CHOCOLATE COVERED FRUITS AND NUTS—
Richness and luxury.

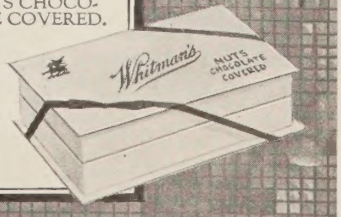


PLEASURE ISLAND—
A real find in chocolate treasure. A romantic package, also to be had in this outer "sea-chest."

BONNYBROOK MILK CHOCOLATES
—New and already a great favorite—give it in its bright "Merry Christmas" band.



STANDARD CHOCOLATES
— More than ever attractive in colorful holiday attire.

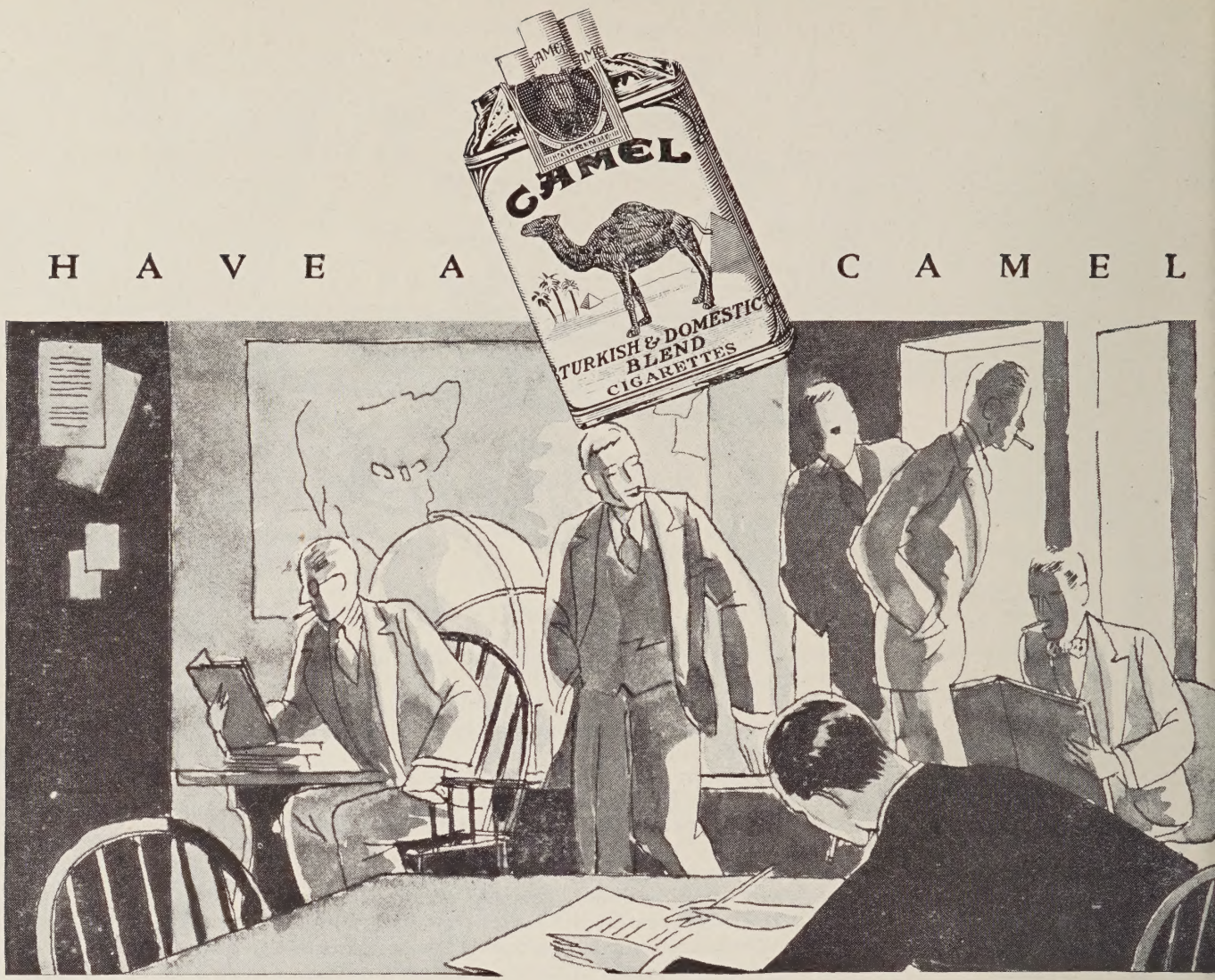


NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED.

WHITMAN'S FAMOUS CANDIES ARE SOLD BY

PATTERSON BROTHERS

H A V E A C A M E L



It's mighty easy to like the best

THAT'S why Camel is the most popular cigarette ever made. In all tobacco history there has never been a cigarette preference like Camel's. Nothing is too good or expensive that will make Camels the world's finest smoke.

Camel is the friendliest cigarette ever made. From early morning to night's last reluctant parting you just can't smoke enough Camels to tire the taste. Camels are the celebrated smoke that brought an end forever to cigaretty after-taste.

If you've not yet learned how really satisfying a cigarette can be, just try Camels. Into this one cigarette the world's largest tobacco organization puts every good quality that could be wished for in a cigarette. All the mild and mellow fragrance. The most perfect blending. The utmost in smoking enjoyment and contentment, regardless of price.

Have a Camel!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1926

THE POLITICIAN'S DAILY DOZEN

Striking an attitude.
Hurling an invective.
Launching a probe.
Smashing a precedent.
Countering a charge.
Lifting a ban.
Nailing a lie.
Sidestepping an issue.
Branding a traitor.
Bolstering a cause.
Clamping a lid.
Passing the buck. —*Life.*

• • •

She: "How did you get that red on your lips?"
He: "That's my tag for parking too long in one place."
—*Froth.*

• • •

"Should full evening dress be worn to bridge parties?"
"No. In playing cards it is only necessary to show your hand." —*Cackle.*

• • •

"Why use such a high crib for your baby?"
"So we can hear him when he falls out."
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

• • •

Doctor: "What precautions do you take against microbes?"
Patient: "First I boil the water."
"Yes, and then?"
"I sterilize it."
"Yes, and—then?"
"I drink whiskey." —*Aussie.*

• • •

WIT!

"Justice! I demand justice!" cried the defendant.
The Judge: "Hush. Don't forget that you are in a Court of Law!" *Der Knueppel* (Berlin.)

• • •

"What right have you to ask me for a kiss? Leave this house immediately and never speak to me again."
"Before I leave, never to see you again, may I ask one favor?"
"What is it?"
"Will you please take your arm away from my neck?"
—*Stanford Chaparral.*

• • •

Taxi Driver: "$15.75."
Victim: "All right, just put it in the garage."
—*The Log.*

Braeburn
Smart Styled Clothes For College Men
Tailored At Rochester

MARKHAM-ROGERS COMPANY
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Fancy Ices Block Cream

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Dial L-963 Main at Duke

Punches Sherbets

The death of bone
Is called necrosis.
Use Lisperine
For hairliptosis. —*Flamingo.*

• • •

A man arrested for burglary recently tore all his clothes in pieces in the detention cell. He will, no doubt, be put in charge of the prison laundry. —*Passing Show.*

• • •

Yesterday we heard positively the last one on our friend, the absent-minded professor. He slammed his wife and kissed the door. —*Flamingo.*

He had always wanted a business of his own

HOWARD D. EGE

—and now, while he doesn't own the business, he's got what he had hoped for in a business of his own. He's gained the opportunity to bring out the best there is in human effort—to handle men rather than materials.

That's what Howard D. Ege had in mind in his early schooling at Grand Island College. It was actively developed during 1919-21 when he worked nights in a Lawrence power plant while completing work for his B. S. in Engineering at Kansas University.

Ege doesn't scorn the well-known dictum of Socrates—"Know thyself." But he gets more of a kick out of the practical application of "Know others."

Today—five years after enrolling in the Westinghouse Graduate Students' Course—he directly controls a staff of fifty persons. And he's responsible for coordinating the efforts of 1500 employees—half of them men and half of them women—on the production floor.

Ege is Production Supervisor in the Coils and Insulation Department at the East Pittsburgh Works. He is the link between the entire Westinghouse organization and thirteen foremen who directly supervise the work of hundreds of employees. He is engaged in a production job which turns out finished parts with a shop value of more than $1,000,000 a year.

How Westinghouse offers opportunity to engineers differing widely in outlook is demonstrated again in Ege's case. From the time he conceived his ambition to work with men his path has followed a straight line. His training course at East Pittsburgh was in Works Management. This lasted about a year. Then he became Chief Clerk in the Coils and Insulation Department. Only one year later he became Supervisor, reporting directly to the Works Superintendent of Production.

To the man who wants to work with men rather than with materials, Westinghouse offers promising opportunities.

"What's the future with a large organization?" That is what college men want to know, first of all. The question is best answered by the accomplishments of others with similar training and like opportunities. This is one of a series of advertisements portraying the progress at Westinghouse of typical college graduates, off the campus some five—eight—ten years.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

First Coach: "When ya gonna pay me?"

Second one: "What do I owe you?"

First Coach: "I want that quarterback I loaned you last week." —*Whirlwind.*

• • •

In short, I hope you do not sip your coffee from a plate:
But when we're married, Rollo dear, I hope—I pray—I pine—
That you will wear your own brassieres—and never borrow mine. —*Froth.*

• • •

"Did you have a large evening last night, Jane?"

"Well, it varied. Big party, little roadhouse, short argument, and a long walk home." —*Froth.*

• • •

GREEK

A stranger was being shown through the house of the Boston Chaper.

"And is this the lodge room?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "it is rather lodge; but the living room is much lodger." —*Royal Gaboon.*

• • •

THE VULGAR BOATMEN

Th' Skipper: "Listen, matey, some girls will and others won't, and you may lay to that."

Th' Bo's'un: "Well my girl, Skip, is some girl."

—*Awgwan.*

• • •

GUILT

I stole a kiss last night,
Goshdurnit!
It came so easily—
Why spurn it?
But now I'm scared someone
May learn it—
You can't destroy a kiss
Or burn it.
There's just one thing to do:
Return it. —*Awgwan.*

• • •

Cop: "Hey, you muggers on that bench. Where are ya from, huh?"

They: "We're just two sweethearts from Alaska."

"Awright then, mush on." —*Chicago Pheonix.*

• • •

"I hear the candy people are putting out an O'Henry golf ball."

"What do you mean?"

"They're so easily sliced." —*Flamingo.*

"The sweetest pipe in the world"

"It's a WDC"
WD C
TRADE MARK

The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all "insured" for your protectoin. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

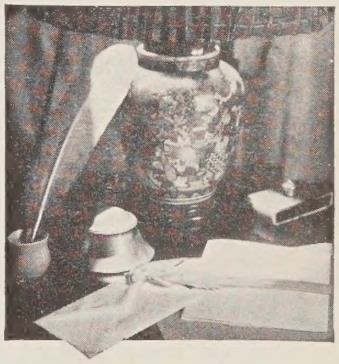
MILANO

"THE INSURED PIPE"

This snappy style is No. 1780

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

THE ARISTOCRAT *of the* WRITING TABLE



SHERATON desk—Chinese crystal lamp—vase of Venetian glass—fitments of Florentine leather.

Letters written on Old Hampshire Stationery seem to come from just such surroundings.

Old Hampshire adds to letters written on its rich surface an atmosphere that commands respect.

Old Hampshire Bond and Old Hampshire Vellum are equally correct for social correspondence.

Old Hampshire Stationery

Made in three distinctive finishes ⁘ BOND ⁘ VELLUM ⁘ LAWN

For sale by

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

Everything's going to be all right

THAT'S the way P. A. talks to you in the bowl of a pipe. This great national gloom-chaser stabs the darkest clouds with a ray of sunshine. Buy a tidy red tin of Prince Albert today and see. Tamp a load of this *friendly* tobacco into your jimmy-pipe and light up.

Cool as a sub-cellar. Sweet as the breath of fresh-cut violets. Fragrant in the tin and fragrant as you smoke it. Never a tongue-bite or a throat-parch. So mild you can hit it up from sun-up to sun-down, yet with a body that satisfies completely.

There's more philosophy in a pipe-load of P. A. than in the average Doctor's thesis. No matter what brand you are smoking now, you don't know how much your jimmy-pipe can mean to you until you pack it with good old Prince Albert. Get started now.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Oh, John, dear John, you drive too fast!"
(The wench
Did blench.)
"Siddown, you egg; let go that wheel!"
(The lout
Cries out.)
"There, it's all right. How do you feel?"
(The doc
Doth talk.)

MORAL

Young lady, when you motor-ride
Control your nerves and save your hide.
And also, if you're out canoeing,
Let not a step prove your undoing.

—*Chaparral.*

• • •

"Say, you can't smoke in this building."
"Who's smoking?"
"Well, you got your pipe in your mouth."
"Yes, and you got your pants on, but you ain't panting."

—*Miami Hogan's Alley.*

• • •

"There are no more chairs here. Where shall I sit?"
"Oh, sit on your imagination."
"I can't, I'll get all dirty."

—*Stevens Tech Stone Mill.*

• • •

First Revue Girl: "Her past is nothing to speak of."
Second Revue Girl: "Oh! So that's what they are all talking about!

—*London Opinion.*

• • •

Wife: "I think I've seen this play 'Asbestos,' before."
Hubby: "Wife, don't show your ignorance, that is a Latin word meaning 'Welcome'."

—*Stevens Tech Stone Mill.*

• • •

Voice from the Synagogue: "I vant it some peppeh."
Just a voice: "What kind of pepper do you want, red, cayenne, or black?"
V. F. T. S.: "I vant it some writing peppeh."

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

• • •

"I'll give you fifty cents if you'll wash your face," said the college professor to his small son.
"Keep it and get a hair cut," was the young hopeful's reply.

—*Cougar's Paw.*

Suit and Extra Trousers, $35 and $40
To be had at
Markham-Rogers Company

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

"What pretty arms that girl has."
"I didn't know she was standing on her hands."

—*Sagehen.*

SOME HARMONIOUS COLOR COMBINATIONS

A great many men whose clothes in themselves are considered in good taste from the standpoint of style, often spoil the effect that these clothes should give because of an unwise selection of color in their accessories. The man who is not absolutely sure about good color combinations should not attempt to create an impression by a selection of unusual and startling colors because invariably the only impression he makes is an unfavorable one. He would do better to select his accessories with an eye to color harmony rather than one of contrast and for this reason we are giving below one or two examples of color harmonies which will always be considered in good taste. With a brown suit, for instance, a brown soft felt hat and brown shoes and socks should be worn. The shirt should be of white, blue or tan, with white starched collar and the necktie should be blue or in various shades of brown or tan in either a solid color or a neat geometrical design. An excellent combination when a gray suit is worn consists of a bowler hat or a soft felt hat in gray with the stripes running horizontally—blue, gray or black stripes on white or gray ground and a four in hand tie in a small neat pattern in a harmonizing color. Black shoes and socks should be worn with gray suits although brown shoes and socks may be worn but the latter color is a less happy selection. With either of the two ensembles given above, a colored handkerchief may be worn in the breast pocket of the coat, but unless one is absolutely sure of his color sense, a white linen handkerchie with rolled hem should be chosen.

If you are interested in any question of Etiquette or dress write "The Well Dressed Man" care the BUCCANEER *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.*

"How long did it take your wife to learn how to drive an automobile?"

"It will be ten years in September."

—Drexel Drexerd.

• • •

Ragman: "Any old clothes? Any old shoes?"
Hey Hey: "Beat it. This is a Fraternity House."
Ragman: "Any old bottles." *—Cincinnati Cynic.*

• • •

TEST FOR PUNCTURE

Victim of new barber: "Give me a glass of water, please."
New barber: "You aren't going to faint, are you?"
Victim: "Oh, I don't think so; I just wanted to see if m mouth would hold water." *—Orange Owl.*

• • •

He: "Isn't your father an Elk?"
She: "Yes. Why?"
He: "I thought so—you're such a dear." *—Log.*

• • •

Court Clerk: "Do you promise to tell the truth, nothing b the truth, so help you God?"

Not Guilty: "Lawd, yes, Mistah, does you all think I' gwine exagerate myself to jail?" *—Whirlwind.*

• • •

Mit our hero, Jimmy Drew—
Flunked out in June of '92;
Struck oil, December '93,
Now the dumbbell's a trustee.

—Parakeet.

• • •

"If you wore your garters around your neck," just thi how long your socks would be! *—Octopus.*

• • •

Paul: "My word, Bill, she's go two pairs of garters on."

Bill: "Sure, they're all wearing 'em now. One pair to h up the stockings and the other to hold up traffic."

—Nebraska Awgwan.

• • •

Audrey: "Oh, how I hate him—hate him—hate him!"
Jane: "And how long has this romance been going on?"
—Life

THE CHILDREN'S BOCACCIO

(By Mary's Lamb)

There was once a lusty young priest versed in many subtle
s who was overtaken by dusk far from a village. He was
ut to consign himself to passing the night in the open when
perceived a light not far ahead. He found it to come from
mall cottage, and upon knocking found himself confronted
a plump and rosy young woman. The priest explained his
ght and was informed by the wench that, although her pa-
ts were away on a journey, she would be glad to accommo-
e him in the only room in the house. The priest, however,
lined her offer, spent the night in an adjoining haystack,
in the morning went on his way rejoicing.

—Yale Record.

• • •

ittle Barbara: "Oh, God, watch over my darling mother."
Betty: "And God, it wouldn't hurt to keep an eye on the
man, too! *—Life.*

• • •

CONSIDER THIS CAREFULLY

He: "What fun does a Monk have?"
She: "None." *—Purple Cow.*

• • •

How did the Smith wedding come off?"
Fine until the preacher asked the bride if she'd obey her
band."
What happened then?"
She replied, 'Do you think I'm an ass?' and the groom,
was in a sort of a daze, replied 'I do'." *—Widow.*

• • •

ow do mothers learn about things they tell their daughters
void? *—Belle Hop.*

• • •

he: "Oh, Jack, that candy makes my mouth water."
rue: "Here's a blotter." *—Cannon Ball.*

• • •

Rastus, is my bawth warm?"
Yassah, the wahmest Ah was evah in."

—Black and Blue Jay.

• • •

im certainly has some line, eh?"
Hell, yes! After I've been around him for a while I hardly
w whether to believe myself when I'm telling the truth."

—Widow.

For a refreshing lunch Drink

Good-Grape

CONTAINS WINE OF GRAPE

PEPSI-COLA CO.
DURHAM, N. C.

That good-grape drink

"James, after this please uncork the bottles in my presence. I notice that when you draw the corks in the pantry, the wine is extremely decollete."

"Extremely decollette, sir?"

"Yes, James; very low in the necks."

—Drexel Drexerd.

• • •

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

"Jones is disgusted because when his novel was filmed they discarded his title."

"Well, think of Smith—they filmed his title and discarded his novel." *—Life.*

• • •

Just when a fellow is doing well in a hospital he gets discharged. *—Penn. Punch Bowl*

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—

WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM . NORTH CAROLINA

BLOODY BILL

The one-eyed pirate scowled, lifted an eyebrow over which glared a hideous scar, and shifted his weight to his peg-leg. His hands were marked with white and crimson lines—cutlass marks. The coarse, bushy hair did not conceal a long white streak of scalp where no hair grew. His clothes were dotted and smeared with dark red splotches.

"That prisoner is raising hell, Captain," said a member of the crew.

"I'll attend to the swab," growled the pirate chief and moved aft.

"So you're squalling, are you?" thundered the captain at the bound prisoner. "Well, squall about that."

Once, twice, thrice the long knife fell or plunged. Another smear on the breeches.

"That's the way I treat 'em. Bloody Bill Barnes, that's me. I ain't got no conscience er heart. Up with the Jolly Roger." And he went to his cabin.

A half hour later the mate went to the captain's quarters. The hard-hearted chief was flooded in tears.

"Whut's the matter, chief?"

Tears .... A silence. Then the pirate sobbed out his story.

"It's b-b-broke my heart. There,—sniff, sniff—w-when I came down to the c-c-cabin s-s-somebody had set a t-trap and look! That poor m-m-mouse! Dead! And the stone-hearted captain again burst into tears.

Oh, here's to the ship and the feminine crew
Covered over with diamonds and pearls.
Her needs are not simple, her wants are not few,
She's already conquered two worlds.

She orders a dinner, then leaps to the floor
With music and love in her eyes.
A few whispered words as they dance toward the door,
A kiss—and she's captured her prize.

"Y" Worker: "You get out of college just what you put into it."

Frosh: "Oh, that's all bull."

Green: "What are you studying?"

Red: "Pharmacy."

Green: "Where are you going to farm?"

"How did you like New York?"

"Rotten."

"Whatsa matter?"

"I bought a ticket for 'The Big Parade'."

"Well?"

"I waited two hours at Times Square and it never did pass."

Does Mush Fiction Bore You?

© Vanity Fair

HAVE you a hate on the happy ending? Have you convictions on style? Does the talk go on until the small hours of the morning in your rooms about how to write?

Then you will like Vanity Fair.

Celebrated satirists and essayists write for Vanity Fair, unhampered by having to cater to a million G-6 intelligences. Masters of the art of impression—such as Paul Morand, Ferenc Molnar, Sherwood Anderson—contribute stretches of jeweled language. The younger poets are in its pages—first.

Every Issue Contains

Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard the dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies — if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. College preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notorieties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, amateur and professional; turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

Motor Cars: Speed, safety, smartness, as last conceived in Europe and America. Salons and shows. Many pictures.

World Affairs: The field of politics, foreign and domestic. Intimate sketches of pilots of various Ships of State.

There's No Better Way to Keep Up

VANITY FAIR lives in the midst of Art and Life. Whatever is new in any of the arts—literature, music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the movies — gravitates naturally into Vanity Fair's pages.

Whenever there is a new technique, a new trend of thought, a new school of brilliant young rebels, it is noted, weighed, and measured in the pages of the current Vanity Fair.

World affairs are also covered. Sports are chronicled—particular attention is paid to golf. Bridge is discussed in its most intricate technicalities by experts.

Clothes as worn by gentlemen in London and New York are reviewed — considerable space being devoted to the best type of thing worn in leading colleges. News of the night clubs appears.

Special Offer

6 Issues of Vanity Fair $1

Open to new subscribers only

Sign, tear off and mail the coupon now!

VANITY FAIR
Greenwich, Conn.

Yes, I will sacrifice a dollar on the shrine of Apollo. Start my subscription at once, please.

Name.....

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flavor of the world's finest tobaccos.
A combination millions can't resist.

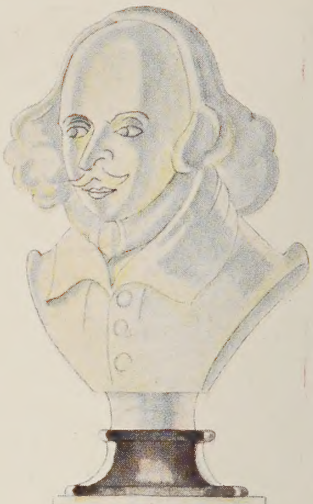
LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

THE BUCCANEER

TAX
ONE QUART-ER

"ALL WET"



"Bill, you missed it by 300 years"

Quality

15¢

THE FIRST DIFFERENT SMOKING TOBACCO IN A GENERATIO

Nobody loves me any more,
Nobody cries
To have me pet him just a bit,
Nobody lies
About how sweet my kisses are
And sighs.
Nobody holds me closely by
Surprise,
Nobody kisses down at night
My tired eyes.
The fact is, I'll half kill the guy
That tries. —*Nebraska Awgwan.*

• • •

'And the bounder attempted to arrest you for doing sixty-

'Pon my word, but I quickly put the fellow in his place, d I, 'Tut, tut, officer, you cannot arrest me, for you must e gone a good bit fawster to overtake me, you rascal."
—*Chaparral.*

• • •

Old Lady (as car gives a jolt): "Was that a serious acci- t, conductor?"

Conductor: "Not to us, madam; the car just ran over a

Old Lady: "Was it on the track?"

ctor: "No, we chased him up an alley."
—*Exchange.*

• • •

BORROWING AS A FINE ART

'Hullo, Brown. Are you using your lawnmower this aft- o?"

Yes, I'm afraid I am."

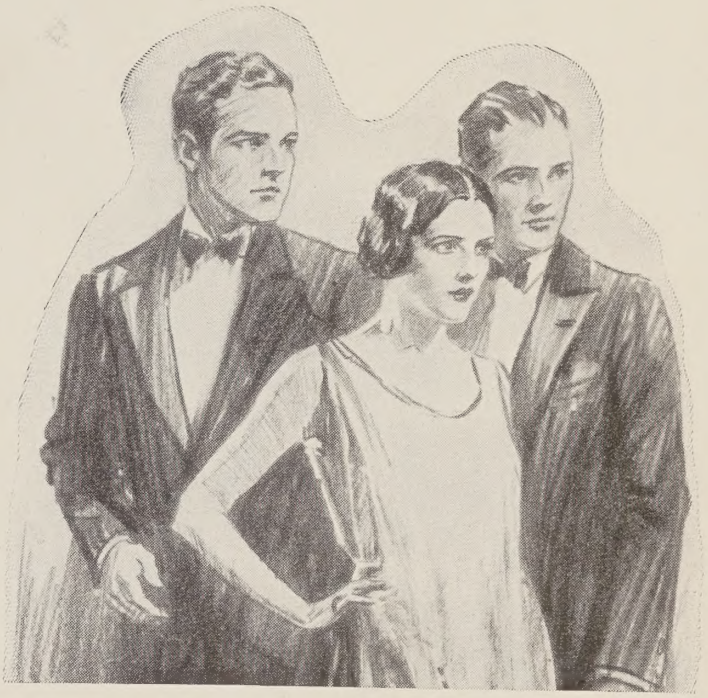
Ohdid! Then you won't be wanting your tennis racket— oken mine!" —*Humorist* (London.)

• • •

When you've bid five clubs, and put the baby to bed, and e the car, and walked home from work, and turned the own, and had seven gin bucks, and polished your nails have a Camel. —*Yale Record.*

By the Author of "Glitter"

Little Sins



By KATHARINE BRUSH

What are the things these amazing young people do? Are they only indiscretions—only little sins that delight? Or have they shocked even the young people themselves?

The January issue begins the story of two girls, both products of this very sophisticated age, one of them a cabaret girl and the other a society darling . . . both wanted love.

Katharine Brush has caught all of the realities of life and translated them in terms that appeal to young people. This, her second novel, has both lightness of touch and honest drama.

College Humor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

Hollingsworth's
UNUSUAL CANDIES

THOUGHTS
A Book Box
created by Virgil Hollingsworth

THE SOUTH'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S FINE THINGS

Sold at America's finer drug stores

VIRGIL HOLLINGSWORTH, AUGUSTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Introducing the Tumble twins, Jack and Jill.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 4

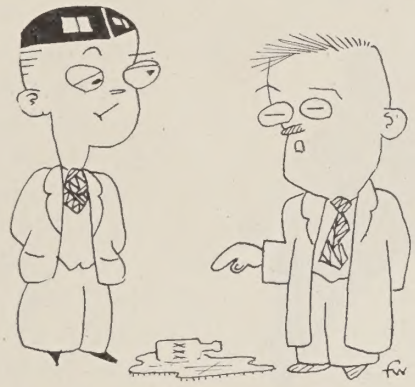
IN A ROMAN BATH (ROAMIN' HEH HEH)

When a thing has water in it it is wet but if it has whisky in it it is wet but if a person is dry he is called all wet but if the weather is wet it is called wet so a person can never be called the weather but if he or it is dry or wet it is called wet and again dry because it has water or likker or dryness in it or him and so have you and so has this if you know what we mean and the soap just got lost because it is all wet and because it is lost it is all wet.

"That's what I call a wet smack," cried the revenue officr, as he sighted the rum ship.

Oncet there was two castaways on a desert island starving to death. The eldest, who was a cousin to Elmer Higgins before he ran off with that Jones girl, said cheerfully, "Well, at least we can take a bath."

His companion stopped blowing soap bubbles long enough to say "Naw! A bath would only whet our appetites." Ain't that a nasty crack?



Don't you dare touch me.
Why not?
Hell, can't you see I'm loaded.

WEATHER FORECAST

Washington—

Wet and stormy in congressional regions. High wind velocity and local disturbances.

New York—

Increasing temperatures followed by flood and landslide.

Solid South—

Dissolves in wet issue. Hot air wave preceding dry squall.

We've sung about water and very old booze,
But booze makes us sing and not water;
We've traveled the earth and we've learned all the news
But we can't buy a drink for a quarter.

But that's neither here nor is it out there,
We think of a far different topic;
For people who work there know just what you wear
And we've heard that some things are real tropic.

Now the place that we speak of is surely all wet,
But yet we remain in a quandry;
For who wears the B.V.D.'s, shirts, sox and things
That we don't get back from the laundry.

Visiting grandmother: William, don't read that whiskey murder to us. You know little Annie is too young to—

Little Annie: Oh look, Dad, another big raid—300 quarts—enough to give part'es like we had last week a whole year.

Frau: Ach mein gootness, Hans, come out of the rain; you vill get vet.

Hans: But, vhy, mama, this iss America.

Madam, won't you walk in the park with me?
But I don't even know you.
Well, what you don't know won't hurt you.

He gazed with longing in his eyes at her hand. How beautiul it was! How infinitely valuable! If he might only hold it in his own! How it would inspire him! What he could accomplish! He made a move as if to reach out and take it, but that would be foolish. Everyone would see him and it would only make her angry. He sighed deeply, realizing that his dream would never come true. Damn! but some women did have luck—her hand contained three kings and two aces.

SOME COLLEGE DEFINITIONS

College is a four year intermission in the dance of life.

A tombstone is the only thing which flatters a man more than a college annual.

An 8:30 class is proof of the fact that the University provides its students with rest rooms.

The greatest college faculty is that of doing without sleep. *Editor's note*: *Amen!*

THE CIDER QUEST

One warm December afternoon Ned and Red decided that they would like a nice mug of fresh cider, so off they started on their quest.

"We'll walk," said Ned.

"Yes, we'll walk," agreed Red.

So in perfect accordance they hired a Ford and drove three miles out, three miles up, and three miles across. By this time their radiator was boiling so they alighted from their aeroplane to buy a spare tire.

"Good-day, my pretty milkmaid," said Ned.

"Good-morning, Mr. Farmer," added Red.

But since the object before them was neither a milkmaid nor a farmer, they climbed back onto their motorcycle and sped away leaving the gentle cow to cock its eyebrows in surprise.

At the next stop they left the train and entered the livery stable across the alley.

"My friend would like some shredded wheat," said Ned politely.

"And my friend wants an apple pie," Red declared stoutly although he suspected that the man standing behind him was a vegetarian.

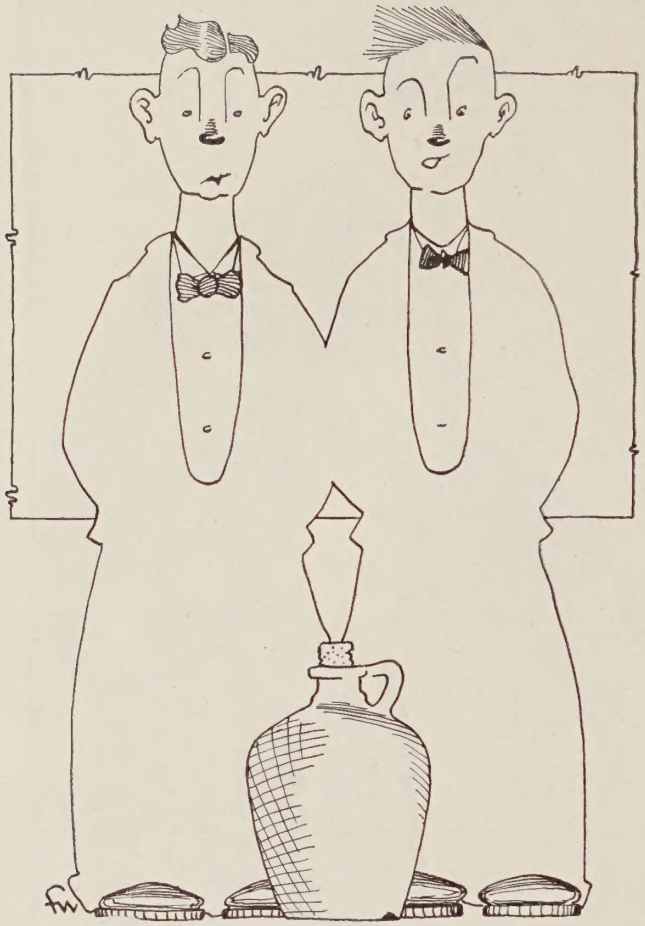
"Sorry boys," said the manager sadly as he wiped a furtive tear from his coat lapel, "but you know how it is since prohibition."

Oh, tell me, Sister Penelope, do you like a drop of gin on a frosty morning?

No, Sister Hortense, I'd much rather have mine on a lump of sugar.

WHAT WAS THAT DIRTY CRACK BRUCE FAIRLY SHOUTED

We have this straight from the coroner because he buried the body of Mose Washington. It seems that this Mose, gentleman of ebony hue, was traversing the boulevard one spring afternoon all wreathed in smiles when he was met by another gentleman of color. "Why for all dem smiles dat Ah sees on yo count'nance?" asked the friend. "Lawd, Jim," returned Mose, "De Stawk done lef' Dinah an' me a gret big baby boy." "Whut you goin' call him?" "'Lectricity." "Why?" inquired the friend. "'Cause he come from Dinah-Mose."



First Big Proof Reader from Durham: Dreamed I tried to commit suicide last night and when I woke up I was nearly drowned."

Second Big Proof Reader from Durham: "Yeah?" F. B. P. R. F. D. "Uh huh. My room-mate had just dumped a pail of water on me."

S. B. P. R. F. D.: "Oh."

WORSE THAN VERSE

"Do right and fear no man—"
Such advice is human;
But here's a better and deeper plan—
Don't write and fear no woman!

School Ma'm: "Tobias, dear, give me a sentence using the word intuition."

Lil' Toby: "Yesterday my brother got a watch he started intuition for last year. How do you like that, you goofy skirt?"

Oswald is so dumb that he took his suit over to the Flat Iron Building to be pressed.

THE WET SMACK

A One Act Play with a Four Years Run on Franklin Street.

Cast of Characters

Molly—
the cook.

Marcus Clamp—
(As he has nothing to do with this play, we will close the matter and proceed with the rest of the characters.)

Bancus De Spise—
a potato grower in Greece.

The Hero—
a distant relative of a blotter manufacturer.

Buck Aneer—
a mender of toy balloons.

ACT I—SCENE 9

Bob: But, father, wouldst send me into the cruel cold world with naught save my slicker and tobacco pouch?

Mohammed: Methinks 'tis dawn. Wouldst stand there unwept, unhonored, and unsung like some Ethiopian Pweetweed? Zounds knave, hurl yon boulder at yon rapidly approaching emerald-colored milkweed!

Curtain

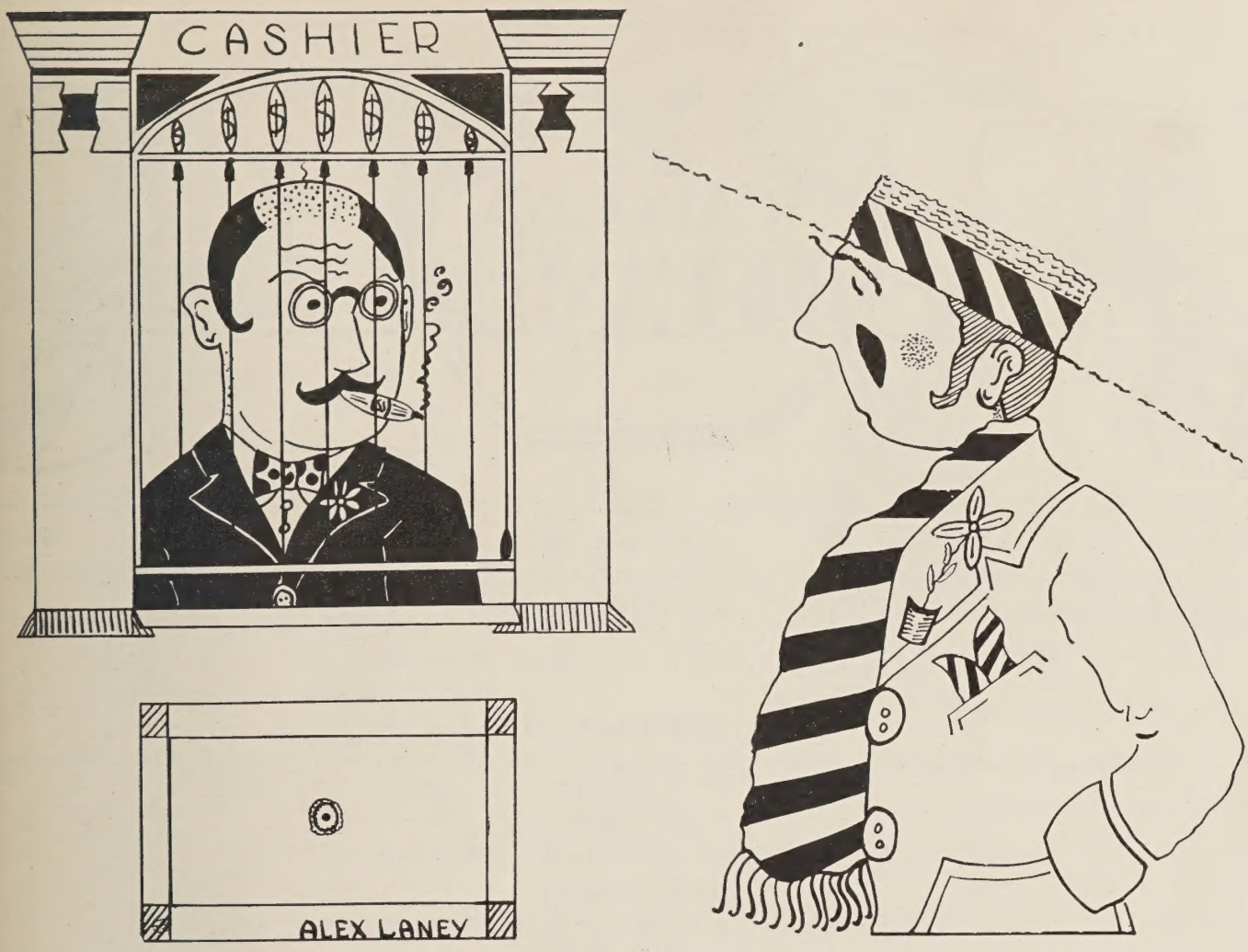
SCENE 2

A dwarfed form of moss is seen growing in the foreground to say nothing of the crit (a form of birdlife very plentiful in Mongolia) leaping about in an unconstrained effort to greet the dawn just rising above the top of a nearby real estate office. Three apples are seen quietly lying on a large stump far to the left while a neatly kept can of salmon is reposing at the right.

Upon this scene capers an unassuming molecule, who arrives just in time to see a Parker's Duofold fall from a ten story building to the pavement below, and arise with a loud cry of "Unbreakable!"

ACT OF ARSON

No sound is heard on the stage save the murmuring of vestibules which grow at intervals. The hero was unable to enter due to the fact that he stuck a nail in his eardrum and consequently could not drum up courage to make his appearance. Upon this peaceful scene the Wet Smack enters, makes a low bow, tiptoes to the front of the stage and ejects into the overcrowded atmosphere certain wave lengths which, interpreted mean "Use Mellin's Food for better and bigger babies."



I hear you're looking for a treasurer.
Yeh.
Well, here I am.
Naw, you ain't the one.

Blithely the sweet young thing went into the big department store. After the fashion of sweet young things with the wherewithal, she lingered long and purchased little. But all things must come to an end; so it was that she heard the clerk's bad news without a blink, drew out her checkbook, and nonchalantly wrote therein.

"Just a minute, Madame," respectfully requested the clerk as he took the check and then hastened toward the back of the store. In a few minutes he returned closely followed by the floorwalker.

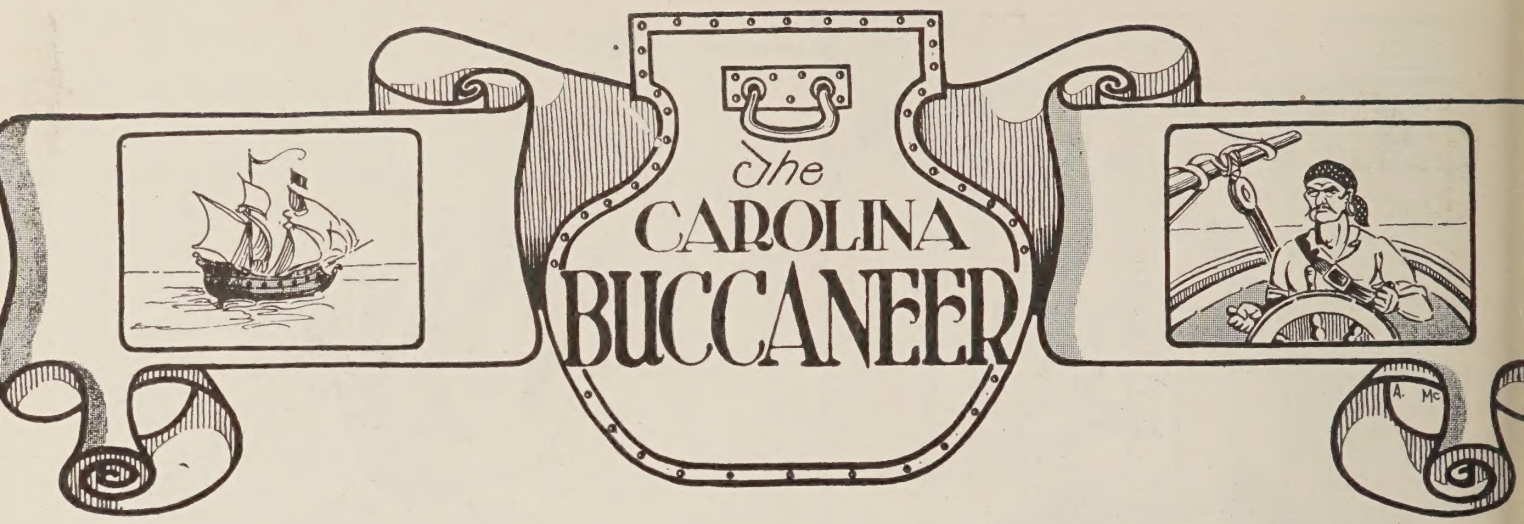
"I'm awfully sorry," the floorwalker spoke up, "but this check is no good."

"What? There is some mistake. His gifts must be good—why he's the wealthiest man in town. Can it be? —it must be—the beast. All men are alike." And she burst out crying as though her heart had been broken.

"Now, now, lady, don't take it so hard; I'll see that the scoundrel is brought to justice. Who is he?"

"Why-y-y the p-p-president of the b-b-bank," she sobbed, "he gave me the checkbook himself."

Jack: "See the Pick this afternoon?"
Frost: "Yeah."
Jack: "What are they showing?"
Frost: "Desire Under the Elms."
Jack: "How is it?"
Frost: "Darn good. It makes you think."
Jack: "Thanks. I'll see it tonight; it must be one of those suggestive shows."



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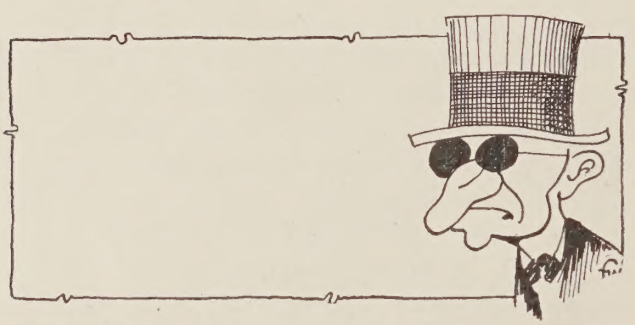

THE gentleman (we hope he appreciates this) whose scintillating wit decorates the *Brown Derby* page has stolen our fire. It was our intention to give a grand and gory account of some of the parties we attended—and several more we did not attend—this past vacation, but we find that the aforementioned gentleman has already given several most grand and gory accounts.

This issue—while it may appear only slightly damp in places—is the wet number. We make this remark for the benefit of the reviewer and the readers, and also to help fill up the page. For further information see pages 13 and 14.

We might add here that—but we are just about at the bottom of the page so we shall save it for next time.

THE following contribution was received from a member of the staff. We print it because the wastebasket is full.

"It is the policy of this magazine to yield to the desires of the subscribers; one stopped us on the street the other day and asked us why we didn't have some humor in the BUCCANEER. We don't exactly see the place for such things in this publication—but thy will be done. Please write us, old subscribers, and tell us what you think of this new policy."

"Ain't it a nice idea?" he adds. Yes, aint it!

If there is any one who would like to see this new scheme put into operation, we wish they would be so kind as to send their contributions to box 831. Anything humorous or slightly funny will do.

ME AND YIMMY

Me and Yimmy always was good little boys; except sometimes when we played a little yoke on somebody. They wasn't ever very bad though, 'cause me and Yimmy was good little boys.

This was our favoritest yoke what we played on lots and lots of people. We would go to the drug store and buy a bottle of iodine. The last time we played it was on Yimmy's father. He didn't like it much neither but he never said nothin'. But anyway we found the coffee pot half full of coffee so we put the iodine in it. Then we turned on the gas and heated the coffee till it was real hot and when Yimmy's father came in, Yimmy said, "Pop, don't you want a cup of coffee?"

"Coffee," says Yimmy's Pop? "What I want with coffee this time a day?"

"It'll keep ya awake," says Yimmy.

"But I aint sleepy," says Yimmy's Pop.

"Well then it'll quench your thirst," says Yimmy.

"But I aint thirsty neither," says Yimmy's Pop.

"Well it'll taste good," says Yimmy.

"But I don't want nothin' what tastes good," says Yimmy's Pop.

Well Yimmy's Pop didn't seem to like any of our ideas very much so me an' Yimmy both started to holler. When he saw how bad we felt he said: "There, there, don't cry, I'll drink it." An' he did.

An' then me an' Yimmy yust laughed and laughed and laughed cause we knowed all the time that iodine was poison.

I have a rare old victrola. It was once in the possession of George Washington.

But there were no such things as victrolas in Washington's time.

I know. That's what makes it so rare.

'Twas a cold night, a dark night, a wet and rainy night, as nights so often are; but no matter what the weather, Algernon had to walk two miles in all the mud and muck to reach his home. He did not care so much about getting wet himself, but he did hate for any of his clothes to get soaked. So he very carefully put his overshoes in his raincoat pocket and wrapped his raincoat tightly around his folded umbrella.

"But now," he said to himself, "what shall I do with this package? It's getting all wet." A sudden idea struck him from behind. Turning around, frightened but courageous, he caught the idea by the neck and questioned it. Following its advice he took off his coat, wrapped it three and a half times about the bundle, and trudged on homeward.

His overshoes, his raincoat, and his umbrella were perfectly dry; but—ah, you have guessed it, *he* was "all wet."

Sergeant to R. O. T. C. rookie: "Private, I'll impress upon you that you must be more respectful toward me. Why, I had 250 men under me during the war."

Rookie: "You aint got nothin' on me. I had 1200 people under me last summer."

Sergeant, doubtfully: "What were you doing?"

Rookie: "I mowed the grass in a cemetery."

The Editor of this so-called comic sheet played a scurvy trick on us. He gave us the title of this number on very short notice and then asked if we wanted a spread-sheet. Now wasn't that kind of him? We tried to get him to print this number with water but it seems that people in Chapel Hill and Durham don't drink water and we had to use ink again. The other stuff was too expensive and besides, we know better than to trust printers. (Note to printer. No insinuations intended.) Well, anyway, perhaps you have gathered that this is a WET number and if it isn't a WET number, then this number is all wet; so any way you take it, this number it Wet. Whoops, dearie, this is about the first time we have held absolutely to our subject. Now we know why the Editor selected the title. Well, with the assistance of Fess, we'll sure enough get this page soaked. And speaking of soaking, oh gracious goodness! We went to a party the other night and it was about the wettest I've ever seen. Every one had on bath suits except one young damsel and she didn't have on any a-tall. Yessir, she sure was beautiful too, azure evening gown 'n everything but when refreshments were served in the swimming pool, some poor boob spilled his and inside of five minutes all the fishes were singing Sweet Adoline. One of the bath suits shrank in the water—I think it was her little brother's to start with—and we had to use a pair of scissors. Just before the climax, I passed completely. I'm on the water wagon for the rest of my natural life.

It's about time to begin asking people about those New Year resolutions. Now personally, we made none so we are exempt from questions, but I know of one young fellow—nice fellow too—who resolved to buy no more liquor during the year. Well, so far he hasn't and he's been saturated five times that I know of. He's got a few friends left but if he holds to his resolution he'll lose 'em all in another month. Another fellow I heard of swore that he'd not neck any during 1927. Necessity is the mother of invention and he's already been in love with twelve different girls for one date each. Which reminds me, I don't know why, of the wife who gave her husband a nice silver flask for Christmas. He doesn't drink but she does.

Went to a dance the other night and the whole orchestra was oiled to the roots of their hair—Staycomb (no good, they won't advertise with us) and Gordon's. During the evening, the drummer and pianist got to wandering about the floor and then some one yelled to them to get back on the job. They staggered back to the orchestra and the drummer got the piano and the pianist got the drums. Well, they played on for a while and then broke out in a big laff, for neither one knew how to play the other's instrument. Yessir, it certainly was a joke on them.

We thank you one and all. Someone, the other day, made the remark that they and some more people that had told them really liked this page very much. Said they didn't see why the whole Buccaneer wasn't as good. We thank you. You see, we overlooked that bit of irony that said person was perhaps trying to get over on us and the whole conversation made it possible for us to write this. Well, if we don't blow our own horn, ain't nobody gonna blow it for us. Let's got to lunch, boys.

BROWN

Well, it actually happened. The other evening I thought some little fair would be delighted to have a date with me and sure enough she was. After calling fourteen of the fifteen girls that I know, I got a date with the fifteenth one. Well, I drove 'round to her apartment and there she was, all dolled up like Mr. Rockfeller's coupe and whooping to go. We drove to a show and after being disappointed, we thought we'd inhale a little night air. This dollbaby—slightly red-headed—was driving when a motor cop hailed us. Well, she just glared and said that she wasn't speeding or running without lights or with a cut-out so what have you. "Sorry lady," said the cop (bless me he acted the apologetic gentleman) "but you ain't got your dims on." "Well," snorts Firetop, "what the hell do you care if I freeze?" We outran the patrol.

Bless our sou
efficiency and
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work out as
her evening as
to a late date,

I saw a kangaroo effect coming down the road. I stopped in amazement when I saw a petit young lady of about sixteen birthdays and four proposals come hopping along on shoes with springs attached to the soles. I stopped her and asked if I could be of any assistance. She looked at me and then replied that she was already hopping home from one ride and the spring shoes were too damned hard to take off and then put right back on again. Then she went jumping on down the road and I've been wondering whether my hair was combed correctly or whether it was my tie.

It has come to our attention that some so-called gentlemen have had nothing more to do than to peer into the lower windows of one of our schools for girls in this state. Well, well. It's queer what some people will do when they have time on their hands. And imagine 'em going around looking in girls windows. If they knew before hand some of the things about some of the girls that we know, they'd not waste their time. Now who wants to look through a plate glass window at some Venus in a pink, er, dressing gown. And on the other hand, who wants to look at some old hag take off her red flannels? If that happened to us, our small faith in women would be all shot to hell. But the worst part of the whole thing is that some of the girls were so ashamed that they moved to the upper stories. Those that wear long dresses on the streets, don't like the wind to blow, won't neck and don't use paint are the ones that moved.

The five best bets for dates this month are:

Girls who have money but no pocketbooks.

Girls who neck.

Girls who have cars.

Girls who won't walk home.

Girls whose parents go to the movies.

Say, have you read GALAHAD by John Erskine? Well, it's worth the time. About the only thing that's wrong with the book is that it should be called either Elaine or Sir Launcelot. Mr. Erskine surpases his HELEN OF TROY with the publication of GALAHAD. The conversation of the book—there are not fifteen pages of description—is the nearest to perfection and ranks equally with THE SUN ALSO RISES by Ernest Hemingway. True, Mr. Erskine makes his chracters speak more or less formally but it is excellent reading and a well-done book. Launcelot does not love Elaine—there are two Elaines in the book but only one is spoken of at a time—but she decoys him to a deserted castle and implores that he spend the night with her. He refuses but Elaine begs, and, after she has promised not to bother him again, he complys with her wishes. Later, Galahad, illegitimate son of Elaine and Launcelot, is born but this does not tend to bring Launcelot closer to Elaine. Finally Galahad grows up and Launcelot, who has been Guinevere's lover—she is King Arthur's wife—finds that Guinevere is trying to entice Galahad into the footsteps of his father. Galahad is innocent of the wiles of the sorceress and unintentionally starts slipping. He is sent on a long journey by the king. Then Launcelot meets the other Elaine and Guinevere misunderstands. It isn't the plot, it's the way the story's told and it's worth reading twice. And if you haven't yet read the other two books mentioned above read 'em. All three are excellent.

Well, well, well. We have seen a new game. The other day, we chanced upon a group of fellows gathered about a Vic., each holding a slip of paper whereon a number was written. On the Vic., in place of a record, was a round piece of Bristol board divided into "pie" triangles each containing a number to correspond with the numbers on the slips of paper. It seems that the stakes are placed, slips of paper drawn and the Vic. started. It is stopped by someone who closes his eyes and—by the way, a marker or arrow is pasted upon the stationary part to point to a number—the man holding the winning number collects. One fellow told us that he had been playing two hours and had won three cents. The Count of Monte Carlo had better look where he walks.

Buck Jr.

Dearest, I have a perfect love of a hat coming out C. O. D.

Well, your love will be returned.

Bootlegger, whose partners are busy unloading a truckload of liquor, in a dark alley: "We're lost! Two men are watching us over there in the shadow and we haven't got a pistol."

Another bootlegger, relievedly, after anxiously peering into the shadows for a time: "That's all right. They're only policemen.

Volstead: "My good man, why do you suppose that I am a dry advocate?"

Otherwise: "I can't imagine; I always thought you were all wet."

The burglar crept softly up to the house, his footsteps drowned by the falling rain. On up the front steps he went. Suddenly he stopped by the side of a large column supporting the porch. His hands touched the column and a chill swept over his whole body. Tremblingly he moved his fingers, but a subtle fascination drew them back to the same spot, where they encountered something like cold steel—yet damp and moist as though there might be drops of blood upon some strange, steel-like weapon. Horrified, he drew out his flashlight and turned its beams upon the fatal spot. The house number "606" stood out, covered with raindrops.

"Ah!" muttered the burglar in disgust, "another wet number!"

Near: "When are you gonna start shaving?"
Beer: "As soon as I can learn all the words."

"How'd you like your date with Edith?"
"Aw, she's all wet."
"Oh, I see. I thought perhaps you had spilled a glass of water."

VERY SUBTLE

"I call my girl Shirwin-Williams."

ONLY A DREAM, DAMMIT, ONLY A DREAM

FOILED, OR THE FENCING MASTER'S REVENGE

(Not illustrated by the author.)

Gerty was just seventeen and like all young girls of that age, she was raring to go. Her mother had told her to stay away from studio parties, movies, auto rides and gin but Gerty came back with the sally that she was only young once and as long as she knew how to take care of herself, she was all right. This disconcerted her mother but she let Gerty start on her fling.

Not long after, a bird who drew pictures and lived in a flat called her for a date. "Sure," said Gerty. "What'll we do?"

"Oh, we've got a little party on for tonight and I thought you'd like to brighten up our lives a little."

Well, the party was going over big and the males were nice men and also thirsty so they showed Gerty how to shake cock-tails. Pretty soon Gerty was shaking a mean cock-tail and before long part of the party had succumbed to the sparking bubbles that flowed from Gertie's shaker, and she was making a good living collecting the jewels and money from the prostrate ones as payment for her work. Then the owner of the studio cornered her and they had quite a scintillating conversation. Both had imbibed freely from the bucket of Bacchus and repartee flowed fast and slushily.

"Huh," said the painter, "Do you drink all the time?"

"No," hotly reparts Gerty, "I sleep sometimes."

They taught her to shake cock-tails.

"Well, up your leg. I'm leaving."

"I was in the original cast," retorted Gerty.

"Well," slings back the paint dauber, "You don't have to get so hot about it!"

"Blame that on the liquor."

"Oh, ho," voices the painter as Gerty slings one leg up on the table, "I see that you have lost your garter."

"Yeah, I was in the original cast," gurgles Gerty between drinks.

This floors the host and he slinks off looking for another play-mate but Gerty chases after him and brings him back.

"You sit there," she says "and be a good boy. Don't you know better than to get up and leave a lady without asking her pardon?"

"Good Lord, I didn't even know that you brought her along," gasps the boy friend as he crawls under the bureau to look for a lost collar button.

"Say, who're you trying to kid?" infuriates Gerty.

"Certainly not you," says the voice under the bureau. "You just can't kid a good girl."

"Well, crawl out from under that thing. I wanna go home."

"Sorry, but the home ain't there anymore."

"Whointhehell says it ain't. It is."

"Well, it ain't my fault. I'm a home-loving man but your old man ran me out a week ago."

"Serves you right. Why didn't you call when I was there?"

"You didn't invite me. Besides you didn't know what it was all about."

"Damn," thought the painter as he crawled from under the bureau. "How did she find out?"

the end

THE CLOVER BOYS IN REAL ESTATE
or
BY HOOK OR CROOK

"Hurrah! that's the way to do it," sang out Dick Clover as he playfully threw a bottle of ink at his fun-loving brother, Tom.

"Do what, you old skunk?" returned Sam Clover as he skilfully knocked out one of Dick's front teeth with the coal scuttle.

"Why clean up in real estate at Valley Rook by selling the old place as oil land," was the quick sally from Dick.

All this time Tom Clover had said nothing, for he was busily planning to get even with Dick by putting six rattlesnakes in his bed. Tom is the little rascal who caused so much disturbance by playfully killing his uncle Cuthbert and his aunt Maria in "The Clover Boys at Sing Sing, or A Trip up the River."

To my old readers the lads who have thus far taken a part in this little tale need no special introduction. For the benefit of those not quite so well acquainted with our heroes it might be said that they had just been shipped from college for setting fire to the chapel during the celebration following the big game. Having nothing better to do, they decided to try their hand in real estate.

"Dick, are you really in earnest about this new scheme of gyping the Valley Rook crowd?" asked Tom.

"Yes fellows, I'm going to buy the land out there cheap and then sell it as oil land to Ban Daxter's old man who is as blind as a bat."

"I'll be durned if you will either, you smart alec," shouted a voice which belonged to none other than Ban Daxter, the old time enemy of our young friends. "I overheard your nasty plans, Dick Clover, and I'm going right straight home to tell my father," he added, sticking his tongue out at all three of the boys.

Tom, Dick, and Sam were all disappointed that Ban Daxter should have happened along so inopportunely and put a crimp in their well laid schemes. How they evened up their grudge with the spying Dan by dropping a red hot coal down his back will be narrated in another volume of this series entitled, "The Clover Boys at Palm Beach, or Out for the Hockey Championship."

Did the doctor give you anything for your headache?

No, I couldn't get him to take it.

LATEST SONG HITS

Vestibule song. Aisle be lovin' you, always.

Song of the girl who got wet. She was just a sailor's sweetheart.

He: You haven't kissed me tonight.

She: At's queer. Now I wonder who that could have been.

I stopped on a small bridge just as dusk was gathering and offered my humble services to a rather beautiful lady of about twenty years. She seemed to have lost something.

"May I help?" I asked.

"I've lost my latch-key," she returned.

After lighting innumerable matches, I found the key and offered to walk home with her.

"Certainly," she said, and as we walked, we conversed on many and various subjects. I found out that she was married and at her apartment, I started to leave.

"But come up and have a cup of tea," she begged.

"Not while hubby is about."

"Oh," she laughed, "he's on a hunting trip and anyway, he'd like you I know."

Against my better judgment, I went up to a cozy, luxurious apartment and had tea. After the first cup, she excused herself, saying that she would get a little more tea. She returned wearing the most alluring pajamas and negligee that I have ever seen. I took up my hat and attempted to retire (from the apartment) gracefully.

"No," she pleaded, "please stay," and she pulled me off into another room.

"Sorry," I murmured, "I must catch a train."

The apartment door slammed.

"My God! My husband!" she cried.

Even in my panic, I thought how theatrical it was. Perhaps it was a prearranged trap but I leaped into a closet. I heard a door open and a man's voice.

"Who's here?"

"No one," the lady replied.

"Don't lie. Look at the fresh heel prints on the floor."

I was wearing rubber heels. I heard a drawer open, the lady scream and steps advancing toward my closet. I froze with horror and, as the door was jerked open, my knees gave way. When I opened my eyes, I was drenched with sweat.

God! What a dream.

"All is not bold that twitters," said the hawk as it pounced upon the sparrow.

When a man gets rich suddenly in these days, it's not "What's he doing?" but "What's he done?"

Easter

Mother's Day

Bon Voyage

The store that never forgets !

One of life's haunting shadows is forgetting birthdays and anniversaries one *should* remember. It's such a distinct pleasure when the little gift is there on time!

Trust your nearest Whitman agency to take charge of this small but important detail for you. The store that sells Whitman's has been selected for dependability. Let it have your list of Whitman's Chocolates for delivery, or mailing, to the proper person on the date it is due.

All Whitman agencies take advance orders for candies for birthday gifts and anniversaries. After you have filed your order you may forget---but *the store won't.*

Whitman's are sold in picked stores---usually the leading drug store in every locality in the country for convenient buying. Every such store gets fresh stock at frequent intervals, direct from Whitman's, not through a jobber. This insures careful handling of fresh and perfect candies. Whitman's are the only candies sold nationally by this plan.

WHITMAN'S FAMOUS CANDIES ARE SOLD BY

PATTERSON BROTHERS

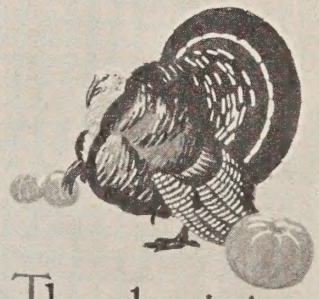
In buying chocolates, or ordering in advance, seek the store that shows the sign—

Agency
Whitman's
Chocolates

Birthday

Graduation

Halloween


Thanksgiving

Christmas

Week-End

N I G H T

THE FINCHLEY DINNER JACKET EMBRACES THE EXACT CHARM AND ELEGANCE MOST SUITED TO THE DESIRES OF THE COLLEGIAN.

SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS

TAILORED-TO-MEASURE

BOSOM SHIRTS *BATWING TIES* *SILK HALF HOSE*
PATENT PUMPS *JEWEL SETS* *OPERA HATS*
BLACK ALPINES *CHAMOIS GLOVES*
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS

THE FINCHLEY *Establishment*

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York

Tony: "Gee, dat's a pretty boid."

Balony: "Dat ain't no boid, it's a bird.

Tony: "'Sfunny, it sings like a boid."

—*Mississippi Scream.*

• • •

"I know a terribly lazy man."

"How lazy is he?"

"Well, he married a woman with thirteen kids."

—*Chanticleer.*

• • •

Proprietress of a Woman's Shoppe (standing in doorway): "Step in?"

Newly Affiliated Husband: "No, I'm after a pair of knickers." —*Sun Dial.*

• • •

"S'matter Bill? Yew look kinder down in the mouth. Hoss sick?"

"Naw. The boys was whoopin' it up last night and threw a revenooer into my mash barr'l. The durn stuff's spoilin'!"

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

OVER A MILLION DOLLARS

IN CONFIDENCE

For years and years the Bank of Chapel Hill has served the students of the University. The type of service has been adapted to the needs of the people of this section and today this bank is the oldest and strongest in the county. Confidence to the extent of over one million dollars is what these people have placed in the business integrity of

The

Bank of Chapel Hill

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

College gentlemen prefer P. A.

BLOND gentlemen and dark-haired gentlemen, diffident* freshmen and august seniors . . . Prince Albert is the overwhelming campus-favorite of every type and every pipe. (Yes, the pipes do have a voice in the matter. They can act in a docile, friendly manner or they can be mean. It depends on what you feed them.)

Open a tidy red tin of good old P. A. That first fragrant whiff will tell you why gentlemen prefer Prince Albert. Tuck a load into the bowl of your pipe and light up. Fragrance and taste alone are enough to win you.

But P. A. doesn't stop there. It is cool-smoking. It is mild as Maytime, yet it has plenty of body. It is kind to your tongue and throat. You can hit it up all you like and it never hits back. Try a tin of P. A. You'll certainly prefer it after that.

*Not too diffident.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Does Mush Fiction Bore You?

© Vanity Fair

HAVE you a hate on the happy ending? Have you convictions on style? Does the talk go on until the small hours of the morning in your rooms about how to write?

Then you will like Vanity Fair.

Celebrated satirists and essayists write for Vanity Fair, unhampered by having to cater to a million G-6 intelligences. Masters of the art of impression—such as Paul Morand, Ferenc Molnar, Sherwood Anderson—contribute stretches of jeweled language. The younger poets are in its pages—first.

Every Issue Contains

Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard the dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies — if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. College preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notorieties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, amateur and professional; turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

Motor Cars: Speed, safety, smartness, as last conceived in Europe and America. Salons and shows. Many pictures.

World Affairs: The field of politics, foreign and domestic. Intimate sketches of pilots of various Ships of State.

There's No Better Way to Keep Up

VANITY FAIR lives in the midst of Art and Life. Whatever is new in any of the arts—literature, music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the movies — gravitates naturally into Vanity Fair's pages.

Whenever there is a new technique, a new trend of thought, a new school of brilliant young rebels, it is noted, weighed, and measured in the pages of the current Vanity Fair.

World affairs are also covered. Sports are chronicled—particular attention is paid to golf. Bridge is discussed in its most intricate technicalities by experts.

Clothes as worn by gentlemen in London and New York are reviewed — considerable space being devoted to the best type of thing worn in leading colleges. News of the night clubs appears.

Special Offer

6 Issues of Vanity Fair $1

Open to new subscribers only

Sign, tear off and mail the coupon now!

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Greenwich, Conn.

Yes, I will sacrifice a dollar on the shrine of Apollo. Start my subscription at once, please.

Name .....

Address .....

YES SIR ! !

Its "GOOD" to pause 'bout once a year
And think of all the friends
We've met while giving "SERVICE" here
And each this message send.

So now we're wishing, friend, today
Through all the outs and ins
Of this big game of life we play
You will mostly get the "WINS"

Now in this year and for all time
Good Luck a Plenty—to the fill
In short we're trying in this ryme
To simply say "GOOD WILL"

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT
U. C. S. P.

AMBITION

The Freshman: "To get out of college with the highest honors at the end of four years and go out in the great, busy world to make an overwhelming success in my chosen field of endeavor."

The Sophomore: "To get out of college creditably at the end of three years and go out in the world to make a lot of money."

The Junior: "To get out of college by hook or crook at the end of two years and earn a living some day."

—V. M. I. Sniper.

• • •

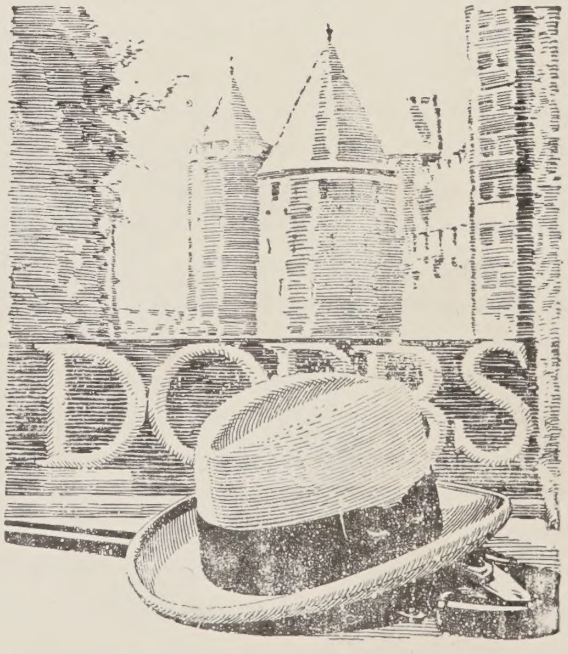
Cautiously, stealthily, the creeping footpad closed upon the creeping footpad closed upon the unsuspecting frosh returning weary and tired to his new college home. A rough hand grasped the freshman's shoulder and spun him harshly upon his heels.

The victim's hands went matter of factly to his pocket. "I'll subscribe," he sighed. *—Punch Bowl.*

• • •

He (after fumble): "They've lost the ball!"
She (excitedly): "Oh, no! There it is!"

—Virginia Reel.



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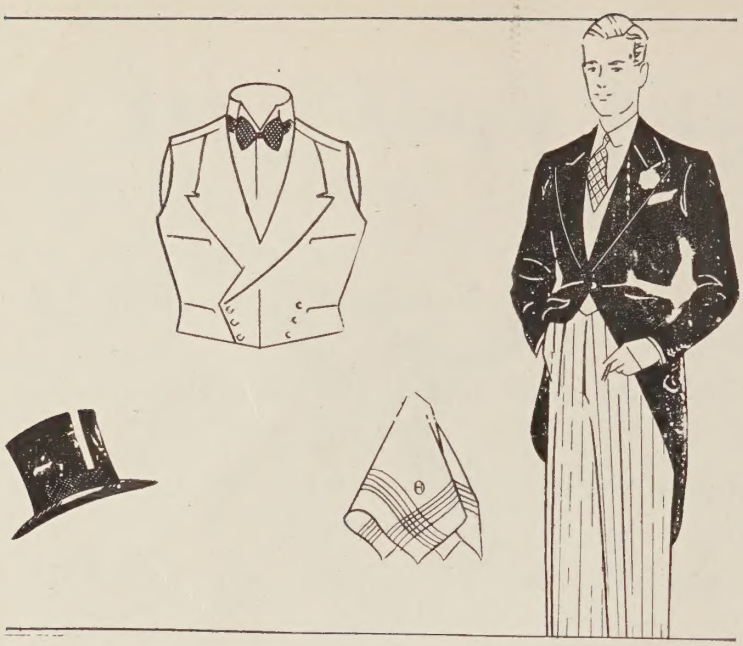
Chapel Hill, N. C.



Correct Clothes for Formal Day Wear

The autumn and winter season with its succession of formal social functions requires the well-dressed man to have in his wardrobe the correct clothes for these occasions. The average man of today is well equipped for parties that take place after six o'clock in the evening, such as dinner, the opera, theaters and dances, but, for the events of a more formal character which take place during the day, this is not always the case. For such events as the afternoon reception, the formal wedding, and for church on Sunday, clothes of the most formal kind are correct. For formal wear during the day, a man should have a cutaway coat and striped trousers. The waistcoat should be of the same material as the coat, except that at a gala affair such as a wedding, for example, a white linen waistcoat may be worn instead. White collars and white shirts are correct, and black-and-white, black-and-gray, and gray neckties. Either the low, turned-down collar or the wing collar may be worn. In the case of the former, the tie should be a four in hand, whereas with a wing collar a bow tie should be worn. The exception is in the case of the older man who sometimes clings to the old-fashioned custom of wearing a four in hand tie with a wing collar. The silk top-hat is correct with formal day clothes. Black shoes of calf or patent leather should be worn. A white linen handkerchief and a flower in the buttonhole add the finishing touches to the turn-out.

If you are interested in any question of etiquette or dress write "The Well Dressed Man" care the Buccaneer *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.*

(Copyright 1926 by Vanity Fair)

Fancy Ices Block Cream

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Dial L-963 Main at Duke

Punches Sherbets

Scene: A brown study. A knock is heard.
Desmond: Hist! Who knocks?
Rodolpho: H. L. Mencken!
(Fancy that!) —*Jack-o-Lantern.*

• • •

He was English. She was French. His arms clos around her waist, his lips pressed her's—their very sou seemed to meet. She whispered, "Darling, I love you!" i mediately he broke away from her: "Young lady," said t Englishman, "there will be no such outburst of familiarity the neck's off." —*Pitt Panther.*

• • •

Dry Agent: "Let's raid Sugar Creek tonight."
Drier Agent: "All right. I'm getting tired of the stu they have here." —*Goat.*

• • •

Aloysius: "Say, do you think you're the best looking ma on the Campus?"
Fluvius: "No, I don't but what's my opinion compare to the opinion of thousands of women?" —*Puppet.*

• • •

"We'll soon see what they're all about," murmured the i terested spectator as the first of the seven veils came off.
—*Purple Parrot.*

• • •

Farmer Gray entered the room where his son was smokin a Chester-Strike cigarette. He sniffed the air once, turne around and started out again, mumbling, "That reminds m I forgot to feed the horses." —*Royal Gaboon.*

• • •

"Why is an aviator's life like a girl's clothes?"
"I give up."
"One slip is enough." —*Medley.*

Natural tobacco taste has the "call" these days

Just the natural leaf sweetness of fine tobaccos put together right!

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING
PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM . NORTH CAROLINA

Father (over the phone): "Mabel is not at home. Can I take any message?"

Young male voice (nervously): "Eh—Yes. Just say—er—Toodle—oo—sweety—eetums—from Cyril."

—Green Gander.

• • •

THEY DID

Sheba: "Do you know any jokes?"
Sheik: "No parlor jokes."
Sheba: "Well, we can go out in the kitchen."

—Drexerd.

• • •

CHEAP CAMPAIGNING

Candidate: "The opposition accuses me of buying votes. That's a lie—I never bought a vote in my life!"

Unsympathetic Crowd: "Tightwad! Piker! Cheapskate!"

—Pitt Panther.

• • •

"They've just arrested the world's most untactful burgler."

"Why so untactful?"

"The other day he robbed the T. B. sanitarium. When he had every one covered he said, 'Now gentlemen, coughup!'"

—Chaparral.

• • •

Clerk: "Would you like something smart in knickers?"
Prof.: "It woudl be a great relief." *—Widow.*

• • •

Teacher: "Heat expands things and cold contracts them. Can anyone give me an example?"

Student: "Yes, ma'am. The days are longer in the summer." *—Chaparral.*

• • •

She: "Arthur, I hope I didn't see you smile at that hussy!"

Arthur: "I hope you didn't my dear." *—Chaparral.*

• • •

"Have you ever let any man kiss you?"
"Never, Henry, never—only a few college boys."

—Pitt Panther.

• • •

"What kind of a husband would you advise me to get?"
"You get a single man and let the husbands alone."

—Mercury.

• • •

He: "I was just debating whether to go to the house party or not."

She: "I bet you win." *—Chaparral.*

H A V E A C A M E L

[Mothers visit the club-house]

Camel attracts the quality smoker

CAREFUL observation will reveal that men of quality demand quality in a cigarette—smoke Camels. A Camel smoker goes straight to the point in cigarettes and demands enjoyment.

For there are no better tobaccos or blending than you get in Camels. There is no other cigarette taste and fragrance that can compare with Camels, because they are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. In a cigarette, as in the smoker, there is nothing that can substitute for quality.

If you want to know what experienced smokers like, just try Camels. Each year new millions try them all and find in Camels enjoyment realized. Camels *never* tire the taste. To test the quality of Camels, compare them with any cigarette made regardless of price. "*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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IT PAYS TO INSIST ON ARROWS

NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

90% *of* SHIRT STYLE

IS IN THE COLLAR

If the collar on a shirt is not exactly right, then from a style standpoint the shirt is a botch. That's why it pays to insist on Arrows. Arrow Collars on Arrow Shirts cost no more than ordinary collars on ordinary shirts

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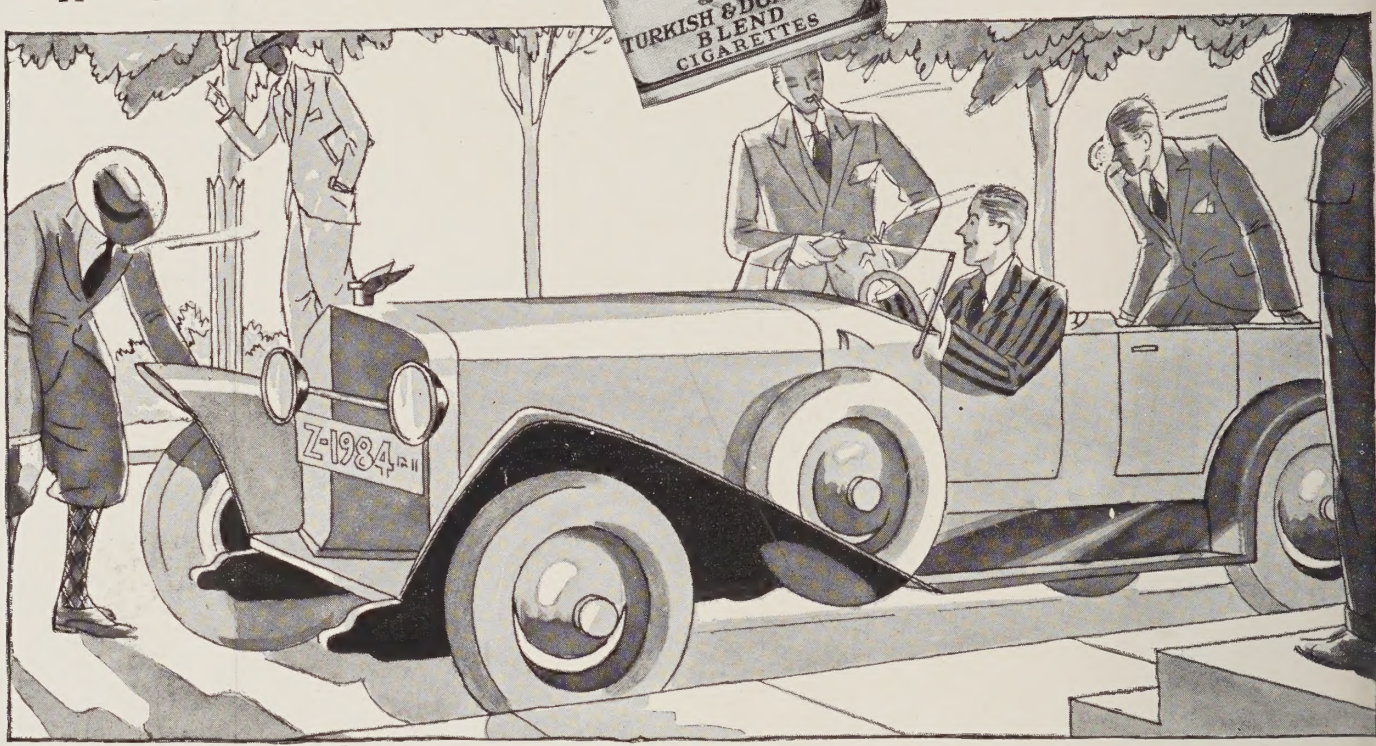
The Buccaneer

25¢

H A V E A

C A M E L



[Inspecting and admiring the new car]

"Speaking of fine tobaccos—*Have a Camel!*"

A NICETY of blending, a friendly cordiality of flavor, an inherent goodness that thrills from the first puff to the last — that's Camels. The warmth of golden sunlight on autumn fields gleams in their smoke. Camels are an expression of all that is the finest.

Camel quality and Camel excellence are recognized wherever smokers gather. The best of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended in this famous cigarette. For this reason Camels have consistent goodness. For this reason they never tire the taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them; never leave a cigaretty *after-taste*.

And wherever experienced smokers gather, wherever the conversation turns to tobacco — to the world's best — someone is sure to say: "Speaking of fine tobaccos . . . *Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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"I'm leaving Saturday. I have never seen such dirty towels in my life. There's always a rim in the bathtub, and I can't find the soap."

"Well, you have a tongue in your head, haven't you?" inquired the landlady.

"Yes, by gawd, but I'm no cat," replied the irate roomer.

—*Bison.*

• • •

Ed: "I hear Jean's new bathing suit leaves nothing to the imagination."

Al: "Oh, yes it does."

Ed: "What?"

Al: "The bathing suit." —*Jester.*

• • •

A skunk and her four baby skunks were basking in the sun when a big hound dog made his appearance.

"Children," said the mother skunk, "let us spray."

—*Exchange.*

• • •

Passenger: "What makes this train so slow?"

Irate Conductor: "If you don't like it, get off and walk."

Passenger: "I would, only I'm not expected until train time."

—*Yellow Crab.*

• • •

Place: In a classroom.

Characters: Teacher; English, German, and Irish pupils, named Cyril, Hans, and Mike, respectively.

Teacher (pointing to statue of Venus de Milo): "Now, Cyril, which part of the statue do you like best?"

Cyril: "Teacher, I like the eyes best."

Teacher: "Very good. That shows artistic taste. And you, Hans?"

Hans: "Dunnerundblitzen! I like the legs."

Teacher: "The idea! Take your hat and go home. And you, Mike?"

Mike: "Begorra, teacher, give me my hat."

—*Chanticleer.*

• • •

Drex: "They say that love is blind."

Erd: "Yes, but he has a wonderful sense of touch."

—*Drexerd.*

WEEKLY
EXPRESS SERVICE
to ENGLAND and FRANCE
via "The Longest Gangplank in the World"

The New ILE *de* FRANCE — flagship of the French Line — commissioned early in the summer. Proud—magnificent—she is the spirit of France itself. French to her very mast tips—the wondrous splendour of the decorations—the luxury of the cabins—the service with a courtier air—those lavish little shops. And the gayety—the verve of life aboard—the smart cosmopolitan throng—so wholly French—a bit of Paris, already! Now—with the de Luxe Liners Paris and France—a weekly express service will begin between New York, Plymouth, England, and Havre, the port of Paris.

France, Mar. 12 . . . . Paris, Feb. 26
Ile de France, July 2nd

At Havre—No long drawn out train ride—a dash through lovely, mellow Normandy — Rouen, of the spires and Jeanne d'Arc legends—three swift hours — then Paris—la Ville Lumiere of incomparable beauties and gayeties—and the starting point to all the capitals and playgrounds of Europe.

No Transferring to Tenders . . down the Gangplank to a Waiting Boat Train . . Paris in Three Hours

Four One-Class Cabin Liners direct to Havre. The New York-Vigo-Bordeaux service — three Liners—to southern France and Spain.

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19 State Street, New York City

Or any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist or Travel Agency

Our illustrated booklets are a trip in themselves

The best
dressed men
among the alumni and
undergraduates of leading
colleges and universities wear

KAHN
Tailored-to-order
CLOTHES

These clothes are distinguished from
the commonplace in every detail of
style, fabric and workmanship

Sold by
The Book Exchange
STUDENTS' STORE

Girl Motorist (hysterically to judge): "Oh, Your Honor! I have run down a law student, and killed him!"

Judge: "You'll have to see the Sheriff. He's the man that pays the bounties." —*Kittykat.*

• • •

"Justice! I demand justice!" cried the defendant.

The Judge: "Hush. Don't forget that you are in a Court of Law!" —*Der Knueppel* (Berlin.)

• • •

TOO SLOW

She 1: "I know the secret of popularity."

She 2: "So do I, but mother says I mustn't."

—*Masquerader.*

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen

Youngster: "Mama, here's the doctor to see the cook."

—*Cynic.*

• • •

"I hope you behaved yourself last night, my darling daug ter."

"Yes, Mother, I obeyed the golden rule."

"How?"

"I did unto others as I wanted them to do unto me."

—*Burr.*

• • •

He: "Could I have a date tonight?"

She: "Yes, if you could find anyone dumb enough to da with you."

He: "Well, I'll be around to see you about 8 o'clock then

—*Texas. Ranger.*

• • •

Clerk: "Would you like something smart in knickers?"

Prof: "It would be a great relief." —*Widow.*

• • •

Chorus Girl: "What can a respectable chorus girl do wh a man on the front row is trying to flirt with her?"

Manager: "Give him a good kick and show him your di nity." —*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

A strange boy in Memphis, looking for rooms, saw a ca on a house, "Apartments to let," and was shown what th were by a pretty servant girl.

"Tell me," he said, "are you part of the apartments?"

"No, sir," she replied, "The apartments are to let, and I to be let alone." —*Scream.*

• • •

Cast Director (examining applicant for chorus): "Love legs,—errr, lovely legs,—nmmm, lovely legs—"

Chorus Girl: "Please hurry up!" —*Jack-o-Lantern.*

Sing: "Does your wife play bridge a great deal?"

Sing: "Does she? Why, when the twins were born last ear she told everybody they were an informatory double."

—*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

Bashful: "Do you mind if I kiss you?"

(No answer.)

Bashful: "Would you care if I kissed you?"

Wise Sister: "Say, do you want me to promise not to bite?"

—*Froth.*

• • •

History Prof: "What famous woman's letters show the ardship and suffering of her times?"

Class: "Lydia Pinkham's." —*Punch Bowl.*

• • •

Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece pig iron, and one placed it upon the anvil with a pair of ngs.

"H-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"Wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other.

"Ah-h-h-h-hell, we'll have to h-h-h-heat it again now."

—*Malteaser.*

• • •

"Who belongs to de army of de Lord?" cried the colored eacher.

"I does," came a voice from the back of the house.

"What branch do you all belong to?"

"To de Baptist."

"Get out, you don't belong to de army, you belong to de ny."

—*Scream.*

• • •

Caller (to boy): "What is mother doing, sonny?"

The Latter: "She's dressing for a party or going to bed, I don't know which."

—*Froth.*

• • •

Pros: "Shall we take the short cut?"

Betty: "No, mother's expecting me home early."

—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

George Jean Nathan

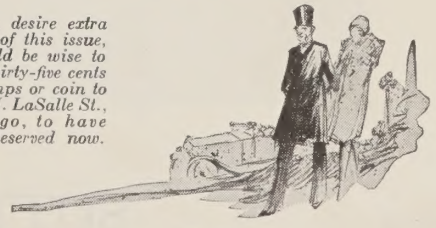
The feature of the next, the April issue, is the first of a series of articles by George Jean Nathan. It carries on a collaboration with H. L. Mencken, some years ago.

Very directly and with no chicanery whatever it lists a great number of different articles in the philosophical faith of the American people—ranging from the doctrine that the philoprogenitive instinct in rabbits is so intense that the alliance of two normal ones is productive of 265 offspring in one year, to the doctrine that if one puts a hair from a horse's tail into a bottle of alcohol it will in due time turn into a snake.

The New American CREDO

All of it done in the sparkling manner that has for so long a time been associated with that sparkling name, *George Jean Nathan!*

If you desire extra copies of this issue, it would be wise to send thirty-five cents in stamps or coin to 1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to have them reserved now.



College Humor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

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UNUSUAL CANDIES

THOUGHTS
A Book Box created by Virgil Hollingsworth

THE SOUTH'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S FINE THINGS

Sold at America's finer drug stores

VIRGIL HOLLINGSWORTH, AUGUSTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

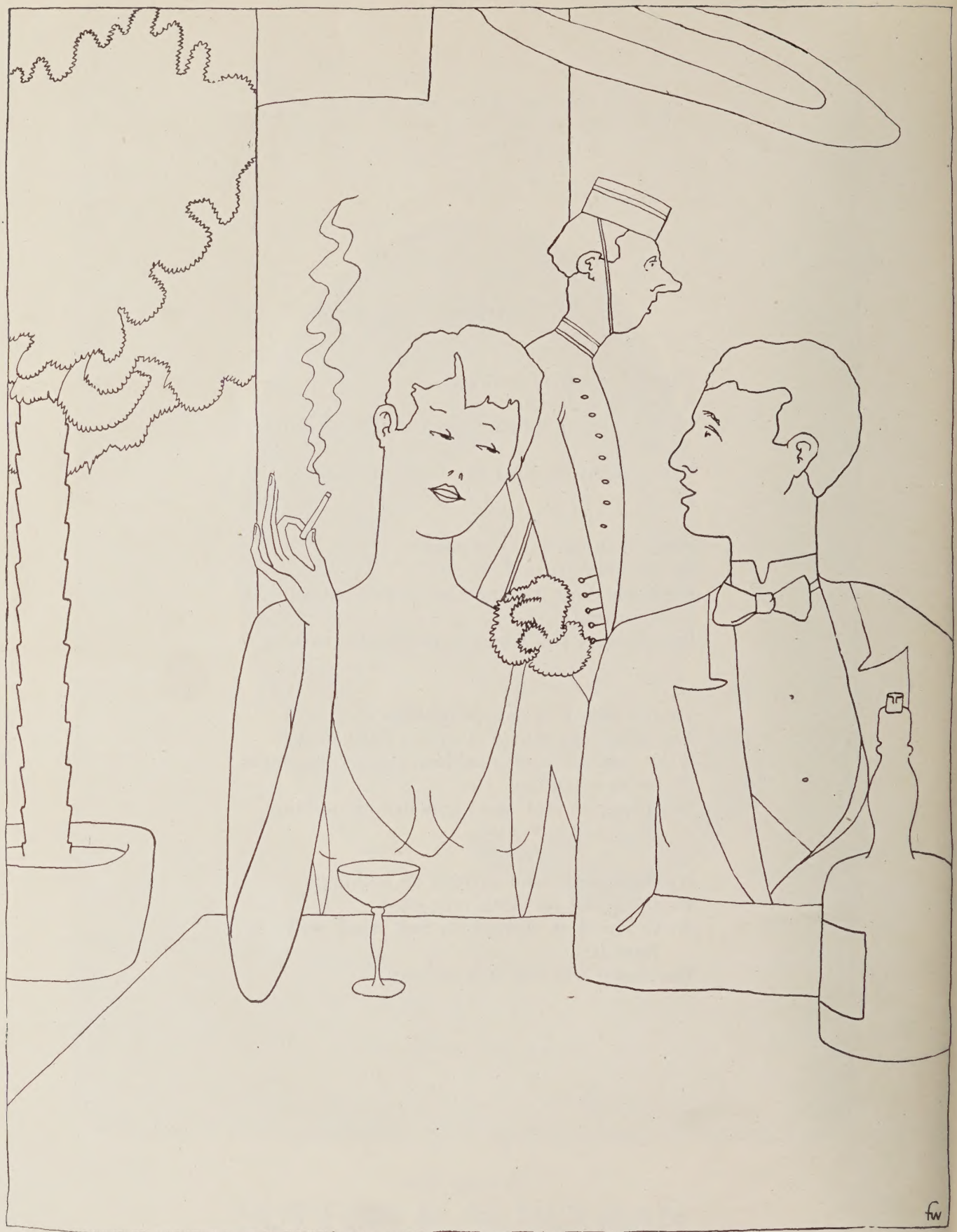
NOTHING

This is a story of nothing;
A line, or a dozen, or so
Of hot air, of despair, with naught to convey there
The thought we must say there of nothing.

So on with our story of nothing.
We shouldn't care if we go
From checking to knecking, we've pleasure in wrecking
Our measure that's beck'ning towards nothing.

There's plenty to say on nothing,
Just where we should start, we don't know.
We've ambled and rambled, there's no doubt we've scrambled
The thoughts that we've gambled on nothing.

It's plain we've said nothing on nothing;
We think, but we think very slow.
We've rimed it, defined it, and much we've refined it;
The reader will find it is nothing.



I'm sorry I burnt that hole in your trousers.
Oh, that's all right, only I wish it had burned on the inside where it won't show.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 5

JOE GISH HESITATES

Poor Nell. Graceful, wistful, tearful ... full. Heaven help her, for she has aroused the sleeping beast in her primitive lover.

"I wants yuh, gal, an' I means tuh take yuh," he hisses between passionately clenched teeth.

Poor Nell....

Then he looks deep into her eyes (fathomless pools of blue), and sees her pure soul shining forth (beckoning, silvery moonbeams), and he leaves her be.

There's still a bit of manhood left in him, by heck!

He: "What makes you think Jim has astigmatism?"

She: "Well, I gave him a date last night and he felt his way around all evening."

Peter: "How did the doctor find your tonsils?"

Hermit: "Oh, by reaching down my throat."

Oh, an ice lady, eh?

"Why does that fellow call the postman 'Professor'?"

"Because he is taking a correspondence school course."

Herman: "I heard you quit your job at the 'Bookshop'."

Vermin: "Yeah. But I'm going back tomorrow."

Herman: "Why so?"

Vermin: "The last installment of a continued story I was reading comes in this week."

"Why should dentists make good salesmen?"

"Hands up; why?"

"Because they would know how to give the purchasers a lot of gas."

Prof: "Illustrate the 'law of diminishing returns'."

Stude: "Send a sheet to the laundry and get a handkerchief in return."

It's better to ride home from walks than walk home from rides.

French Prof.: "How would you ask for water in Paris?"

Student: "Who would want water in Paris?"

My date wasn't so hot last night.

Milly: "When is an innocent girl not an innocent girl?"

Willy: "Three times out of four."

Dame: "It's so easy for me to get along in the world. I have such an illustrious family tree."

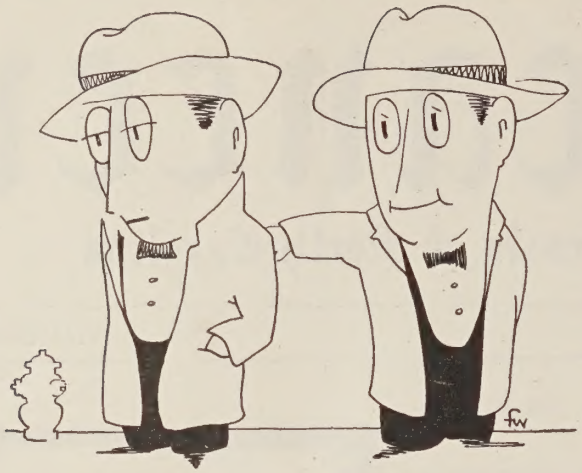
Damsel: "I don't need a family tree to get along, I have limbs of my own."

He: "Charmed, I'm sure."

She: "No, I'm not either. My eyes look that way because I'm sleepy."

She's a woman of few words.

Is she deaf, too?



Tee: Were you out last night?
Hee: No, I didn't drink much.

NOT A PHI BETE—BUT TALENTED

Alone, alone, alone. Ah, but who's this who holds me in his lap? 'Tis the Dean of Women.

I had flunked out; then I received a note, "Come to my room at four o'clock." I wanted to scream, to run . . . I prayed, knowing he would get me anyway.

"Well?" he murmured softly.

I blushed charmingly and bit his lip.

"Now, now, little girl, everything's all right."

A Math Stude: "Have you seen that chapter on the Delta X?"

Some One Else: "Why, I didn't know they had a chapter up here."

A COLLEGIAN'S PRAYER

Oh, Lord, I thank you for that pass on Math, and I appreciate the C on History. But, Lord, the boy in the next seat beat you to it for an A on Chemistry.

Even if the hero of the stories is not a dope hound, he must have his heroine,

REASONS WHY I DON'T PLAY CHESS:

A wealthy American has rented the Castle for the summer.

I must make some slight movement every three hours.

The Knight and Queen are missing . . . the King isn't king any more.

I don't know "horses."

My arm is unable to support my head for more than two hours at the time.

I have a cold in my chess.

(We refuse to make a pun upon a Pawn.)

Besides—somebody else is using the board.

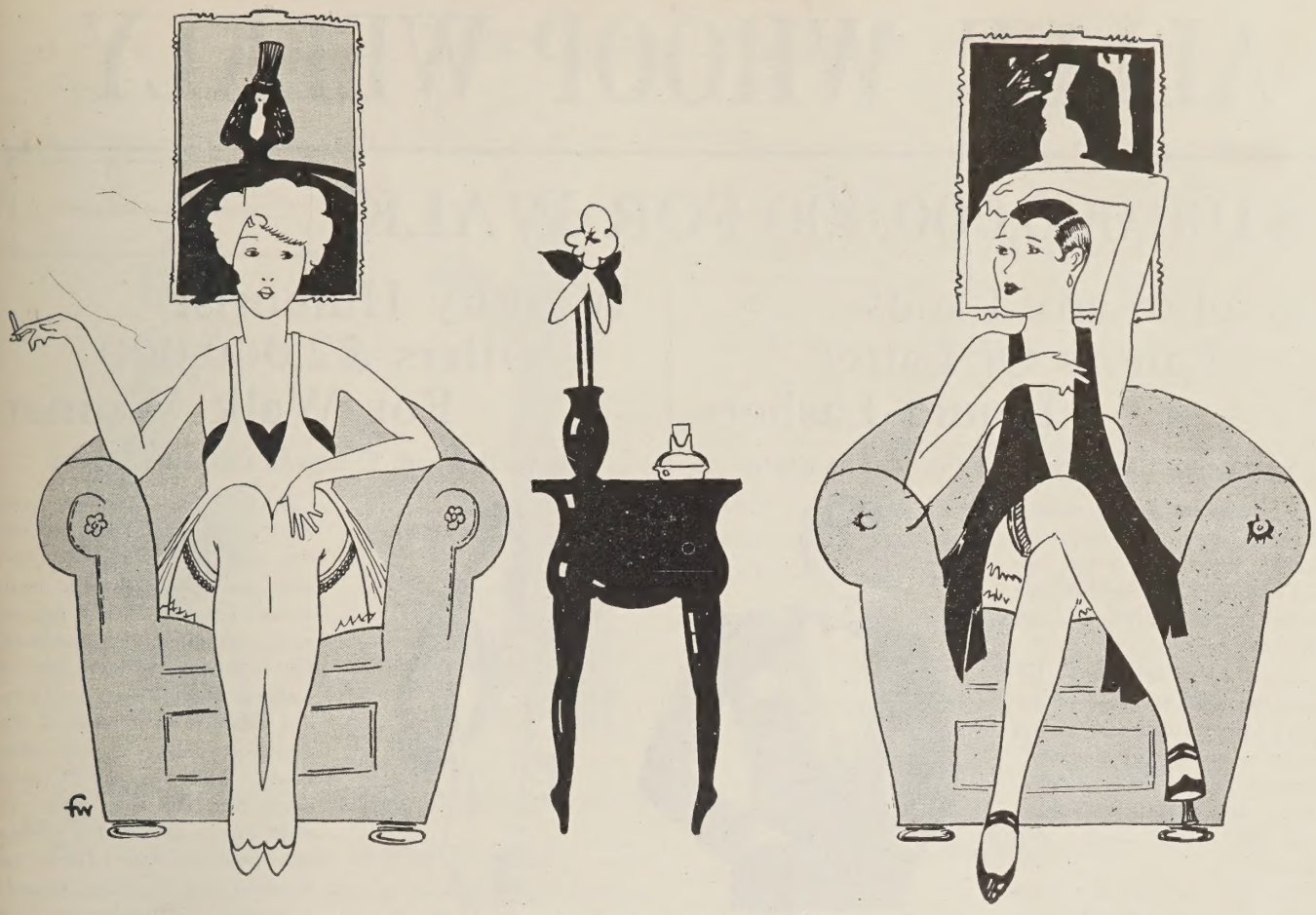
Just because a man gets married with two rings, that's no sign he's going to have a circus the rest of his life.

Young Man: "Well, dear, I have two seats in the front row for us."

His Wife: "Fine. How did you manage it?"

Y. M.: "I bought the theatre."

Will you show me some of your latest books?
Certainly, madam, something light?
Not necessarily, I have my car.



That woman over there is an authority on birth control.
The deuce you say.
Yes, but you don't have to swear like hell about it.

ALL INTERESTED IN TRYING OUT FOR BASEBALL PLEASE FILL OUT THIS SLIP

1. Name. (Last name last.)
2. Brother's name.
3. Brother's age. (Don't fill in this space.)
4. What do you eat for Sunday dinner?
5. Did you ever live in Kansas?
6. Did you ever play checkers, and why not, if so?
7. How do your clothes fit, and why not?
8. How many fingers have you and why?
9. How old was your father when he was a little boy? Your mother?
10. Do you prefer blondes, and how close?
11. How's crops?

Gertie: "Wonder who's been training Bill's car?"

Bertie: "Training it?"

Gertie: "Yeah. It plays dead so much."

Another good way to reduce has been discovered. Try dieting on doughnut holes.

Most colleges are overcrowded with organizations. A man said the other day that they even had Indian Clubs at his University.

ALLEY WHOOP WEEKLY

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING CO., DURHAM, N. C.

$100,000,000,000 FOR WALK

MINUS $99,998,000,000

Lovely Lady Lauds Labors Of Latter Liquid Lashers

Swimmers Show Signs of Speed, She States

"I love to see a man swim a channel," declared tubby Miss Bucket, when interviewed until a late hour last night by our special representative, who has not come to yet.

Miss Bucket, held to be beyond the pale by some of society's low lifes, was found yesterday in one of the city's doggiest joints—the dog show, where she works. "Wouldn't that jar you?" said Miss Bucket.

"Brother and me has often spent afternoons in the zoo, watching evolutions and things, and we thought of this perfectly scrummy idea; My Dear, you have no idea! Honestly, though, I think that it is so elevating to do things in the interests of science and things. And I just love to watch those little evolution creatures sit up and beg. I think they're too cute for words.

"I want all the contestants to feel that we are just like brother and sister. My dear, I met the cutest scientist the other day. I'd do anything in the interests of science, My Dear, I actually would—except for those perfectly 'sickening biologists. I don't think they have one bit of modesty left'."

Miss Bucket, paling, flashed a swift smile to the reporters, and a swift kick to our representative, who was—well.

"I do hope," she said on leaving. "I do hope the boys all get on swimmingly. But don't let that dumb Padraic reporter get the story because if he does, he'll mess the whole thing up. I remember the last time I had a reception he covered the thing and put the footman's name in with the guest of honor, got

(*Continued on frontispiece*)

Wealthy Humorist Offers $2,000,000 For Walk Winner

To Walk From Frisco to Catalina Island

Buck and his sister Bucket, who are offering the $2,000,000 prize for the Catalina Island Walk.

Buck, Jr., famous and wealthy humorist and his sister, Bucket, have offered to donate, no strings, to the man, woman or child of any nationality, including the Russians, $2,000,000 for the mere feat of walking from Frisco to Catalina Island. In defense of the evolution theory is this offer made. Evolution says that men crawl first and then walk upright and a man and a woman have used the crawl to cross the Catalina and English Channel; it is only fair that this walking proposition be given a trial. The contest will start on June 31st and continue until one of the contestants is victorious.

When interviewed at a late hour last night, Buck, Jr., said he was tired and went to bed, but a happy gleam that shone from his eye was caught by the staff photographer and is now on exhibition at this office.

Buck, Jr., comes from a historic family as we all know, his father being in the hold of the Mayflower when she docked. It has been rumored that he brought his family over because the Roundheads were getting too hot in England and it is well known that Buck, Jr.'s, father has a long head.

The contestants will start at the explosion of a champagne bottle by his sister, Bucket. It has not yet been decided who will drink the contents but it is supposed that Volstead's son will appear in person and take a healthy draught, thereby following his father's X sample. After the start, Bucket will retire to her lavish apartment at number

(*Concluded in this issue*)

GOVERNMENT MAY GIVE A D. S. C.

Suit Made of Pure Linen

It is rumored that Aloysius Phortozr, sub-assistant gas inspector of the United States government bureau of Printing and Engraving, will present the winner of the walk with a nifty Department of Street Cleaning outfit complete with pants.

It is alleged that Mr. Rzothhp is in the habit of making an award of this nature every year, carefully selecting the man or woman, who, in his opinion, has performed the outstanding feat of the year.

It is asserted that Mr. Jones always keeps the prize in mind when passing on the fitness of a possible winner. In 1924 the D. S. C. uniform went to the Smith Brothers for their efforts to keep America from being hoarse. In 1925 the head stable keeper for Man O' War was the lucky recipient. Last year Madame

(*Passed by board of censors*)

How did Joe get those cupid bow-shaped marks on his face?

Oh! Just another case of miss-labeling.

What're you doing roaming about the streets when you should be at work?

Oh, I've just received my walking papers.

Father: "How is it that you're broke so soon?"

Son: "Well, I tried to finesse my jack but my roommate pulled a queen on me.

I'm going to Hawaii this summer.

Hawaii going?

And by the way H. J. Heinz surely knows his beans.

We take off our hat to the Hula girl, the originator of the Hay! Hay! movement.

CHICAGO

James Morrison was a conscientious fellow but he was weak. His one ambition was to make a lot of money and leave America to tour Europe. Now his friend, Philip, made a lot of money but James thought that there was something shady about it. If Philip's way of making money was right, then the whole thing would be O. K. but James was a little in the fog about the matter. Anyway, he wanted to be a big success, make money right and left, and travel. Then one day, the bank in which he kept his money failed. "They done you dirt," said Philip to James, "and if you got your money back with a thousand per cent interest, it 'ud be no more than right. Now my money was in that bank too so tonight we'll make our money back. Leave it to me."

"But it would be wrong."

"No, I tell you it's as right as can be."

So that night the two broke into the bank and cleaned it. That was just what James wanted. He was a success. He made his money right and left.

"Why won't your mother let you play on the piano?"

"She's afraid that I'll fall off."

Why was there such a crowd trying to get in?

Poster said "Girls may attend this dance, but no dresses are to be worn above the knees."

BROWN DERBY

We have at last found the imperturbable gentleman. One of the fraternity houses caught fire in January when there was much cold in the air and many snows on the ground, and when the fire company had finished their game of checkers, they cranked up the old bus and ambled around to the conflagration with much ringing of bells and twisting of sirens. There followed, we suppose, an argument as to which should have the honor of turning on the water and finally two of the company tied for the laurels. In the meantime, the ambitious fire, aided by a little wind, had searched every corner of the house. Little was saved but a few pieces of furniture which were piled hither and there in the snow and one luckless young man sat complacently in an over-stuffed arm chair dressed in pajamas and a neck tie—all he had saved. He wished, he said, that he could play the victrola but the only records he could find were Red Hot Mama and There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, and he certainly had too much tact to play those.

Went to a delightful bridge party the other evening. You fellows who play bridge can realize what a wonderful time I did have. It seems that my pardner was rung in at the last moment to fill out the table and I think she must have got her start playing Old Maid. Anyway, she hadn't graduated yet. In one hand she trumped four of my perfectly good tricks and led from everything including the joker which was in the trash basket. When she didn't bid she had a royal flush and once she went up to four hearts after I had admonished her and when she played her hand, I found she had bid on an ace and three small hearts, a king, ten, seven of diamonds, a queen jack nine of spades, and a four, five, eight of clubs. I laid down a king, queen, jack of hearts and our enemies made three hearts doubled. She lost every hand she played and I lost my reputation.

We've heard a lot about petit underthings for women but witness. It is alleged that a certain Mrs. N.——, known as the best-dressed woman in the world, was sitting outside the Portiniere at Deauville when a messager rushed up and handed her an envelope, in shape and size the exact duplicate that one receives one's bills in the first of each month. She was overjoyed and when asked what it was by a friend, she answered, "Feel it." The friend took the envelope and asked if it were a check. "No," answered the lady, opening the envelope and taking out a bit of cloth, "this is my new chemise." We refer this to High Heels, successor to Judgette.

Noticed the other day where two young men received bids to a dance. They were both small of stature and neither had very much money so they pooled their dough and hired a large dress suit so the trousers would be big enough for both of them to get in. Reminds us of the fellow that got a bid to a mask dance. He had a pal who did not get a bid so they dressed up as the Siamese Twins and tried to get in on the one ticket.

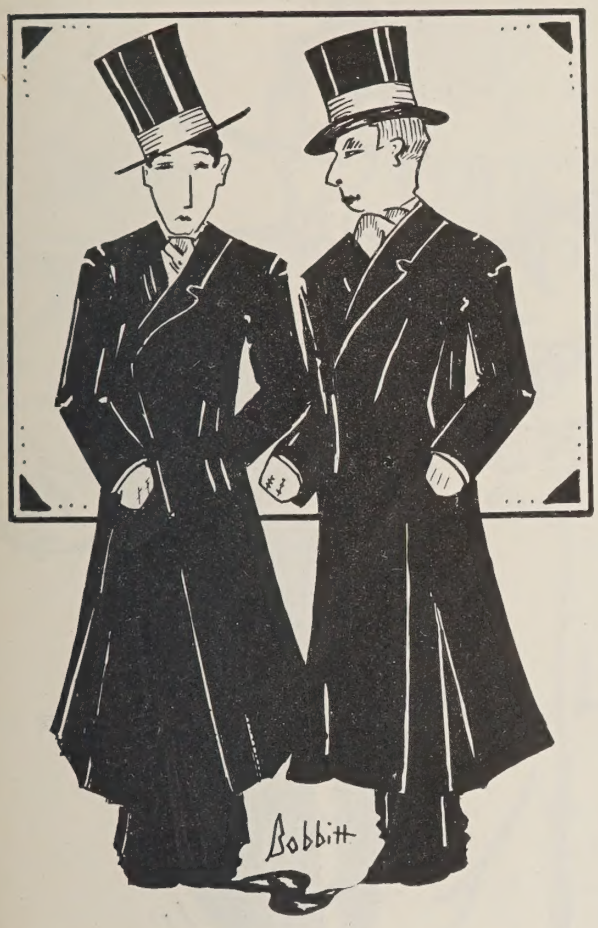
Oi Oi Oi! these collitch laddies are *so* clever. We saw some not long ago wearing very doggy and unusual scarfs. Having a position to maintain, we dashed through all of the clothing stores to get us one—and couldn't find them.

We found later that they were bath towels! One of the brilliant minds behind the idea told us to be careful in folding them—so that the name of the hotel wouldn't show.

Who's going to Europe this year? Well, learn about Paris from Basil Woon. He's published a book called *The Paris that's NOT in the Guide Books.* In addition to his subtle and frequent humor, Mr. Woon tells of all the celebrities and the Ritz bar and be sure to ask Tony for your drink, he knows 'em all. The book gives us a picture of the gay life of Paris as led by Americans in society and out. (By the way, don't forget your *vesais* papers). Mr. Woon's book may be used as a supplement to the guide book that someone will surely buy and when your mother asks where you have been, show her the guide book; when a close friend asks the same question, show him the book by Basil Woon. As we read on in the novel, we get oiled to the ears from cocktails in the Ritz bar, dine *beaucoup chick* in luncheon restaurants, save a Follies ticket by going to the dressmakers', whoop it up at the races, sneak around the rendezvous, spill *entrés* in our lap at the big dining places, dance and pass at the dancing cafés (no cops to bother), sight-see the cabarets, and stay up the rest of the night at the Montmartre and all the other midnight resorts. Yessir, to Paris and back for two bones. (not adv).

Some women should be muzzled. The other day one of my lady friends picked me up in her sedan, a case of mistaken identity I think, and took this weary soul for a little airing. I suppose she got lost because I believe we rode a lot more than she expected to when she found out her mistake, but anyway after all my front teeth had been shaken loose, we found that we were just on the edge of the city and, while driving through, she stopped in front of a drug store. A clerk came out and the girl friend asked if they gave curb service. The clerk assured her that it was a pleasure. "Well," she cooed, "see if all my tires are up." The clerk and I are slowly recovering.

Buck Jr.



What made Flo Zeigfeld and Earl Carroll famous?
Flo "glorified the American girl," and Carroll "horrified the American audience."

HE WAS ONLY A POOR REALTOR, BUT HE HAD A LOT AT STAKE.

Have you heard the song of the Vagabonds?
No, howsit go?
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Innocent Young Man (on a date with a golddigger): "Are you sure that I'm not keeping you up?"
Golddigger: "Oh, *you're* not keeping *me* up."

Gentleman: "Are you sure this room is quiet?"
Landlady: "Quiet? Why it never makes a sound."

EFFECTIVE MEANS OF REMOVING DANDRUFF

After several years of careful study it has been found that dandruff is a real, breathing, flesh and blood animal of an exceedingly high type of intellectual and emotional nature. For this reason its extermination must be carried out in a thoroughly scientific manner. We offer below several suggestions covering the more serious types of cases.

1. Dandruffs don't like the odor of hot tar. A generous application to the scalp about twice a day will soon drive the little animals away.

2. Either have all your hair pulled out or have your head shaved. The Dandruffs will soon die of exposure.

3. If you are a brunette tell the Dandruffs that gentlemen prefer blondes. Because of the highly sensitive nature of the animal he will immediately leave in search of a lighter head.

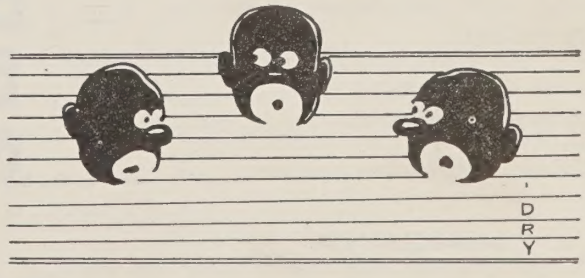
4. If you are a blonde, try the hot tar application.

5. Let the Dandruffs go on a two weeks vacation to some place like Coney Island and in the meantime change your address. This is a heartless means of ridding one's self of the little fellows, but, alas, such is life.

Give a sentence using the word ASTHMA.

He wanted to marry me but I told him he would have to ASTHMA.

"Not so hot," said the arctic explorer as he discovered the North Pole.



Une: Dey tells me Sam is an undertaker.
Deux: Is he a good one?
Trois: Man, he knows his buries.

Lecturer: "Do you know where wicked men go?"

Voice: "Sure. To Canada. It's easier to get there."

"I'm a politician."

"Who did you ever put in office?"

"Nobody. But politicians are born, and so was I."

Father: "I hear you now boast of a political organization at your school."

Son: "Well, we don't exactly boast of it."

"What do you think of the new leopard at the zoo?"

"Oh, it's all right in spots."

Girl: "How much would you be willing to pay for such a pretty complexion as mine?"

Boy: "I don't know. How much do you pay?"

In truth there's very little difference between a sailor and a college boy. A sailor has a girl in every port, and the college boy has one in every davenport.

(Stage door Johnny knocks on dressing room door.)

Girl: "Not unless there's a gentleman you wish to see inside."

Johnny: "But there is."

Girl: "Who is he?"

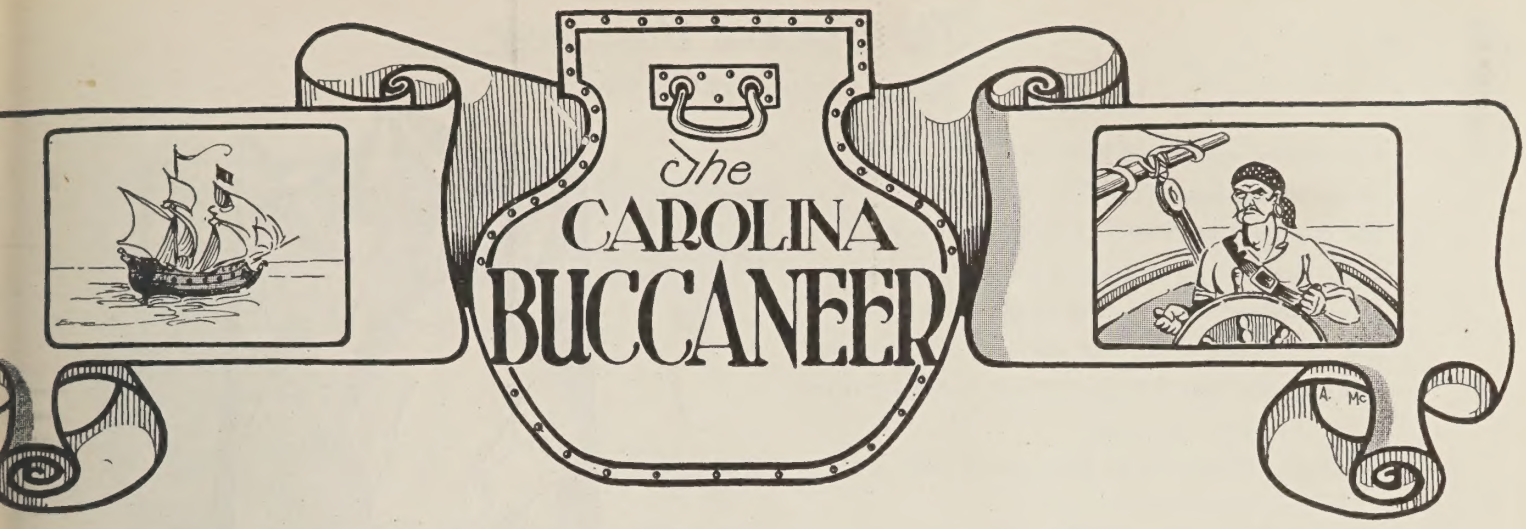
Johnny: "Myself."

A nagging wife generally makes things hot for her husband—but so does a good cook.

BIG BUTTER AND EGG MEN FROM CHARLOTTE

Oho, my bold laddie, I hear that in the days gone by that you played in the backfield.

Oh misinformed soul. It was not the backfield but the Yale Bowl.



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WITH this issue BUCCANEER has broken another long established precedent. It has blossomed forth in a number without a name; that is, without title.

It's this way. We had just about despaired of ever putting out an issue that had anything at all to do with the title so to remedy the situation there seemed just one course left, and we took that. Then the *Wet Number* appeared and the reviewer promptly said that it was all wet. We patted ourselves on the back, went downtown and bought a hat about three sizes larger than the one we had been wearing; because we had done something that every editorial staff for the last four years had been vainly striving to accomplish. Not content with this triumph we now offer a number on nothing in particular and furthermore we wish to take this opportunity to thank the members of the staff for sticking so closely to the subject. Only the art editor had any definite idea at all; he said that the cover has something to do with Valentine's day.

And oh yes, after this comes the *Dead Number.*

RIDDLE

I loved her wildly—and yet
She was not beautiful.
She did not attract men and she could not
Black Bottom. But I loved her just the same.
You asked me why—you probably think
She had money or her old man was a bootlegger?
But no! She had nothing and yet I still loved her.
Who can solve the riddle?
(Address all answers to Buccaneer office.)

The following manuscript, submitted by a college student, won the worst prize in the Fulitzer Contest for Pest Plays of 1927.

A Campus Passion—in one act with flitting scenery.

Cast:

Hero: Hubert, although a college student he is still the hero.

Heroine: Catherine Co-ed.

Villian: Professor Pill—naturally!

The scene is laid in an ordinary room save for the unfinished walls, upon which are hanging strips of sandpaper, several sledgehammers, and a dozen huge pistols (this is to give the room a rough appearance in fitting with the rough character of the villain.)

Enter the villain, followed by the voice of the hero as he shouts, "Curfe ye, Professor Pill, you stole my toothbrush!"

Hubert, the hero, enters through the chimney just as the villain silently exits through some convenient hole in the scenery.

"Alas," soliloquizes Hubert, "my toothbrush is gone and now I can never marry and have a happy family like other men."

But lo! a sudden change comes over the room. The guns and hammers fade away as the rough unfinished walls become gay with bright pink and blue curtains. A soft glow lights up the room and the heroine enters triumphantly.

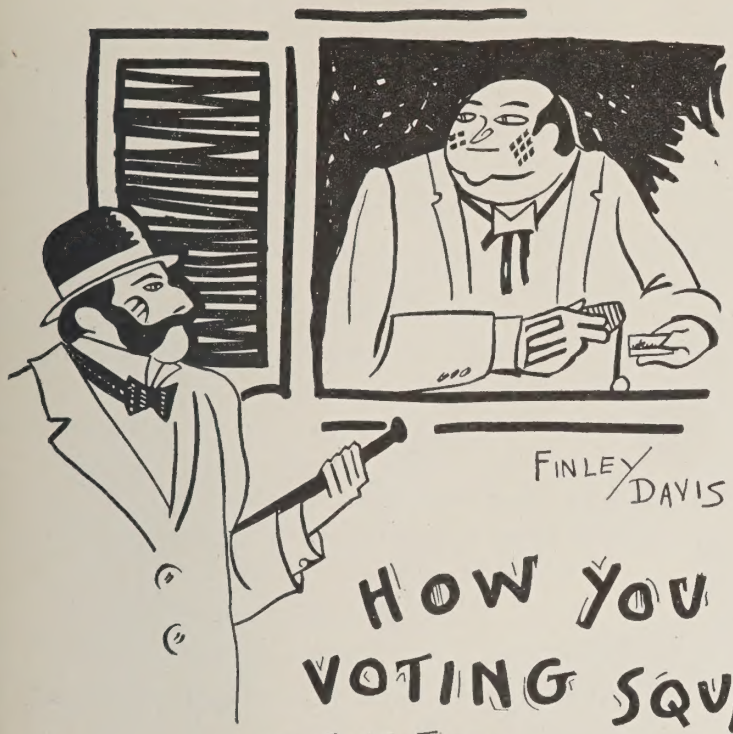
"Ah, Hubert, my loved one, I shall save you and all will yet be well. See what I have brought you," she says as she offers him a nice new toothbrush. Whereupon, hero and heroine clasp hands and skip out dragging the valiant toothbrush along with them.

Who is that girl in the red dress?
That's Yvonne Lennoaks.
Her husband died while he was a fireman and she's in mourning.

Doughboy: "Why so agitated, Tommy?"
Tommy: "They're trying to make a thief out of me."
Doughboy: "How's that?"
Tommy: "The captain told me I had to relieve the sentry of his watch at twelve o'clock."

Patient: "I'm growing old, doc, what would you advise me to do?"
Doctor: "Want to keep young, eh? Try a few days in Chicago."

"Why are you always holding your wife's hands?"
"To keep them out of my pockets."



Bucket: And who was that worthy gentleman I saw you with last night, Percy?

Buck: Ah, I say, that wasn't no gentleman, that was Judge, Jr.

He: "What's that licorice smell in here?"

He: "That ain't liquorish, that's licorice."

The explanation is that the first He mispronunced licorice.

I put all the tools on the sawhorse.

What odds did you get?

"Dreamed that I tried to commit suicide last night, and when I woke up I was nearly drowned."

"Yeah?"

"Uh huh. My room-mate had just dumped a pail of water on me."

"Oh."

And the five best magazines of the month are:

Buccaneer.
College Humor
Paris Life.
Judge.
Buccaneer.

Small boy: "Dad, what's a soul kiss?"

Father: "It's God's idea of a perfect joke."

SAWFTLY, SAWFTLY

The punster's league was passing through a sawmill.

"You saw that old saw," questioned the president. "What old saw does that old saw you saw remind you of?"

"One of Esawp's," said the secretary, and the fun was on.

"A sawft answer turneth away wrath."

"— and Esaw sawd—w"

"— sawoir Faire sawrta makes —"

"— Tom Sawyer sawrtainly saw—"

The humming saw saw red. Leaping from its shaft, it sawed the air, and fell on the necks of the league.

"Ah," gurgled the president, as he expired. "As a man hath sawn, so shall he reap."

"I'll bet Gertie works in a bowling alley."

"What makes you think so?"

"She certainly handles her pins well."

Capt: "Smith, what's that mud doing on your collar?"

Private (after carefully examining his collar): "It's not doing anything now sir."

"This is where I get off," said the man as the boat began to sink.

Saw a man yell through a sieve today.

Did he strain his voice?

Let's go to a show.
Can't, got to take inventory.
Aw, let her alone and come on with the bunch.

Cash: "My brother was robbed in Chicago."
Credit: "He's lucky. Most people are shot there."

A noted New York author recently published an article stating that the people were acquiring the habits of the kangaroo.
Taxicabs, friend, taxicabs.

"What was the first thing Rip Van Winkle said when he woke up from his twenty-year sleep?"
"I'll bite, what did he say?"
"I wonder if that operator has my number yet?"

Man: "My razor is so dull that I can't shave with it."
Wife: "It's your beard, dear, not your razor. Why, I even cut some oilcloth with it this morning."

"Is your doctor conscientious?"
"I should say he is. He pulled out the tonsils of both the twins in order to be certain of getting the right one."

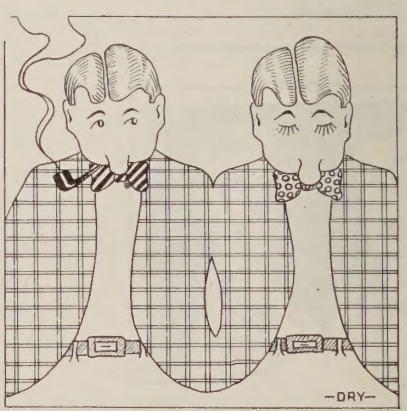
"Why does Mussolini wear clocked hose?"
"Because he's the man of the hour."

COURTING SCENE IN 1890

7:00 Knock on door. Enter Oscar, blushing. He and she pull up chairs to fire. Discuss events of past week.
7:30 Play extremely exciting game of checkers.
8:00 Discuss plans for a hayride.
8:30 Oscar plays "Turkey in the Straw" on his mouth organ.
9:00 Oscar moves his chair four inches closer. "Little brother" comes in and recites "The Wreck of the Hesperus."
9:30 Oscar daringly holds her hand. Both blush deeply.
9:55 Oscar steals a kiss, and then faints.
10:05 Oscar is carried home in an ambulance.

Announcer: "There'll be a scrip dance here tomorrow night."
Voice: "What in hell are they going to write about at a dance?"

We know of a wife that got a divorce because her husband talked in her sleep. She didn't mind that so much but he snored in so many languages, she couldn't understand him.



I believe you need glasses.
Hell, I've jush hash sheven.

Just as old-time samplers were selections of the best stitches in fine needlework.

Just so is the modern Sampler a selection from ten boxes of candy which proved most popular in the eighty-four years experience of Whitman's in candy making.

The people who buy fine candies really selected the contents of the Sampler.

Which may explain why it is America's best known and most liked candy assortment.

For "best thoughts" in sweets consult the Sampler!

The Sampler, Pleasure Island, Salmagundi, Fussy Chocolates and other Whitman packages are sold at the Whitman agency in your neighborhood—usually the leading drug store.

WHITMAN'S FAMOUS CANDIES ARE SOLD BY

PATTERSON BROTHERS

EAGER FINGERS
EAGER EYES

And stationery that makes *them eager*

WRITE and mail a letter on Old Hampshire Stationery—and picture its reception.

Fingers are eager to open the clean, well cut envelope; eyes read your words with added respect because of the superbly surfaced paper.

Unmistakably the atmosphere of good taste impresses the reader.

Correct stationery of fine quality is an asset hardly less important than correct attire.

Old Hampshire Stationery is always correct for social correspondence.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
Fine Stationery Department
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Old Hampshire Stationery

Made in three distinctive finishes ✦ BOND ✦ VELLUM ✦ LAWN

SOLD BY SUTTON & ALDERMAN

RADIO

Batteries, Tubes, Etc.

Table Lamps, Shades and

Everything
Electrical

University Consolidated Service Plants

Electric and Water Dept.

Abe: "Dot hat is nize fit, aindt it?"
Customer: "Yes. But suppose my ears get tired?"
—*Sniper.*

• • •

Lucy: "What shall I name my cat?"
Me: "Fido."
Lucy: "But that is a name for a dog.
Me: "Yeh, it's a doggy name for a cat." —*Dirge.*

• • •

Gert: "Why do you suppose Freddie called me his littl wood nymph?"
Rude: "Maybe because you're a little naughty."
—*Alligator.*

• • •

"How are you coming along with your courting of the bank er's daughter? Pretty tough going, eh?"
"Not so bad! I'm getting some encouragement."
"She's beginning to smile on you, is she?"
"Not yet, but last night she said she had told me no fo the last time." —*Life.*

• • •

She may know lots, but that doesn't mean it's dirty.
—*Dirge.*

• • •

"Prithee, Xanthias, dost see yon wall-flower?"
"Ho, Anabascas. She's no wall-flower. She's a whol garden." —*Vagabond.*

• • •

Guest: "Where is the chamber-maid?"
Bell Hop: "In a factory." —*Alligator.*

• • •

One with Cigarette: "Dick went on another wet party las night."
One Without: "Well, do we have to bail him out again?"
—*Sniper.*

• • •

Stude: "I think you're heavenly. I adore your dres your beautiful hair, your wonderful eyes. Oh! your eye are ecstatic.
R. S.: "Oh now, you're exaggerating."
Stude (persistent and pointing): "Well, anyway, tha eye's good." —*Pup.*

FOUR-PIECE SPORTS SUITS
FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS
AND MORE TAILORED TO MEASURE

SPRING

IF YOU CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES WHICH ACCRUE FROM AN EARLY SURVEY OF THE NEWEST IDEAS IN CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY, IT WILL BE WELL FOR YOU TO KNOW THAT FINCHLEY HAS OBTAINED EXTRAORDINARY DISTINCTION IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF VARIOUS ARTICLES OF APPAREL DESIGNED FOR COLLEGIAN USAGE FOR SPRING.

THE FINCHLEY Establishment

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York

A man may respect a girl who doesn't neck, but he rarely marries her. He doesn't have to. —*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

"So you want a position as stenographer, young lady? What are your qualifications?"

"Well—my father is a bad shot." —*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

He: "Ah, my inspiration, I can't do a thing without you!"

She: "You poor sap, you've been sitting here on the sofa all night, and haven't done a thing with me yet!"

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

• • •

"What is a roof garden?"

"That's where people sow their wild oats."

—*Flamingo.*

• • •

Modern ad. "For rent, handsome bungaloette with a garagette, kitchenette, bathette, parlorette and porchetts."

—*Campus Collegian.*

Milt: "Mebbe you can tell me wot its de metter wid my dodder sussially?"

Gross: "She seems to lack poise."

Milt: "You should see them come round to de house nights!" —*Lampoon.*

• • •

She: "Dearest, how did you recognize me; it was so dark last night?"

He: "Wonderful, I felt that it was you."

—*Virginia Reel.*

• • •

"What's that?" asked the customs officer, as he spied a bottle under the seat.

"Only wood alcohol," replied the returning passenger.

"Oh, is it?" said the customs officer, taking a long drink. It was. —*Lampoon.*

• • •

'30: "Things are better today. In your time when a man kissed a girl, he was supposed to marry her."

'90: "You are right, but we didn't always have to kiss them." —*Texas Ranger.*

A prime favorite on the campus

IN ANY group of regular fellows, you'll find Prince Albert. It belongs. It speaks the language. You get what we mean the minute you tamp a load of this wonderful tobacco into the bowl of your jimmy-pipe and make fire with a match.

Cool as a northeast bedroom. Sweet as a note from the Girl of Girls. Fragrant as a woodland trail. Prince Albert never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how fast you feed it. You'll smoke pipe-load on pipe-load with never a regret.

Buy a tidy red tin of P. A. today. Throw back the hinged lid and breathe deeply of that real tobacco aroma. Then . . . tuck a neat wad into the business-end of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Now you have it . . . that taste! That's Prince Albert, Fellows!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I was kissed one night by a D. T. D.
I've been cuddled up close by an S. A. E.
I've been loved to death by a D. K. E.
But I've never been touched by a B. V. D.
—*Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

Another Scotchman has gone crazy. He bought a score card at the baseball game and neither side scored.
—*Green Gander.*

• • •

A young officer being tried for drunkenness called his servant as a witness.

"Did you see me when I came home on that night?" he asked.

"I did."

"Was I drunk or sober?"

"You were sober."

"Are you quite sure?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes sir, he was perfectly sober and left orders to be called early."

There was a pause, then the lawyer asked. "Did he give any reason for wishing to be called early?"

"Yes sir, he said he was to be Queen of the May."
—*College Humor.*

• • •

SWEETS TO THE SWEET

He: "Do you like candy, young lady?"
She (eagerly): "Oh, yes."
He (calmly): "Thanks, I'm getting statistics for Whitman's."
—*Jack O'Lantern.*

• • •

Legs by Steinway.
Body by Fisher.
Neck by the hour.
—*Voo Doo.*

• • •

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a snare?"
Johnny: "A snare is a snail's sister."
—*Chanticleer.*

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.
CLOTHES

OUR REPRESENTATIVE
Mr. Gib Collins
will be at
CAROLINA SMOKE SHOP
MONDAY and TUESDAY
Feb. 21 and 22

LUXENBURG CLOTHES *are made to your measure and tailored in our own shops.*

Nat LUXENBERG & Bro.
37 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
Between 16th & 17th Sts.
14

How Much Do You Throw Away?

Ten cents a day spent needlessly means a loss of $36.50 in a year. This amount in the bank each year would soon build up a snug little account that many a college student could well use after the commencement exercises are over.

The
Bank of Chapel Hill
Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

Don't forget that here you get the

Best Drinks and Sandwiches

We are always ready to serve you

The CAROLINA CONFECTIONERY

Smokes *Fruits*

Home Made Candies

Surplus is Reserve Power

In relation to its capital The Fidelity Bank has the largest surplus of any bank in North Carolina.

Capital $100,000

Surplus $900,000

The FIDELITY *Bank*

DURHAM, N. C.

The more you study the more you know,
The more you know the more you forget,
The more you forget the less you know,
So why study?
The less you study the less you know,
The less you know the less you forget,
The less you forget the more you know,
So why study?

—Campus Collegian

• • •

"My buddy sure belongs to one big fraternity."

"D. U.?"

"Naw, I don't even go to college." *—Wasp*

• • •

"Use Budweiser in a sentence."

"I took out an Emerson girl. Now I'm poorer B weiser." *—Voo Doo*

• • •

"Sonny, I have something very shocking to tell you."

"Yes—"

"You've been told, you know, that around Christmas—"

"Aw, I know. There ain't no Santa Claus."

"Yes, Sonny, you're right. Mamma has just shot Pap *—Lampoon*

• • •

The boat was sinking. The captain reached up to crowd of scared passengers.

"Who among you can pray?"

"I can," answered the minister.

"Then pray, mister," ordered the skipper. "The res you put a life preserver on; we're one short." *—Drexel*

• • •

Josephine: "My mother was born in Paris, my fa was born in Los Angeles, and I was born in New York."

Joseph: "Funny how you all got together, wasn't it?" *—Blue Baboon*

• • •

Editor: "This seems like a pretty good poem, but do you put in 'Excelsior' at the end of every verse?"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "Oh, that's just paddi *—Puppe*

Dora: "How did you vote?"

Flora: "In my brown suit and velvet hat."

—*Bison.*

• • •

"Does she ever walk home from rides."

"No, but sometimes she rides home from walks."

—*Beanpot.*

• • •

"What donkeys we are!"

"Kindly speak in the singular."

"Well, what an ass you are!"

—*Buen Humor* (Madrid).

• • •

Kindly Old Lady: "You say you've been on the force ght years? Why haven't you some service stripes on your eve?"

Cop: "I don't wear 'em. They chafe my nose."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

• • •

Father: "Your new little brother has just arrived."

Very Modern Child: "Where did he come from?"

Father: "From a far-away country."

V. M. C.: "Another damned alien."

—*Barnard Barnacle.*

• • •

Wife and husband looking at models who are displaying thes to the wife):

Wife: "Do you like that, John?"

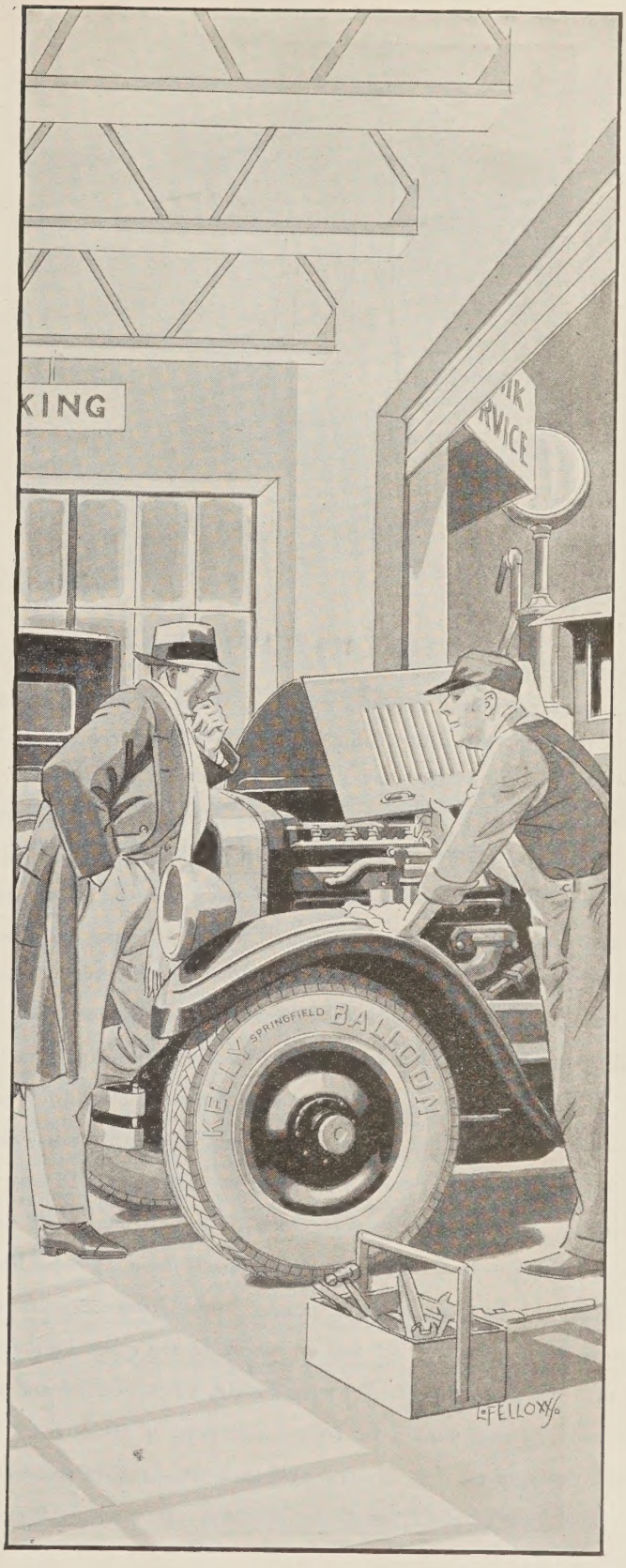
John: "Yes, she's a pretty dress; I mean it has nice skin—t is, oh, heck, wrap her up and I'll take it."

—*Judge.*

• • •

Mrs. Newlywed: "Now I suppose you'll say these cook-aren't like the ones your mother made when you were a ."

Mr. Newlywed (biting one): "On the contrary, my dear, elieve they are the very same cookies." —*Froth.*



"There y'are Cap, the gas line's clear now and you ought to finish your trip without any more trouble—unless you have a blowout."

"I am not worrying about blowouts, with Kelly-Springfields on all around."

©VANITY FAIR

RAINY DAY ATTIRE

Regardless of the size of a man's wardrobe, it should include such items as will afford him proper protection from the rain. Many men think that any sort of an old suit or overcoat is suitable for the rain. When they are dressed in this manner their appearance is as grotesque as the man who is faultlessly groomed but who has made no provision for the rainy day. While it is very sensible and practical not to wear one's best clothes in rainy weather, the well dressed man never wears such old clothes as will detract from his appearance. A happy medium should be struck and the suit worn on the rainy day should be one that will stand up under weather conditions. It should not be too light either in weight or in color. Every man should possess a raincoat of some sort. It may be either a waterproofed covert cloth or gabardine, or it may be of rubber. It should hang quite loosely from the shoulders and should be long enough to give ample protection to the trousers. A soft felt hat and an umbrella are other important items. In this connection, the umbrella, when carried and not actually in use, should be rolled and kept in its cover. On dark rainy days, it is always well to wear a rather gay necktie and handkerchief, as these brighten up a man's turnout considerably.

If you are interested in any question of etiquette or dress write "The Well Dressed Man," care the BUCCANEER, *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.*

TRUE TO HIS BREEDING

"Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Go doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say 'lie down', mister," declared a sm bystander. "That's a Boston terrier." —*Voo Doo.*

• • •

Delighted Daddy: "What'll we call it?"
Moderate Mamma: "Quits." —*Burr.*

• • •

TO THE ELIZABETHANS

(*A Wreath for the English Singers*)

Eftsoons, yclept, odds, bods, fa-la,
Heny ninny nonny, no—
Jug, jug, bow wow, honk honk, ah ha
Sing cock-a-diddle oh!
Cuckoo, hark hark, heigh ho, pu-we,
Tut-tut, pish-posh, yon moon,
Say nay, say yea, clank clank, B'Gee
Oh fough, avaunt fell loon!
Ding-dong, gadzooks, Bing-bong, I'm slain,
Alack, alas, it's hard—
Pull chain, pull chain, he's in again—
The 'Lizabethan bard. —*Record.*

• • •

"So I told the freshman to indorse the check his fam sent him."

"Did he do it?"

"Yes. He wrote on the back, 'I heartily indorse t check'." —*Princeton Tiger.*

• • •

THEY'LL WIN THE LAST GAME

Richard: "Have just received a confidential list of t Yale football schedule for next year. Keep it quiet!"

Nov. 1—Yale vs. Wellesley.
Nov. 8—Yale vs. Smith College.
Nov. 14—Yale vs. Mt. Holyoke Fem. Sem.
Nov. 18—Yale vs. Vassar.
Nov. 25—Yale vs. Newcomb.
Nov. 28—Yale vs. Harvard.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

• • •

"What a novel advertising scheme," he remarked, helpi himself to one of the blind man's pencils. —*Flamingo.*

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence th 'heterodoxology' in it?"

Little Willie (age six): "No." —*Yale Record.*

• • •

He: "I love you."

She: "Is this a proposal, promise, insinuation, threat, mmand, hint, expostulation, inquiry, or just the first line to ther of those antique jokes?" —*Froth.*

• • •

Helen: "What are you knitting, Alice?"

Alice: "Something to cheer up the boys."

Helen: "Why, the war was over long ago!"

Alice: "This is a bathing suit for me, my dear."

—*Witt.*

• • •

Herto: "Can you think of anything more disgusting than rying a woman for her money?"

Genius: "Yes, that old Indian custom of marry'n 'em for ds."

—*Colgate Banter.*

• • •

'Do you use the interlocking grip?"

'No, I dance in the old-fashioned way." —*Tiger.*

• • •

What is alimony?

Taxation without representation. —*Beanpot.*

• • •

Page: "A dancer is without, sire."

Knight: "Without what?"

Page: "If I were to tell you they'd censor this joke."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

• • •

Dora: "Did you let him kiss you?"

Dora: "Let him? Hell! I had to help him."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

• • •

Young man! Wot are you doing with your arms around daughter?"

'Sirrrrrrr, I-I-I'm clicking this fixlass, I me-an I'm I'm r this clasplace, er-I'm clasping this neckplace—IIIIIII I-me-an I'm necking this fixlasp—er-err I guess I must ging!"

—*Pelican.*

Pritchard-Patterson Inc.

University Outfitters

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Fancy Ices Block Cream

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for Frat or Sorority banquets

Dial L-963 Main at Duke

Punches Sherbets

"I love to see a man smoke a pipe."—Mae Murray.

"I love to see a man."—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

"I love to see."—The Watch and Ward Society.

"I love."—Nita Naldi.

"I."—Henry Mencken. —*Octopus.*

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

124 WEST PARRISH STREET
DURHAM . NORTH CAROLINA

When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree in one of the towns.

Shanghai?

Oh, about ten feet. —*Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

The performance ended. The freshman left the theater. On his way home he met a sophomore who, planning to go to the show the following evening, asked him about it.

"Well, Bill, how was the show?"

The frosh looked blank for a moment and then with no little indecision in his voice, replied:

"I don't know. I haven't heard any one say."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

• • •

O my dear, please don't try that any more!
O my dear, please don't try that any!
O my dear, please don't try that!
O my dear, please don't try!
O my dear, please don't!
O my dear, please!
O my dear!
O my!
O!! —*Shi-U-Mah.*

• • •

He kissed Helen
Hell ensued.
He left Helen
Helen sued. —*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

• • •

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Why, of course you can, Nell;
Cavort about the ocean's brim,
But don't go near the channel."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

• • •

An Englishman went to a banquet and when the toastmaster got up and said: "Here's to the happiest days of my life—spent in the arms of another man's wife—my mother," he thought it was clever, and at another banquet the Englishman was called on as toastmaster, so he proceeded—"Here's to the happiest days of my life—spent in the arms of — By Jove! I cawn't think of the lady's name."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

Artist: "I put into this picture everything that I had."

Friend (admiringly): "Yes, and I should say you put in everything that your model had, too." —*Bison.*

Can You Afford to Play Bridge?

© Vanity Fair

DO you know—instantly—when you dare to bid on a four-card suit?

Do you think that you must never overcall or double a no-trumper on the right? Or do you know some exceptions?

Can you play a sound game when such variants as contract bridge, or three-handed bridge, are proposed?

If your bridge game is good, you'll enjoy Vanity Fair's fine points. If it's only moderate, Vanity Fair can improve its quality.

Every Issue Contains

Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies — if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. Current college preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notorieties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

Motor Cars: Speed, safety, smartness, as last conceived in Europe and America. Salons and shows. Many pictures.

World Affairs: The field of politics, foreign and domestic. Intimate sketches of pilots of various Ships of State.

Be a Social Asset—

not a social liability

IN every emergency of life, Vanity Fair offers more than a possible solution.

Travelled people—people who make public opinion and dictate public taste everywhere—read it . . . follow its criticisms, its news of the theatre, the arts and sports of the day, and the domain of the mind . . . appreciate its satire, its sophisticated point of view, its exclusive pictures of people in the public eye.

Vanity Fair is generally conceded to be the most amusing of magazines, and the most modern.

Whatever is discussed in the Fifth Avenue clubs, at metropolitan dinner-tables, among young-minded intelligent people, is mirrored, ordered, and estimated in its pages—first.

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I understand from my roommate that I ought to subscribe. Here's my dollar.

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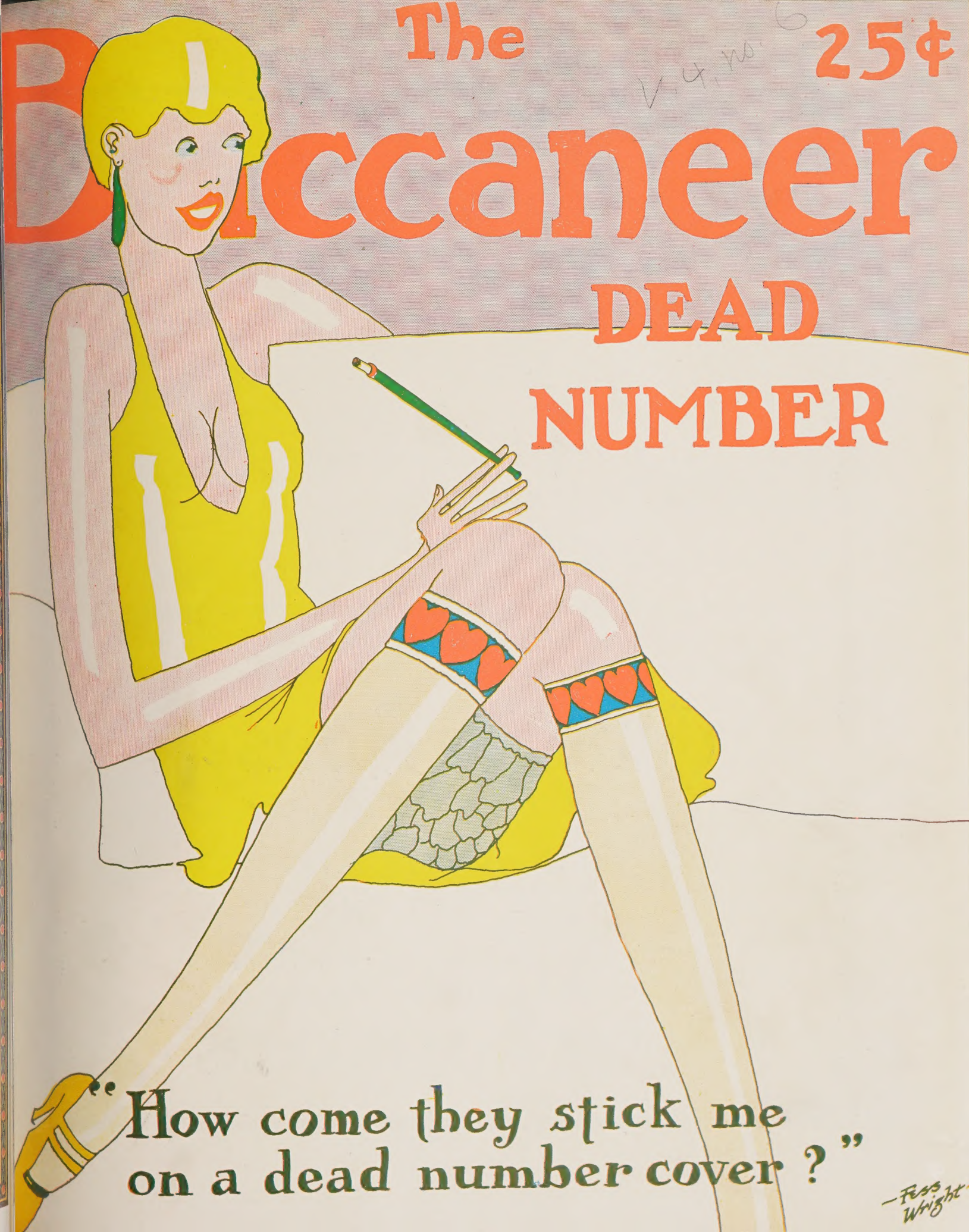
"IT'S TOASTED"

The Buccaneer

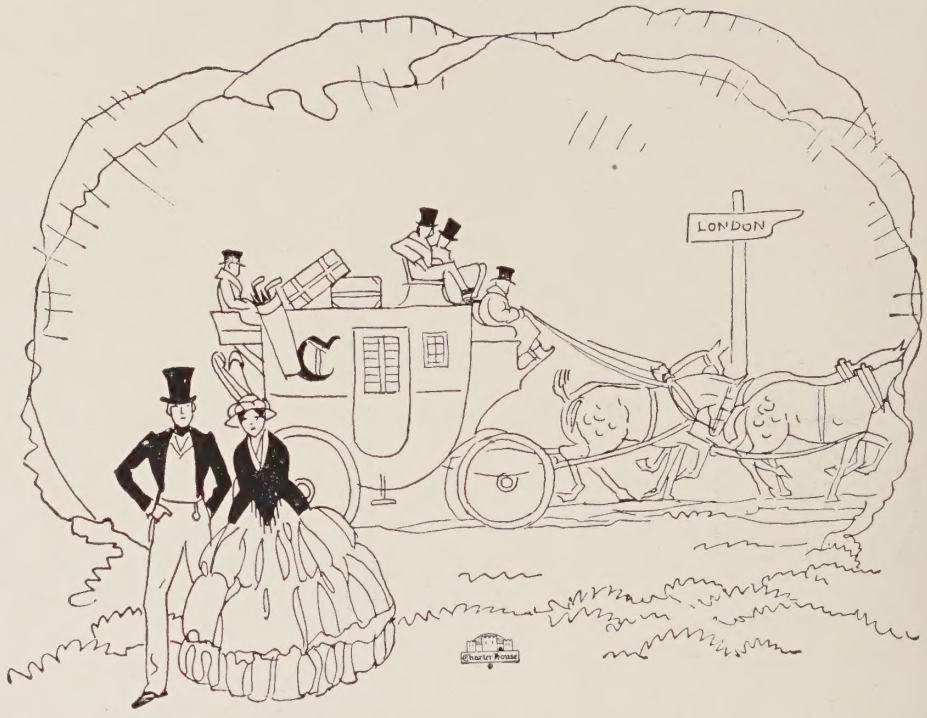
25¢

DEAD NUMBER



"How come they stick me on a dead number cover?"

—Fess Wright



Clothes cut and made with the same charming ruggedness and flavour associated with the garments worn by the students of Charter House, London, in the old coaching days.

Charter House

Ready-Made
And Cut to Order

SUITS AND TOPCOATS

$40, $45, 50

By Special Appointment Our Store Is The
Charter House Of Duke University

MARKHAM-ROGERS

Pritchard-Patterson Inc.
University Outfitters
Chapel Hill, N. C.

"Lux against us," sighed the gold dust twins. —*Satyr.*

• • •

Gwen: "May I ask you how you got such a well developed pair of arms?"

Clark: "Playing basketball, and may I ask if you ever went out for track?" —*Aegwan.*

• • •

"Gosh, I had a narrow escape last night!"

"How's that?"

"Well, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw something white in my room. So I grabbed my gun and shot it. After I had turned on the light I found that it was my shirt."

"I don't see any narrow escape to that."

"Why, just suppose I hadn't taken my shirt off last night!" —*Purple Parrot.*

This Summer...

The Europe of Your Dreams

At no greater cost than staying at Home

DOESN'T the thought of the same old summer vacation bore you? Then why not Paris—and all of France?...Paris—of fairy bridges and spires—in summer, with the streets riotous with flowers—and the spirit of gayety bubbling in cafes—at the races and theatres.

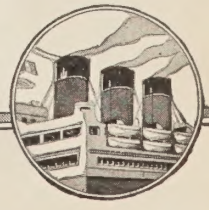
And — beyond that — enchanting playgrounds and legend-lands. Deauville, Dinard, Biarritz, Touquert—the radiant pageant of the world of fashion. Mountains and amethystine shores and smooth white roads—poplar laced—winding past feudal towns and towering chateaux —straight into the heart of romance—all at the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world."

It can be a dream fulfilled—with the Tourist III Class of the French Line... A carefree, joyous way of going—quite "the thing to do" among the students. Comfortable individual cabins—charming people to meet—games and chats. Salons for cards, smoking and dancing —an orchestra to lilt the hours away. Round trip $177

And at Havre where you dock—no transferring to tenders. You step off the gangplank to the waiting boat train—a quick dash through flowering Normandy—three hours—then Paris.

French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or Tourist Office, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City



Our illustrated booklets are a trip in themselves

H A V E A C A M E L

[Meeting a train in the Union station]

You are an experienced smoker and you know your brand!

YOU'RE an experienced smoker. You know good tobaccos. You know taste and fragrance.

And you insist on the best — that's Camels. Only the primest tobaccos grown are good enough for you—the experienced smoker. Whatever you do you are going to do right, if you know it.

If Camels weren't the best, they would not be far and away the first. If Camels weren't quality supreme, they would not be the overwhelming preference of smokers who have tried every brand.

Your taste tells you the tobacco difference in cigarettes and you're going to smoke the best. Your advice to others is — *"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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The people you meet through the letters you write

THE people you meet face to face are impressed by your manner and your dress no less than by what you say.

So, too, with those you meet through the letters you write. Their opinion of your letters is influenced by the stationery you use.

The well-textured sheets of Old Hampshire Stationery make a fitting background for your written words. The well-cut, dignified envelope helps that first impression which means so much.

You can have Old Hampshire Stationery in the finish you like best—crispy, crackly Bond; smooth, rich Vellum; exquisitely textured Lawn.

Old Hampshire Stationery

Made in three distinctive finishes

BOND · VELLUM · LAWN

For sale by

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

Fancy Ices Block Cream

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Dial L-963 Main at Duke

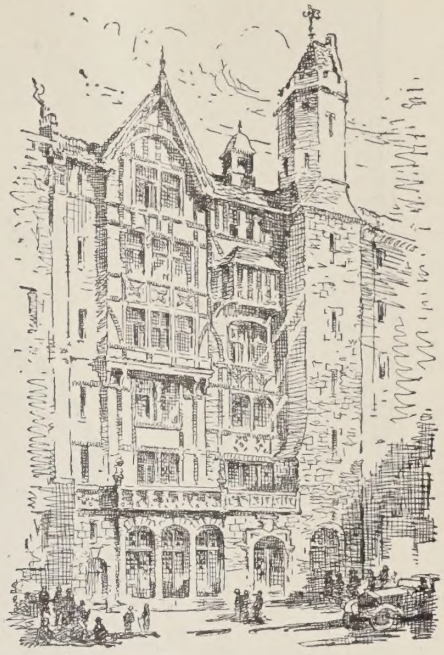
Punches Sherbets

WE CAN'T SEE THIS

"Mother, there's a blind man at the back door."
"Tell him that we don't want any."
(Better read this again.) —*Puppet.*

• • •

"Explain this Black Bottom dance."
"You don't let your right hip know what your left hip is doing." —*Life.*



APPAREL

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GLOVES HATS SHOES

UNDERGARMENTS HANDKERCHIEFS

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CLOTHES FOR LOUNGE, BUSINESS, SPORTS AND FORMAL USAGE

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Sold at America's finer drug stores

VIRGIL HOLLINGSWORTH, AUGUSTA, GA.

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CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

DIRGE

Song of a Grave Subject

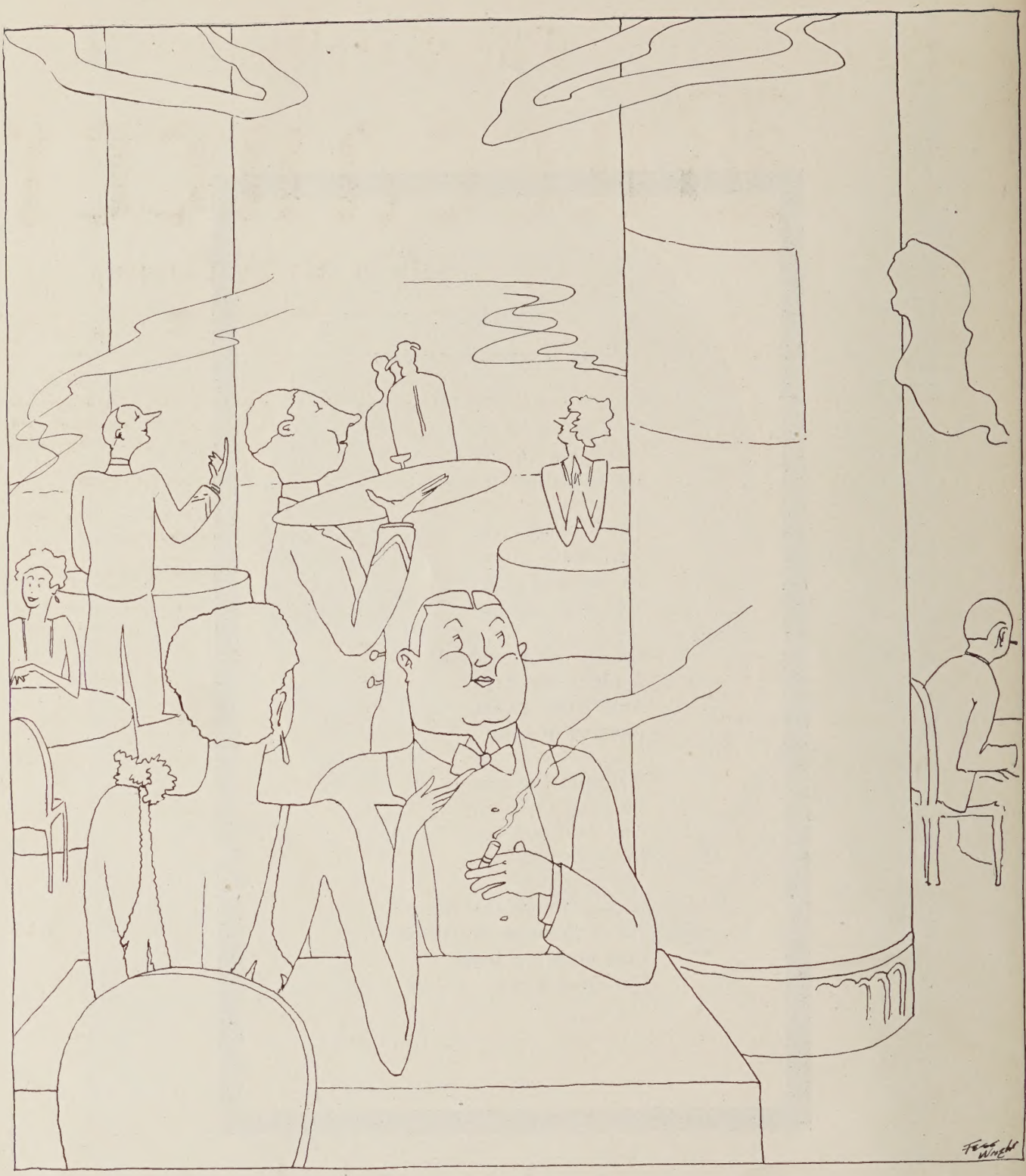
Dead. Dead. Gone from
This world of joy
And pain to some
Dark, hollow place.

For here was life
And death in one.
By toil and strife
Men kept the pace

Unsung and praised
A place was kept
And cities razed
Because of this.

Men met the cross
To keep their own
And fortunes lost
In one small kiss.

Look through this book
We're through, we think
Last night we took
Our final drink.



HEARD IN A FRENCH CAFE

Yvonne: J'ai besoin de cent francs.
American: No speek de Ingleesh.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 6

THROES OF DEATH

By Tie Cobb

We've sung our songs of life and death; we've toasted that grim reaper but I had a date two nights ago that was dead as a pullman sleeper. Now here's to Morpheus, god of Sleep, don't hit those dad-blamed brasses. We pray to Morpheus every day but we practice him on classes. Don't take that lead! It's paris green. Preserve that potent, Barswick! I'll give it to that date I had but it's a sin to waste good arsenic. Oh, woe is me. Oh, woe is all! I don't know why that kitty that looks so pretty, all black and white, can smell like a dump of the city.

Man, to Victrola demonstrator: "Have you a piano sextette by Paderewski?"

"Lux like it's gonna rain."
"Well, let soap it doesn't."

Two men were sleeping in a hotel. A sign had said: "Feather Beds and Running Water."

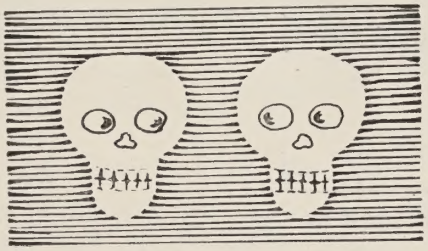
First Man to Second: "Say, Reggy, get off that feather, it's my time to sleep on it."

I'm a direct descendant of French royalty.

Well—I've a little Bourbon in me, myshelf.

Come hither, thou weak-kneed hieroglyphic.

Avast. Call me not such a character.



Two big tombstone buddies from Marblehead.

"It is so difficult to find an honest maid," said Mrs. Jones.

"Why?" asked her husband.

"The last one I had left without notice and took with her six of my best towels—those lovely ones we brought back from Hotel Ritz last summer."

An Old-fashioned girl is one who takes the cigarette out of her mouth before pulling her night-gown over her head.

Every woman has her price but not every one has her figure.

"Does she think much of him?"

"You make me laugh. When he is with her she sings 'All Alone'."

Correct this sentence: "Yes sir," said the old man, "my son is working his way through college by selling men's garters."

It seems that there was once a dentist who ran a saloon in Memphis, Tennessee.

"Did you hear the one about the sad family history of the dwarf?" he asked my Aunt Sylvie over the radio.

"No, I haven't," said my aunt.

"Well," said the jovial dentist, "the dwarf's father was a Scotchman . . . ."

"That's enough," said my Aunt Sylvie, who had visited Edinburgh once on a vacation.

BOTTLED IN BARN

Pyor: Why does Peaches sit in the sand on the beach?

Ghon: Why to keep herself from Browning.

Grieved Young Man: "I'd like to see something in coffins, please."

Funeral Director: "What kind?"

G. Y. M.: "Oh it's my mother-in-law we're wanting it for, and I'd like something to match her new dress."

How much is a ticket to Freemont?

$2.89.

And to Brownsville?

$4.61.

To Greenmill?

$1.37.

What about Dupont?

$7.50.

Well, gimme one to Greenmill.

BIOLOGIST'S LAMENT

I'm not a pharmacist by trade
Nor am I physician
In teeth no gold I've ever laid
Oh, what is prohibition?

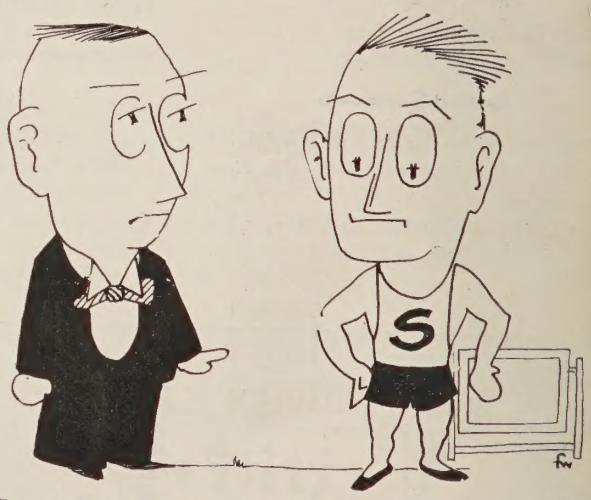
Yet ill I've never been a day
I'm well versed in relations
Of living matter but I'll say
I never have vacations.

Infection and immunity
I know and reproduction
Ontogeny to me is pie
I know naught of seduction.

Hyperchromatosis to me
Is clear as pseudarthrosis
And yet I blush how can it be
That I have halitosis?

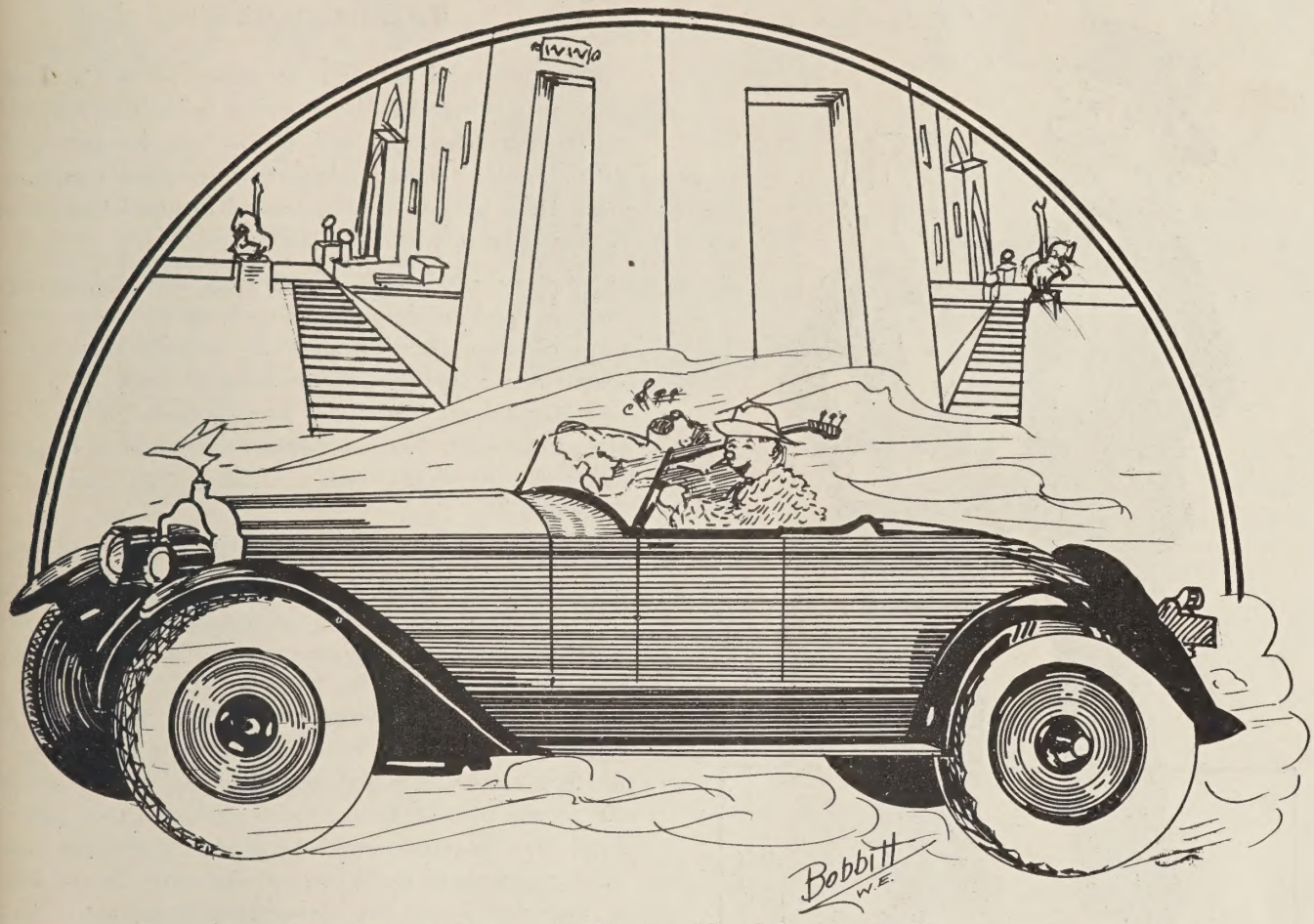
The spermatophyta I know
My hobby is spiraea
And yet the gods have let me grow
And contract this pyorrhea.

But science grows and man is base
And I must tend my musci
But help me friends for I've a case
Of epithelial debris.



Do you have a course in bookkeeping at this school?

No; the librarian says the students know too much about that already.



Playmaker: Do you call this bus "Six Cylinder Love?"
Li'l Johnnie: Hell no! This is named "Straight hate."

"I'm going to leave now," said the tree as April came.

He who reads the Bible: "Why was business so bad in the days of Daniel?

He who does not: "I'll bite, why?"

H. W. R. T. B.: "Because the lions ate up all the prophets."

"The drinks will be on the house," said the roof as the rain came down in torrents.

He: "Who won the race between the ghost and the bum?"

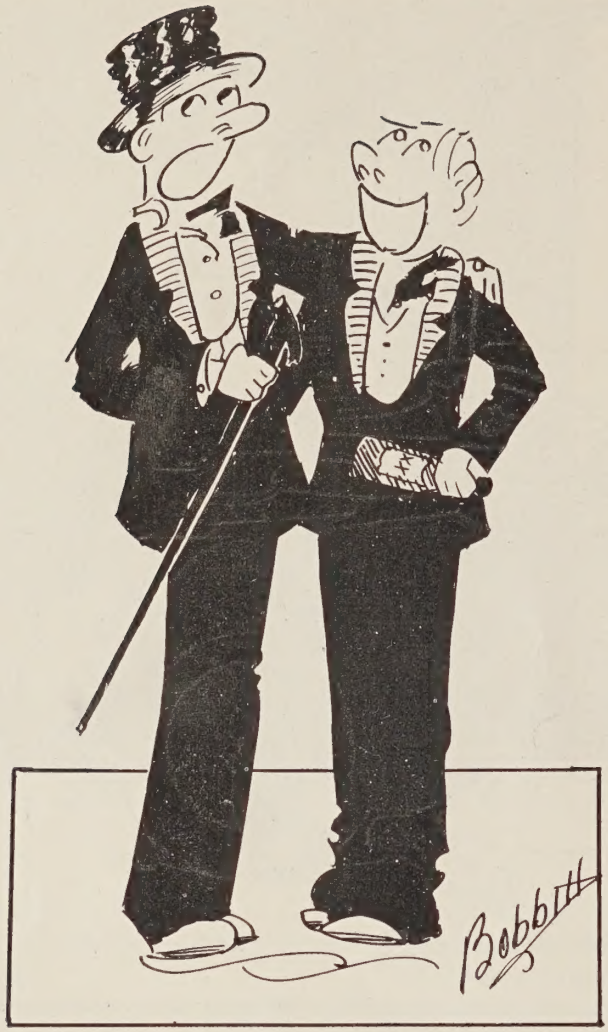
Her: "The dead beat!"

SONG OF DEATH

Who thought this time would ever come
When I should stand here by the shroud
And weep until my eyes are numb.
My heart is lead; my head is bowed.

We were alive an hour ago,
Both full of life and friendly cheer;
Now one is gone, and I below
Stand sobbing by the lonely bier.

Oh friend of friends, whom death did thwart—
Me! Murderer! Will the deed reverse?
An hour ago I killed the quart
Of bootleg gin. Bring on the hearse.



What's that you have in your hand?
Some very old stock.
Well, let's take some inventory.

She: "I dreamed I was crossing a sea in Europe last night and then I woke up terribly sick."

He: "Been drinking, I suppose?"

She: "Of course not."

He: "Was it the Red Sea or the Mediterranean?"

Eunuch: "And is this gag going to have a point to it?"

Paramour: "Of course not."

Eunuch: "Prithee, and why not?"

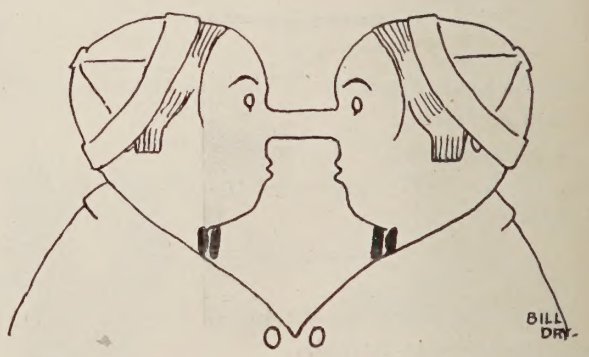
Paramour: "Because, this is the dead number."

THE LAST DRINK

John Quincy sat calmly in his room. He was well satisfied with college life, he was even better satisfied with his self-appointed task, and he was best satisfied of all with himself! Having perceived the extraordinary literary trend of the campus, he had assumed the job of supplying the needs of the students.

Now one whole side of his room was divided into shelves, which were lined with books of the finest sort—many of them ripe with age. All subjects were represented there: Agriculture, "Raising of Corn" by Carolina Mountaineer, and "Best Rye Products" by A. Farmer; Commerce, "Art of Selling" by A. Boot Legger; Etiquette, "How to Drink"; Fiction, "The Story of a Drunkard."

But today his shelves were almost empty. His last purchaser had bought a dozen books, had dipped into them enthusiastically, and had departed bubbling over with good spirits. Only one volume remained—a beautiful thing—called "The Last Drink." John Quincy walked over to his beloved book shelves, picked up the volume with a tender hand, and stood in meditation—whether he should sell it or should use it for himself. He opened it, held it close to his face, and then gulped down the contents in one long drink! For verily, outward appearances are deceiving; one never knows what he may find inside the covers of a book; and— well John Quincy was just another bootlegger, who had invented a novel method of concealing his wares.



"What kind of a car have you?"

"A Heinz."

"What kind is that?"

"One of the 57 varieties."

BROWN DERBY

Yes sir, spring is here or Aubrey Beardsley didn't wear red neckties. Saw a couple of "get off the grass" signs being hung out the other day and then started to follow a man who had a riding habit on. Thought I was going to see a couple of horses but he was only going to pitch horse shoes. Also noticed some girls on a windy corner. Yes sir, spring is sure here.

Was out riding a few days ago with a lady friend and (you know, I just had to tell this one which shows that *all* the women ain't so dumb, even if the ones we have to associate with every day are) every thing was just as soft as two feather beds until we got pretty far out of town and the car stopped. The oil in the car must have been ten years old or something because it certainly was odorous. "What's that odor?" I asked the lady from our neighboring metropolis. "Must be the car," she said. "It's been playing dead off and on for about a month."

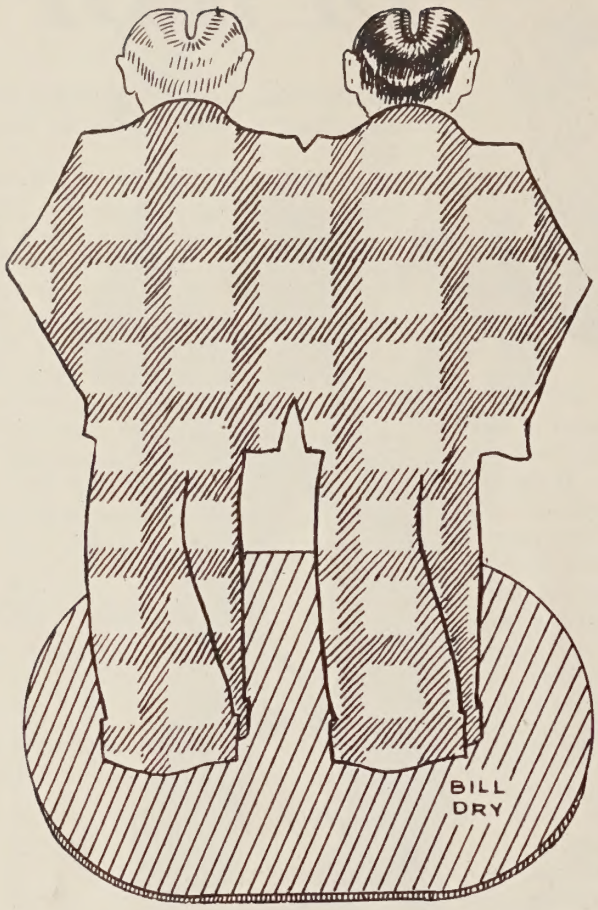
Just a few words in closing. I wish to thank the gentleman who was so thoughtful and kind the other day. I am the recipient of an excellent present. Some one else gave me a bottle of ginger ale and I expect to have one grand and large time. You know, ginger ale is almost necessary with some things and I think I'll make use of both of them as I finish this blurb for the editor.

He's a little peeved because I won't let him in on my private party and so he tried to seduce me into doing enough copy for a spread page—just wanted to make me work over time but I stood up for my rights and put my foot down. Yessir, I told him that we men had to assert ourselves and he got peeved again. I wonder why? Pardon me a minute. I just want to repeat, I thank the gentleman who was so kind to me the other day. Everybody's crowding about and sniffing the air but I'm as tight as the proverbial Scotchman. That is, I'm not tight yet but who knows how long it takes time to pass us by?

Say, I just got through reading some of Horace William's *Evolution of Logic* and honestly it's about the best thing i've seen in quite a while. It's a wow! It goes on and says that this is a piece of paper because there ain't no paper no where else around it because if it was more paper around it then it would be more paper and not a piece of paper. And a stick is wood but a wood is not a stick and the stick is on the point of the wood. It is not the rest of the stick and the wood is not a stick but the stick is wood and it ain't apples. Graciousness, if I had to read on and and on in that I just know that I'd convulse myself with laughter. Pardon me a minute. I forgot to ask your pardon while ago when I left. I'm beginning to forget to be polute. Any way, thanjs thw gentlsmen who wzs so kime to me lasy week the othre dqy.

Now there gose that olde sEedy anf FEss yellign at me ti finush thus copt be 'cause theygot to habe th e copy to male up the dummy. i do'nt know whixh is the dummt but i'm gettgni on the wiyh the e im hiz name. Pardin methanks the gentldmwyn wgo was si kimd to mr lasy weej. but I Dont' care bo t them old guys brcause they always whooleri at me to do somethinge. that stuff is certinlgy potent. NevErthesohowmany, I soppose thst i gutto finusg thud copt so thajnx thegentkrmsn whi srent ne presrbt lst wrek. faiyhfULLY,

Buck Jr.



Blonde: So Jones is dead. Poor fellow. Did he get many flowers?
Brunette: Flowers?
Blonde: Yeh, he's dead isn't he?
Brunette: Yep, but only from the neck up.

"What's the difference between a lamp-post and a college boy?"
"Don't know."
"A lamp post drinks nothing, while a college boy drinks anything."

"Why is an aeroplane like a chorus girl?"
"Give up."
"They both have to 'take off' to 'show off'."

"John sure can debate."
"I should say he can; there's not a woman in town who will trust her daughter with him."

Chicago—The Undertaker's Paradise.

"This is not good taste," said the chef as he poured a bottle of glue into the soup.

She: "Was there a large crowd at the dance last night?"
He: "Yeah, about three hundred pints."

People graduate from college by degrees.

A Chinese laundry is only as strong as it's weakest Chink.

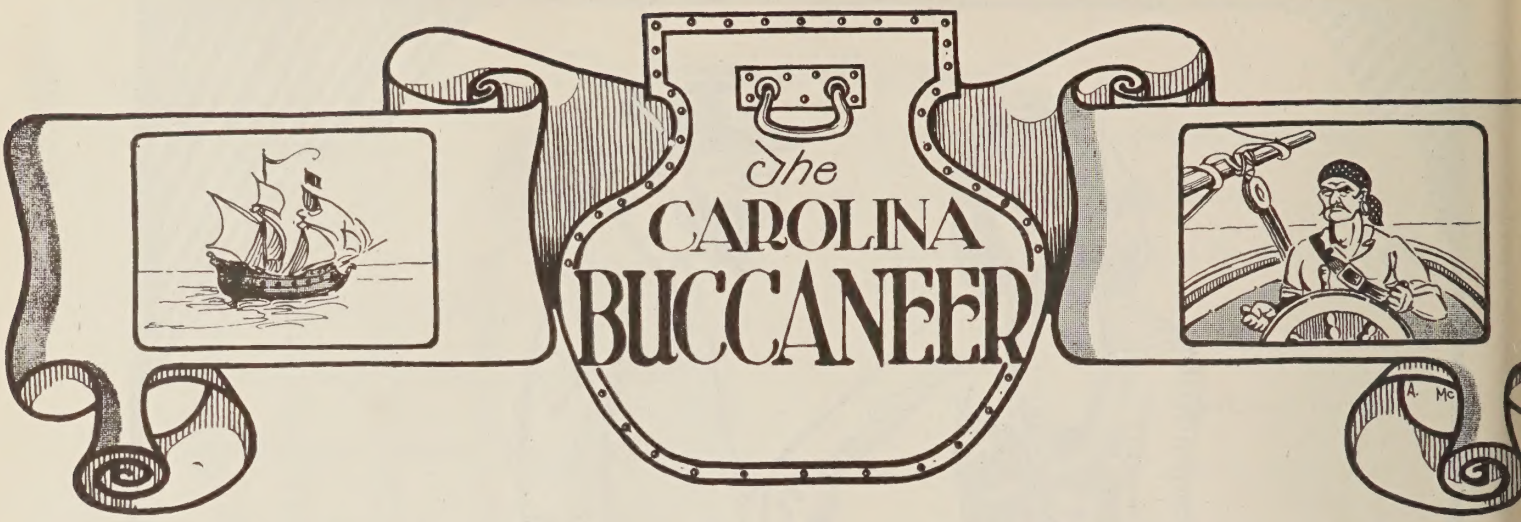
"What are your views on suicide?"
"I think it is too dangerous."

A shop lifter would be out of luck in a piano store.

How's farming?
Fine. I sowed some wheat the other day that cost me $15.00.
Well, I sowed some wild oats the other day that cost me a Rolls Royce.

GIVE US A KISS, GIRLIE WHISPERED THE BEACH-COMBER SOFTLY.

Here folks, is a picture that should ought to be in every real he-man's collection of art pictures—and that reminds me of a story concerning one Pat and Mike, both Irishmen. They were swimming the Channel when Mike said he was cold. Quick as a flash Pat "Came back" with "Faith and Bejabers, it's not the heat, it's th' humidity!", speaking, of course, of the water. A whale ate Mike.



VOL. IV MARCH, 1927 No. 6

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WHAT WITH examinations just over and the spring weather here and the lawns all decorated and elections not far in the future and all the excitement in general, BUCCANEER decided it was just about time to put out a *Dead Number.* Which, by the way, is every bit as good an excuse as one magazine we know had for publishing a Fourth of July number at Christmas time.

While we have the typewriter all nicely warmed up, it might be well to offer some kind of an explanation for the late appearance of this issue. It happened something like this: the bus man lost the copy and what with examinations at their height—and the lawns all decorated—we decided that perhaps another BUCCANEER was entirely uncalled for. However, the copy turned up at the printer's after about a week; we breathed a deep sigh of relief, and went off for the week end.

(To music clerk) "Have you 'dirty hands, dirty face'?"

"Aren't you getting rather personal, sir?"

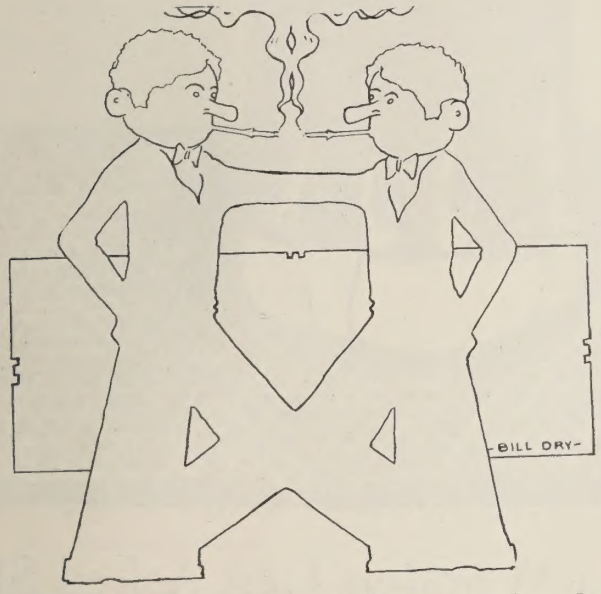
He: "Do you believe in free love?"
She: "No, I like shows and cabarets."

Dear Editor:
I would like to know how old is a woman born in 1898. Also my wife.
Answer: Generally nineteen. As for your wife, she's your problem, thank heaven.

The professor was growing discouraged; his classes were not successful and his students were gradually leaving the class. He must be a failure.

"Alas," he moaned, "if I lose one more pupil, I shall cast myself into the lake and end it all." As the tears rolled down his cheeks, his one glass-eye fell to the floor.

"Damnation" he cried, "I've lost another pupil"—and straightway he drowned himself in the kitchen sink.



He: You know, the weather was clear last night and yet I took a raincoat when I went on my date.
Him: Did it rain?
He: Yep.
Him: Lucky, weren't you?

What was the name of that town we just passed?
I didn't see no town.
You musta been looking over the wrong side of the horse.

A solemn conclave was gathered together. The student council was hearing an important case. Freshman Fred was accused of decorating his room with red wall paper.

"Fred," said the president severely, "didn't your conscience tell you that you were doing wrong?"

"Yes, replied the freshman, "but I don't believe everything I hear!"

"Have you heard the major song?"
"Howzat?"
"Major happy when you made me cry."

Old man: "What's in your jug, son?"
Little Boy: "Cider."
O. M.: "You are carrying it mighty carelessly. Suppose you'd drop it?"
L. B.: "Oh, it wouldn't hurt it much. This is hard cider."

Are You French or is That a Wooden Leg Asked She

Buck, Jr., that "nifty dresser," told this "Hot one" at lodge meeting last Tuesday. There was a stupendous epic of mother love, stupendously conceived by the authoress, Martha Blentz, and carried out by Director Sanfer at the picture show. "Ah," snapped Buck "another Blentz and Sanger (Blood and Sand)." He's a card if there ever was one.

EXTRA!!!

The moon, which had a few moments before bathed the region in silvery light, had now sunk behind an enormous black cloud. All was in darkness, all was quiet. The figure of a man slipped, unseen, along the railing of the bridge, that great concrete structure which linked together the commerce, the industries, and the humanity of two large states. A hungry gleam shone in the eye of the man. He carried in his hand a parcel, tied with a string. Slowly he crept along, making sure he was seen by no one. Finally he reached the middle of the bridge, and swung himself over the railing. Expertly he let himself down hand over hand, holding the parcel in his teeth by the string, until he came to the large concrete abutment which supported the main arch of the bridge. Here, then, was the place. Very carefully he unwrapped the parcel. Once he almost let it drop, and a gasp escaped his lips. Sighing with relief, he laid the contents gently on the abutment. Success was now within his grasp—his revenge was soon to be forthcoming. Little did his victim suspect what the next few minutes held in store for him. His vengeance was the sweeter in that it was so unexpected. This was his supreme moment! Carefully he looked around—no one was in sight. "That assistant night-watchman won't beat me out of any of my lunch tonight," he said, as he sat down and began to eat.

Jobs we'd like to have:

Judge of divorce court in South Carolina.

Highway commissioner of the Sahara.

Dressmaker in the Fiji Islands.

Barber in Moscow.

Night watchman of British empire (on which the sun never sets).

Pork inspector in Jerusalem.

Street cleaner in Venice.

Per: "Were you in good company during your motor-boat trip to Europe?"

Haps: "I should say so! I got to know all the swells on the Atlantic."

Won: "Is the store in which you work a Hebrew establishment?"

Too: "Hell no, the boss is a Jew."

Say, we must be on petticoat street.
Why?
Well, we're on the outskirts of the city.

FAMOUS ELLISES

Havelock —.

—it love.

— Island.

— Q.

H— no lady....

Smart: "Dat boid remoin's me uf a pack of cards."

Crack: "I am sure I sha'n't guess why."

Smart: "Vell, youse soit'ny iss a dum' boid! Don't youse evva hoid hees got four suits."

She: "Oh, George, I've just won a $500 prize for the best article on cruelty of trapping wild animals."

He: "Good; what are you going to do with it?"

She: "Oh, now I can afford a new fur coat!"

NO JOKE IN THIS

"What is a rigger?"

"He is a man that will go aloft on a 20-story building and hang on with one hand for himself and one for the building."

"Skirts are going to be higher this summer."

"Impossible. They are knee plus ultra now."

"I don't wanna box," complained the pugilist. But they laid him away in a coffin just the same.

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, madam, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir."

Male: The scenery's wonderful here, ain't it?

Female: Yeah, and if nothing happens, let's drop around again tomorrow.

DIARY OF A SMALL TOWN UNDERTAKER

Feb. 1: Turned the hose on those Smith kids today. Am praying that pneumonia will set in.

Feb. 5: Wonderful luck! All three of the Smith kids kicked off. Going to try it on those Brown children soon.

Feb. 10: That pie-eating contest of mine didn't turn out so hot. Out of 25 kids, I only got 2. I expect that damned fool of a baker forgot to put the right amount of poison in the pies.

Feb. 12: Dropped bricks off the top of the bank all afternoon. Didn't hit a single person! Must be losing my nerve —Imagine!

Feb. 15: Believe I've hit the right thing at last. Bought a cafe today and hired a cook who never heard the word—conscience.

Feb. 20: Cafe proving wonderful success!! Rushing business! Buried six persons yesterday!

"I'm a mean guy," said the egg-beater. "I beat up the strongest of them."

"You're an angel," replied the arch-supporter. "I've been holding up bad joints all my life."

Mrs. Van Twiller was dressed in deep mourning, for a calamitous disaster had come upon her household. Rosalind, the darling of the family, had suddenly become ill and had died two days before. Now she lay in a tiny white casket in the middle of the room, where admiring visitors came by to look for the last time upon their beloved Rosalind, the joy and the sunshine of the neighborhood. Nevermore would her gay voice be heard, never again would her active little body be seen running to and fro. Brimming with devoted Mother Love, Mrs. Van Twiller leaned over the casket and let the tears roll down her cheeks. Alas! her darling was dead!

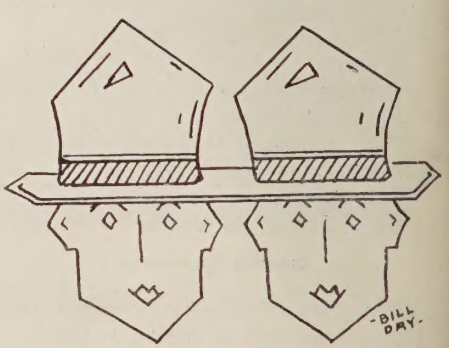
Suddenly a loud knock sounded on the door, and a policeman walked in. "Sorry ma'am," he said, "but you'll have to bury that dog; the neighbors say it's been dead for three days."

Il: "Don't you think it queer that their departures were simultaneous?"

Elle: "Perhaps, but the strangest thing about it is that they left at the same time."

"Girls are going to be more natural this summer."

"They won't have to go far. They are next to nature now."



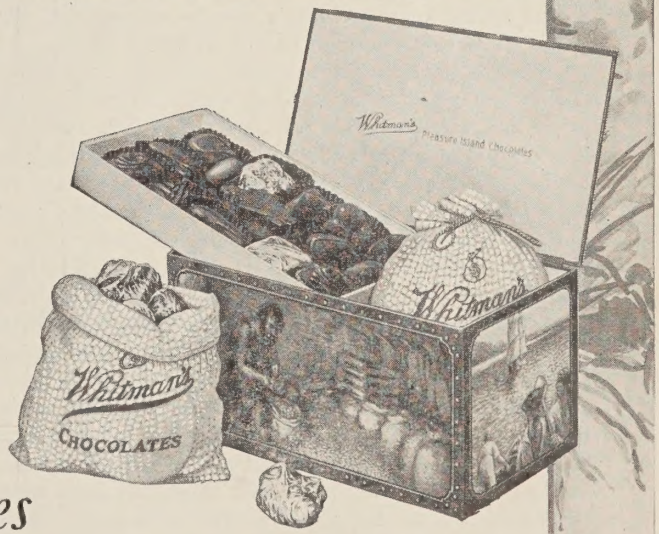
1: Does she have her own way much?

2: I'll say she does. She writes up her diary a week ahead of time.

Pieces of Eight

Exact copies of the old Spanish coin, molded in chocolate and wrapped in silver foil—add to the charm and romance of that delightful treasure trove of sweets —Whitman's Pleasure Island Chocolates.

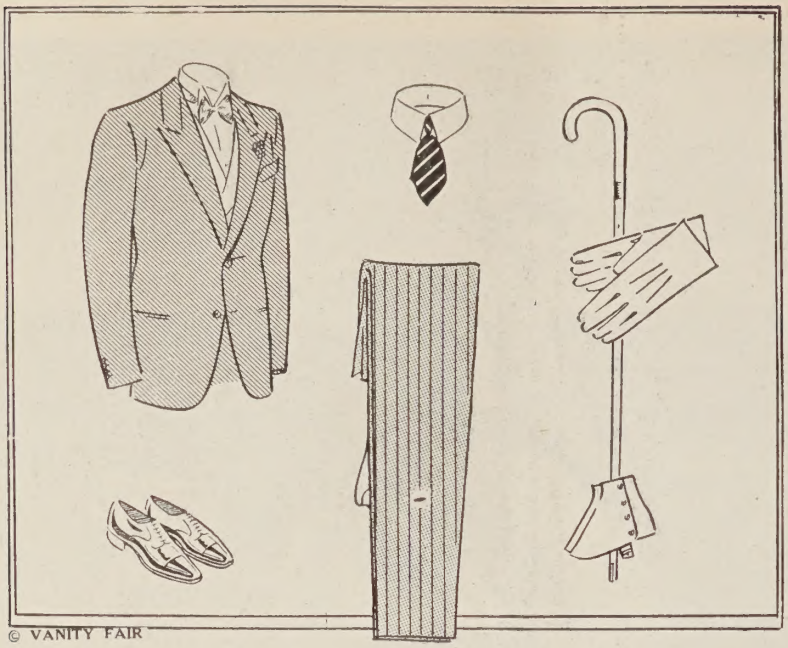
A package that invites the imagination to tropic isles of adventure, while its contents please the palate with the utmost in chocolate fineness and flavor. In one pound and two pound packages.



Whitman's *Chocolates*

WHITMAN'S FAMOUS CANDIES ARE SOLD BY

PATTERSON BROTHERS



© VANITY FAIR

BEFITTING ATTIRE FOR THE BRIDEGROOM OF MODERATE MEANS

There is no doubt in the average man's mind as to what is considered correct in the matter of clothes and accessories for the well-dressed man at a formal wedding, whether it takes place in the daytime or after six o'clock at night. The correct turn-out for the formal day wedding consists of the top-hat, cutaway coat, black-and-white striped or plain gray trousers, black shoes, and a black and white or gray and white tie. At an evening wedding a formal dress suit is correct. Judging from the number of inquiries the editor of this department receives on the subject of correct dress for the informal wedding. The bridegroom-to-be and bride-to-be who have small means do not seem to have a consistent point of view as to the proper attire of the men of the wedding party.

Generally speaking, young people of moderate means should not attempt a wedding so elaborate as to be a burden upon the participants. The keynote of the wedding is established by the bride and her choice of wedding gown. If the bride is to wear the traditional gown of white satin with a long white veil, then the men in the wedding party must be appropriately attired. And being appropriately attired in this case calls for the most formal type of clothing, whether it be a day or an evening wedding. If the men of the wedding party can not afford clothes that are appropriate to the occasion it is up to the bride to forego her predilection for white satin and tulle and choose a simple going-away gown. In that event, of course, there are no ushers, since the wedding would take place in the presence of only the immediate members of the families and the most intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. A dark sack suit would be appropriate for the bridegroom if he did not wear the combination of short black jacket and striped trousers. Extreme simplicity is always considered the best taste, but when a wedding is planned along simple lines, the simplicity of the wedding attire of the bridal party becomes an absolute necessity. Not that this means a somber effect, because the gala effect can be achieved in the simplest wedding by means of the bride's bouquet, the boutonnieres in the jackets of the men, and their neckties, which should be gray and black or black and white silk.

If you are interested in any question of etiquette or dress write "The Well-Dressed Man" care the BUCCANEER *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.*

(Copyright 1927 by Vanity Fair)

HOW TO BE AN UNDERTAKER

Costume:

One stove pipe hat.
One long coat.
Pants.
Gloves.
Shirt (with or without collar.)
(All the above should be some dark color such as, dark green or blue.)

Expression:

Gloomy is to be used this spring.

Directions:

Twist the left side of the nose to the right, look cross-eyed, and at the same time shape the lips as if you were about to pronounce the word "sacramfivicocrus."

Conversation:

This consists of a few forms of greeting, such as: "I'll get you yet, big-boy."

"Oh, how I long for you!"

"Some day *YOU* are going to die!"

While saying the above, leer at the person whom you are addressing at the same time rub your hands together and smack your lips.

Business:

Be a "go getter."
Effective Means of Go-Getting:
Shooting.
Arsenic.
Bichloride of mercury.
Iodine.
Automobile accidents(?)

Abba: "Do you know my wife went to Italy?"
Dabba: "Florence?"
Abba: "No, Adeline."

"I wonder why the singer looked insulted."
"No wonder in it. The exit lights came on while she was singing."

"How do so many boys get killed in football games?"
"They kick off."

For four years running, America's fastest-growing cigarette

A natural tobacco goodness that men find in no other cigarette.

Chesterfield

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Does Mush Fiction Bore You?

© Vanity Fair

HAVE you a hate on the happy ending? Have you convictions on style? Does the talk go on until the small hours of the morning in your rooms about how to write?

Then you will like Vanity Fair.

Celebrated satirists and essayists write for Vanity Fair, unhampered by having to cater to a million G-6 intelligences. Masters of the art of impression—such as Paul Morand, Ferenc Molnar, Sherwood Anderson—contribute stretches of jeweled language. The younger poets are in its pages—first.

Every Issue Contains

Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard the dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies — if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. College preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notorieties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, amateur and professional; turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

Motor Cars: Speed, safety, smartness, as last conceived in Europe and America. Salons and shows. Many pictures.

World Affairs: The field of politics, foreign and domestic. Intimate sketches of pilots of various Ships of State.

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VANITY FAIR lives in the midst of Art and Life. Whatever is new in any of the arts—literature, music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the movies — gravitates naturally into Vanity Fair's pages.

Whenever there is a new technique, a new trend of thought, a new school of brilliant young rebels, it is noted, weighed, and measured in the pages of the current Vanity Fair.

World affairs are also covered. Sports are chronicled—particular attention is paid to golf. Bridge is discussed in its most intricate technicalities by experts.

Clothes as worn by gentlemen in London and New York are reviewed — considerable space being devoted to the best type of thing worn in leading colleges. News of the night clubs appears.

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Sign, tear off and mail the coupon now!

VANITY FAIR
Greenwich, Conn.

Yes, I will sacrifice a dollar on the shrine of Apollo. Start my subscription at once, please.

Name.....

Address.....

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF GRIND

Feb. 1, 1927.

My entire day was devastated, for my Latin instructor was absent and I had no opportunity to read those wonderful odes of Horace. I tried reciting them in Latin to my roommate last night, but he was so unmannerly as to hurl his shoe at me. To think that anyone could be so vulgar as not to appreciate that sublime verse!

Feb. 3, 1927.

I was busily engaged in the Library this afternoon translating Ovid. Just when I had reached a most inspiring passage, that little blonde flapper who flirts so outrageously on English class, came up to me and asked if I were going to the dance tonight. "Indeed, my dear young lady," I said, "I have more worthy and more profitable means of spending my leisure time"—I had already planned to read a most interesting book on "The Philosophy of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer."

Feb. 6, 1927.

Last night my roommate tried to entice me into attending a basketball game, but I most emphatically told him that I considered the game most unrefined and really quite nauseating and that I preferred to delve into the delightful perplexities of advanced physics. Poor fellow, his finite mind can never hope to attune itself to the sensibilities of my soul. There are times when I feel sure that no one really understands me save those good friends whom I meet in books. If only Aristotle or Cicero were now alive, I know they would appreciate the subtleties of such an intellect as mine.

Feb. 9, 1927.

I have decided not to keep a diary any longer for it takes too much time from my beloved studies.

Ho! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum; fifty men on a dead man's chest.

Ho! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum; fifty dead men all abreast.

Abie, vat are you doink in dere?

Poppa, I'm sweating.

Sweating?

Yeh, I'm sweating all da doity flies.

The sweetest pipe in the world

You may like a kick in your punch bowl—but your pipe bowl must be mild. Milano qualifies.

All smart shapes. Smooth finish, $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all *"insured"* for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

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"The Insured Pipe"
"It's a W D C"
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No. 1739
A university favorite.
Has smart, long stem.

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Tailored-to-order
CLOTHES

These clothes are distinguished from the commonplace in every detail of style, fabric and workmanship

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STUDENTS' STORE

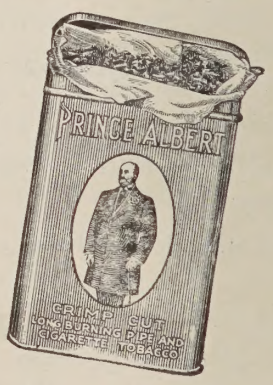
"P. A." letters of recommendation!

EXPERIENCED pipe-smokers from Cape Lisburne to Cape Sable (get out your map of North America!) recommend P. A. to you as the finest tobacco that ever lined the bowl of a pipe. You'll check-in with their recommendation.

Why, the instant you swing back the hinged lid on the tidy red tin, your olfactory nerve registers a fragrance like that of a pine-grove on a damp morning. And when you tuck a load of this wonderful tobacco into your pipe — say, Mister!

Cool as Cape Lisburne, mentioned above. Sweet as the plaudits of a first-night audience. Mild as morning in Cape Sable. (That's working-in the old geography!) Mild, yet with a full tobacco body that completely satisfies your smoke-taste. Buy some Prince Albert today and *make the test!*

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Sunday School Teacher: "And why did Noah take two of each animal into the ark?"

Bright Child: "Because he didn't believe the story about the stork" —*Punch Bowl.*

• • •

"Most girls would love to go to a house party."

"Yes, that's how most of them get there." —*Gaboon.*

• • •

1st Assassin: "And why is cream more expensive than milk?"

2d Facisti: "That's easy, it's harder for the cow to sit down on the little bottle." —*Williams Purple Cow.*

• • •

Judge: "What's the charge?"

Cop: "Impersonating an officer, your Honor, he took a couple of bananas from a fruit stand. —*Purple Cow.*

• • •

King: "Rumor has it that the Prime Minister was shot at sunrise."

Queen: "I wouldn't doubt it my dear, he was half shot when I saw him at midnight." —*Purple Parrot.*

• • •

Kid: "Oh dammit."

Preacher: "Don't you talk that way. It makes my blood run cold."

Kid: "It does. Well you oughta been here when sis stubbed her toe, you'd froze to death." —*Whirlwind.*

• • •

Doctor: "It's a girl, professor"

A. M. P.: "Sh! my wife's in the room!" —*Sniper.*

• • •

Visitor: "I'd like to see the movie director."

Stenog: "Sorry, but he's on a hunting trip."

Visitor: "Hunting?"

Stenog: "Yes, he said he was going to shoot some scenes in the mountains." —*Red Cat.*

• • •

Preacher (reading text): "I am alpha and omega."

Absent Minded Greek: "What chapter, brother, what chapter?" —*Puppet.*

"Well, Bob, it's five minutes past two. What's the story going to be?"

"Oh, I'll tell her we had a blowout."

"That would never get past my wife. She knows I use Kelly-Springfields."

George Jean Nathan

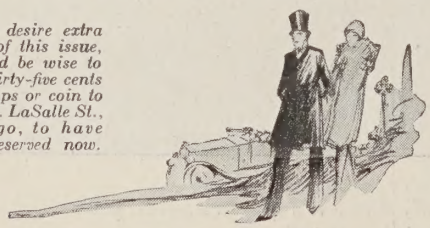
The feature of the next, the April issue, is the first of a series of articles by George Jean Nathan. It carries on a collaboration with H. L. Mencken, some years ago.

Very directly and with no chicanery whatever it lists a great number of different articles in the philosophical faith of the American people—ranging from the doctrine that the philoprogenitive instinct in rabbits is so intense that the alliance of two normal ones is productive of 265 offspring in one year, to the doctrine that if one puts a hair from a horse's tail into a bottle of alcohol it will in due time turn into a snake.

The New American Credo

All of it done in the sparkling manner that has for so long a time been associated with that sparkling name, *George Jean Nathan!*

If you desire extra copies of this issue, it would be wise to send thirty-five cents in stamps or coin to 1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to have them reserved now.



College Humor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

"Look heah, niggah, you's cheating on me."
"Black man, ah ain't cheating on you."
"Yes, you is; ah neveh dealt you that ace." —*Wasp.*

• • •

Traffic Cop: "Did you blow your horn?"
Motorist: "No, why? Does it look like it needed blowing?"
—*Frivol.*

• • •

Prohi: "Hey, boy, where'll I find lingerie?"
Phillip of France: "Look under dresses." —*Pelican.*

• • •

Customer (at corner grocery store, very much in a hurry) "Quickly, please, give me a large mouse trap. I want to catc the bus." —*Collegiate Witt.*

• • •

"Lights!" shouted the director, and the two stars cam out." —*Red Cat.*

• • •

And here is another one about the golf game between th Jew and the Scotchman. It seems that the Jew had a sun stroke at the eighth hole, and the Scotchman made him coun it. —*Awgwan.*

• • •

Ain't it tough,
Girls?
When you cuddle close
To the boy friend,
And run your soft
Finger
Upward along his
Cheek,
Ain't it tough? —*Mercury.*

• • •

Landlady: "I think you had better board elsewhere."
Boarder: "Yes, I often had."
Landlady: "Often had what?"
Boarder: "Had better board elsewhere."
—*Voo Doo.*

Fraternity initiation prospects are assuming the usual angle. —*Stone Mill.*

• • •

Youngster (in theater): "When do the Indians come in?"
Mother: "Why, there are no Indians in this show."
Youngster: "Well, mother, who scalped all the men in the first row then?" —*Sun Dial.*

• • •

Cat: "I see that Mable has a new dress."
Tom: "Yes, she made it from odds and ends."
Cat: "Well, it's odd where it ends." —*Stone Mill.*

• • •

"I hope you behaved yourself last night, my darling daughter."
"Yes, mother, I obeyed the golden rule."
"How?"
"I did unto others as I wanted them to do unto me."
—*Burr.*

• • •

If a young man is thrilled to see a girl walk along the street, it may be love, or it may be a windy day. —*Burr.*

• • •

Sophocles: "Do you play golf?"
Pericles: "Yes, as a matter of course."
Soffie: "Do you play with knickers?"
Perrie: "No, only with white people."
—*Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

Frosh: "Make a sentence with the word soup in it."
Soph: "We had soup for dinner." —*Tiger.*

• • •

Judge, to prisoner: "You admit hitting this man."
Prisoner: "Yes, sir."
Judge: "What was the motive, please?"
Prisoner: "He slandered my wife."
Judge: "What did he say?"
Prisoner: "Well, he said he couldn't understand how a man as brave as I would marry a woman who always had cold feet." —*Pointer.*

• • •

First Convict: "I'm a student of philosophy."
Second Convict: "I don't have to be; I only got twenty years." —*Lehigh Burr.*

The CLASS of '27!

Learbury
Authentic Styled College Clothes

To be had at
Markham-Rogers Company
Durham, N. C.

Barry: **"I've got the finest barber in the world but—"**

Moore: **"But—what?"**

Barry: **"But—well, if he'd only get on to LIFE SAVERS, I'd remember him in my will!"**

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

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"Craftbuilt Printing"

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DURHAM . NORTH CAROLINA

Attorney: "And where did you see him milking the cow?"
Witness: "A little past the center." —*Witt.*

• • •

"I hear Jones is a Harvard Phi Beta."
"That's nothing. I got a Yale key myself."
—*Red Cat.*

• • •

When you first looked
At this group of words,
You may possibly have
Thought it was poetry.

But it is fairly certain
That by this time
You will have completely
Changed your mind.

Isn't it funny how people
Will keep right on
When they know darn well
They're being fooled?

—Cannon Bawl.

• • •

Roll up your hose, girls, the fire's over.
—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

2nd Year: "Well, Gertie, in order to keep being popular we've got to do either of two things."
2nd Ditto: "What's that?"
2nd Year: "Either neck the old boys or play up to the freshmen." —*Texas Ranger.*

• • •

"This vacation I'm going home and spend all my time ice skating, skiing, and necking."
"Where do you live?"
"Miami, Florida." —*Punch Bowl.*

• • •

Femme: "What's a 'keen blind drag'?"
Kaydet: "Don't ask me, I have never seen one."
—*Pointer.*

• • •

She: "Well, if I give you just one kiss will you promise never to ask for another?"
He: "You should know more about your kisses than I do." —*Bean Pot.*

$30,000 in cash prizes

Drink Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

Coming

A contest college men ought to win

Watch for Coca-Cola advertising, presenting the $30,000 Coca-Cola prize contest—beginning the first week in May and continuing for three months—

In a number of leading national magazines, in many newspapers, in posters, outdoor signs, soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations.

You'll find this contest simple and interesting.

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10

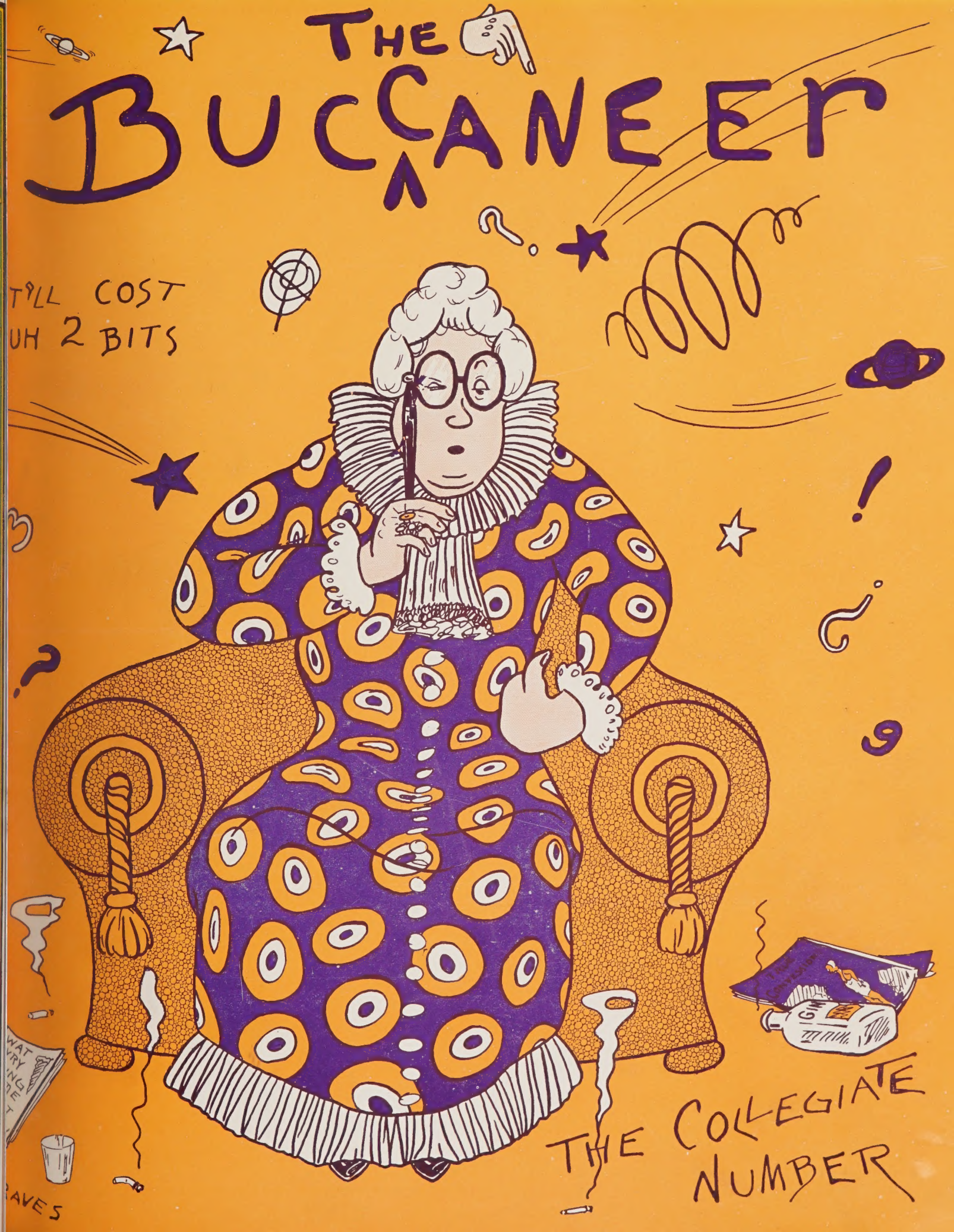
A total of 635 prizes, $30,000

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Toasting brings out the hidden
flavor of the world's finest tobaccos.
A combination millions can't resist.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"


THE
BUCCANEER
TILL COST
UH 2 BITS
THE COLLEGIATE
NUMBER

Close Harmony

Half and Half

Quality

15¢

THE FIRST DIFFERENT SMOKING TOBACCO IN A GENERATIO

The new edition of What Every Young Girl Ought to
w has been renamed, we understand, What Every Young
Knows by This Time. —*Princeton Tiger.*

• • •

?unch: "She wears too thin skirts, don't you think?"
Judy: "No, only one." —*Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

?ather: "Your new little brother has just arrived."
?ery modern child: "Where did he come from?"
?ather: "From a far away country."
?. M. C.: "Another damned alien." —*Texas Ranger.*

• • •

Taxi, theater, menu, tips—*debit side,*
Helen's eyes and Helen's lips—*Credit side*
So I write;
Does it balance for tonight?
Helen's eyes were laughing stars,
Helen's lips a rose. . .
Does it balance? hardly, quite!
When I write.
Taxi, theater, menu, tips—*debit side,*
Helen's eyes and Helen's lips—*credit side!*
—*Boston Beanpot.*

• • •

:op: "So she proved untrue to you, eh?"
ite: "Yes, she went back to her husband."
—*Brown Jug.*

• • •

: "My girl is so tepid she held an egg in her hand, and
ed two chicks from it."
ter: "Kelvinate, boy, kelvinate, my girl walked up to a
nd kissed it. Yes, sir: it took thirty-seven men to put
e forest fire." —*Punch Bowl.*

• • •

tan (to sinner): "I really can't understand you freez-
wn here in Hell!"
ner: "S-S-say, y-you don't know the w-w-w-woman that
l my being here, brrrrrrrr!" —*Jester.*

Why Waste Another Vacation?

See France—and Europe

At no greater cost than staying at Home

TOWER and spire—a blaze of liquid gold threaded with the lustrous ribbon of the Loire—the chateau country. Flowery slopes like banners flaunting in the wind—jasmine and the murmuring palm—the blue, blue sea—the Riviera. Mountain castles and silvery bells that sing—Provence.

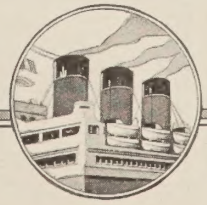
Deauville, Dinard, Le Locquet—with all the smart world playing its glittering comedy. Paris—the heart of gayety—races, cafes, theatres aflower with the newest fashions. All of France, from the pale gold sands of Picardy to the foam laced Mediterranean lies at the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world".

Have you realized that you can go to France—this summer—for **$177**—round trip?—Tourist III Class of the French Line. Charming people, a gay good time crossing. Individual cabins—salons for cards, smoking and dancing—an orchestra, too. And the spirit of France ministers to you the moment you step aboard—with its courteous service, its delicious cuisine.

You dock at Le Havre de Paris. No transferring to tenders. The gangplank leads to the waiting boat train—three hours through lovely Normandy—and Paris . . . terminus to all the Capitols and playgrounds of the Continent

French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or Tourist Office, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City



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CLOTHES

These clothes are distinguished from
the commonplace in every detail of
style, fabric and workmanship

Sold by
The Book Exchange
STUDENTS' STORE

A group of tourists were looking into the crater of Vesuvius and were amazed at the boiling mass.

"Ain't that just like hell?" exclaimed an American.

"Ah, zee Americans!" remarked a Frenchman. "Where have zey not been." —*Stone Mill.*

• • •

"Why is a debutante like a letter?"

"Because she has received the stamp of public approval and is ready for the male." —*Log.*

• • •

"There's a wonderful echo about here," said the guide to the man who was walking in the Lake District, "but you have to shout very loud. Now you just yell, "Two pints of beer!"

The man shouted and then listened.

"I hear no echo," said he.

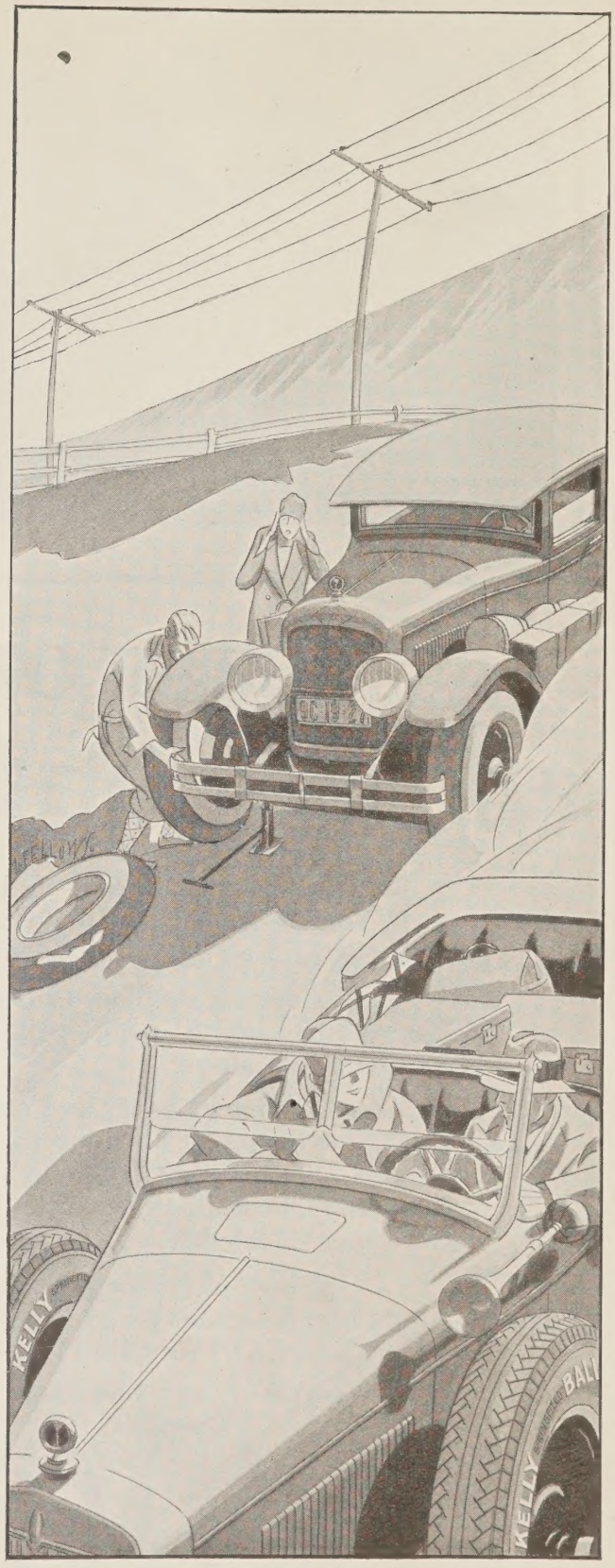
"Oh well," said the guide, "Here comes the inn-keeper with our beer anyway." —*Tit-Bits.*

• • •

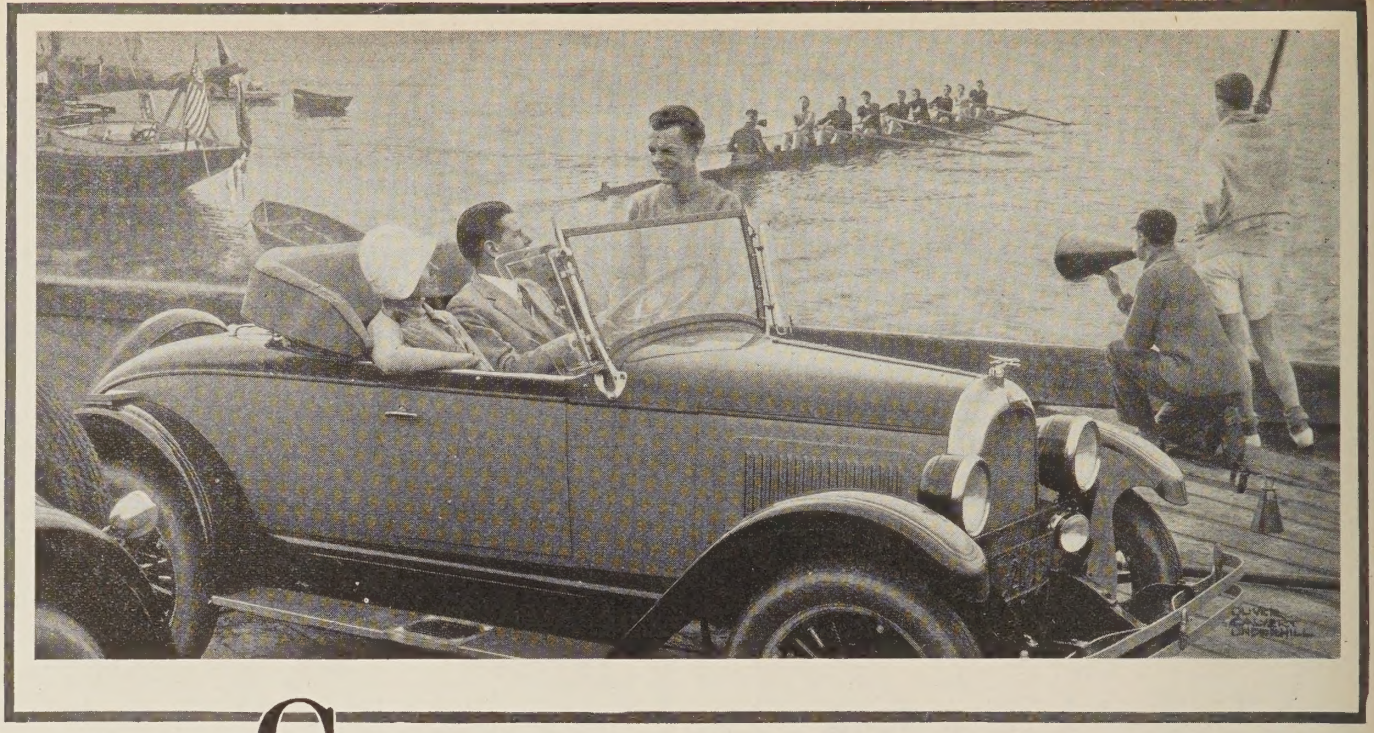
Dash: "Guess I'll req. for a new mattress."

Pot: "Elucidate."

Dash: "Sent mine to the laundry last week—thought it was a sheet." —*Log.*



"That reminds me of the old days before we changed to Kelly-Springfields."



Easy on the eyes and easy on the pocketbook

HERE'S a real sport car—full of pep, get-up-and-go. Easy to look at—and easy on the old bank roll.

A car of flashing, dashing, brilliant performance. With a big thrill in every mile you drive.

55 miles an hour in safety and comfort. 5 to 30 miles an hour in 13 seconds. Quick as a cat. The Whippet eases through traffic before a clumsy car can get started.

4-Wheel Brakes

Safe! Big, powerful 4-wheel brakes stop this car in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour. Just drive this Roadster. See how it holds the road.

Here's just the car you've always wanted and waited for. A comfortable dickie seat provides ample room for two additional passengers—makes this Collegiate Roadster *ideal* for vacation driving.

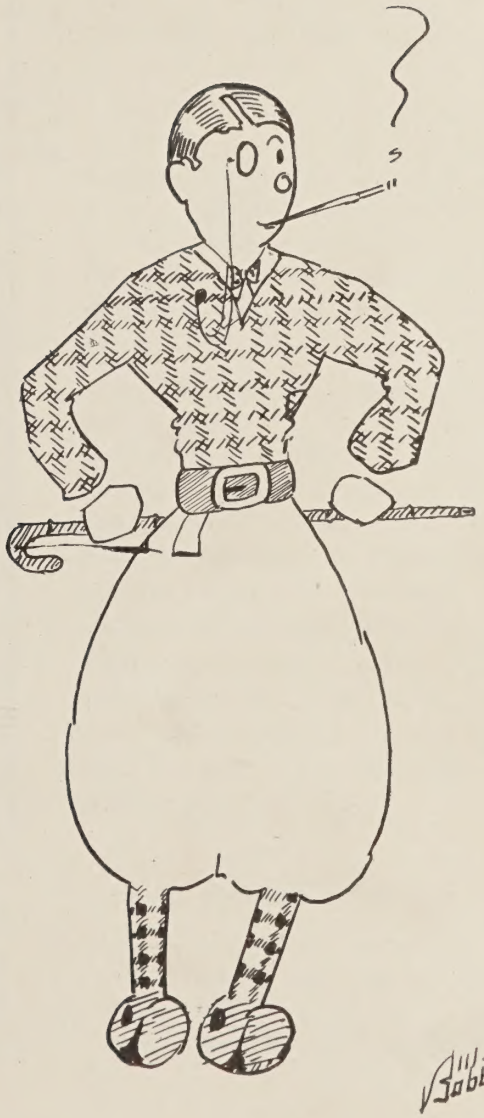
And the price is remarkably low. Only $695 f. o. b. factory. Better write Dad today, and arrange to drive a Whippet Collegiate Roadster during your summer vacation. And mother'll probably want one for herself!

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

OVERLAND *Whippet*

COLLEGIATE ROADSTER

WITH 4-WHEEL BRAKES


Sabbitt

ANTI-EVOLUTION

Two ants fell out in the ante-room
When showers were anticipated
And fought amidst the anthracite
With swords in fashion antiquated.

Said one, "I saw you with my aunt
Whose antennae you fondly kissed.
Your antics scarcely fit the name
You claim of anti-feminist."

The other said, "your anthem bold
Some anthropoidal plaint might be;
For me the only antidate
Is found in fierce antipathy."

And so they fought like antelopes
Whose antlered heads are vastly prized—
Two ants with antiseptic swords,
Both angry and antagonized.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 7

The most futile thing in the world—a college graduate looking for a job.

First villager: "They must be having one of them thar masquerade parties to-night."

Second villager: "Naw they ain't. That's only Hank Slocum's son what's been off to college."

"Oh how I miss you to-night," said the champion spitter as he lost the National Cuspidor Championship.

"Mother, what are all those tramps doing down town?"

"They aren't tramps, dear. It's a convention of college professors."

She: "I see that you and your chorus girl friend have separated."

He: "Yes, her grandson stopped me from going to see her."

She: "Who is that with Ethel?"

Her: "I think it's a college boy."

She: "I don't think so; he looks too intelligent."

He: "See that tree over there?"
Chaperon: "Yes."
He: "Oh Hell! she's not blind."

NEW MASSES

Pity the poor woiking man. Look at the picture on the left. The artist has portrayed here a typical factory hand's humble cottage. It is a puzzle picture. Is it raining or snowing or is that smoke? Is it night or day or is it winter?

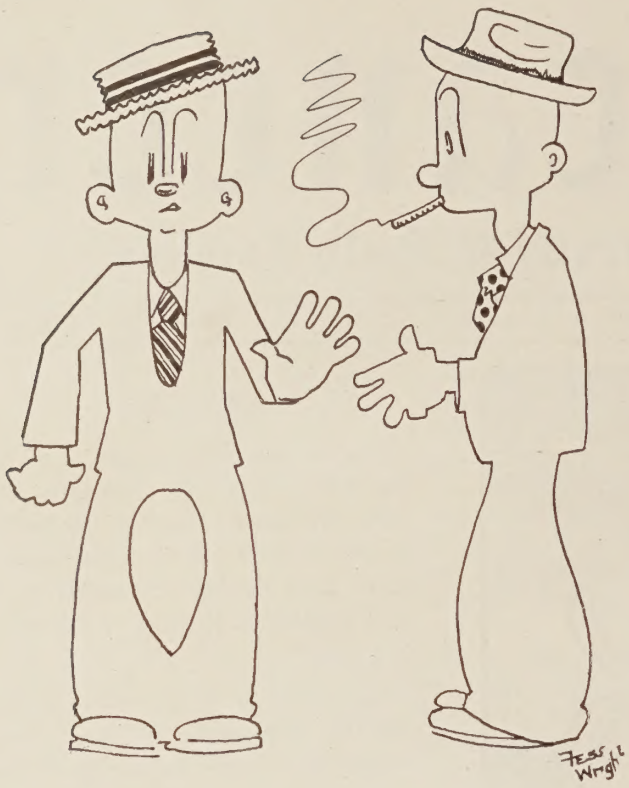
This house is the birthplace of the Fascisti movement. We have been wondering whether the movement was a dance step or a child of Pluto. It may be a result of a soap shortage in Italian laundries or it might be an advance in the price of coal. Who knows?

Since the beginning of time, life has been a puzzle. The theory of evolution may have started here. Anyway, the place looks as if something had ended up there. Perhaps it was a cyclone or a Missouri mule. Perhaps Abe Lincoln was born in the house for there are no negroes around.

If there were a fire behind the mountains, we should call the fire department. But perhaps the rain from the cloud will put it out. Who knows? Who knows?

Ed: "I thought you were to marry Jack last night."

Co-ed: "Impossible. Had a date with Bill."



Has your girl any intelligence?
Well, she can't read a line but she's well educated.

"Mother, what kind of a ball game does Daddy play at his office?"

"Why, none, of course."

"Yes, he does. I heard him tell the stenographer not to make the high-balls so strong."

If summer comes thermometers will be higher.

Old Lady (trying to take a nap): "Do you know what becomes of little boys who make noise while other people are trying to sleep?"

Little Boy: "Yes'm, they become college professors and teach eight-thirty classes."

He: "Why doncha join a fraternity?"

Him: "The doctor told me to get plenty of sleep every night."

First Pirate: "What is an optimist?"

Second ditto: "A man who enters college and takes with him a frame for his diploma."

Lady: "I want a pair of oversize hosiery."

Salesman: "Yes lady, here's a pair that I'd like to see you try on."

"What a novel idea!" said the dumb one as she read the latest bit of fiction.

He: "Jack sure has worked himself up."

She: "How?"

He: "He used to have a job scrubbing floors, now he's washing windows."

Girl at employment agency: "Is there a position open for a stenographer?"

"Do you smoke, curse or neck?"

"No."

"We can probably place you in the antique shop."

Is May a good girl?

Yes, indeed. After the wedding she forgot she was married and slapped her husband when he tried to kiss her.

Are you sure this is a good book?
Certainly. It's already been suppressed.

I say, old deah, do you neck?

If I don't, how do you suppose I came to this house party, on my face?

Well, if you did, you sure came over a helluva rough road.

"Who was that college boy I saw you with last night?"

"That wasn't a college boy. That was a gentleman."

"How does your new cigarette lighter work?"

"Fine. I can light it with one match now."

"I can't understand how that fellow gets a new hat every week."

"That's easy, you see he eats in a restaurant."

ONLY A CLASSMATE

A pale moon's yellow boutonniere threw its fitful gloom upon a campus fraught with fear. Through the gloom sped two wavering shapes—up a path, past this Hall and that Bldg., into the Library, down a path, etc. The fugitive was faltering, but the hunter never wavered. Straight into the Chapel they went—a hopeless *cul-de-sac*. The victim turned to defend himself in the hopeless fight against a fate worse than death. But what does it matter? The end is near.

The maniac rushed forward, peering with triumphant curiosity into the half-averted face of his innocent prey. What say, old man? Wha' did ya get on Math last quarter?

Speaking about boxing, Grimm's Funeral Home does excellent work.

Question: Does the deceased leave any relatives?

Answer: Yes; a widow and a stenographer.

"Do you know why chapel has been discontinued?"

"No. Why?"

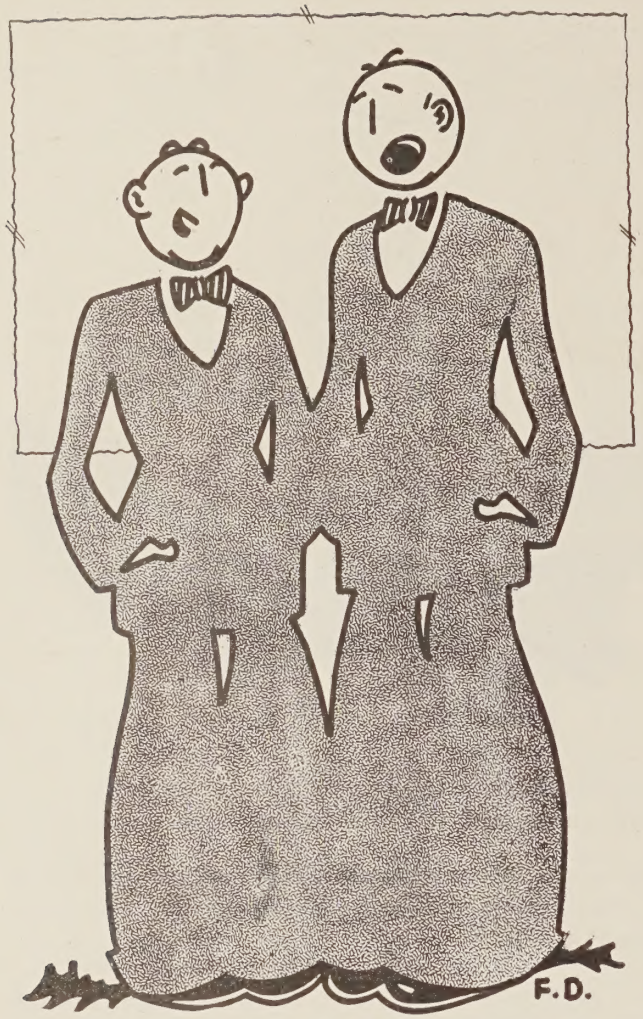
"A visiting divine looked the student body over, and then prayed for the college."

Lady: "My dear man, I think you had better take a trolley home."

Soak: "Thash no use. My wife wouldn't let me take the damn thing in the house."

"That boy certainly is careful with his car."

"Well, you see, it's paid for."



Did you hear about Francis getting shot?
Really, where?
He got three pounds at the hardware store.

FILE THIS ONE!!!

"I'm all wrought up," said the piece of iron.
"That's all right, but don't lose your temper," cried the steel.

First six-year-old: "When I grow up I'm going to be a street car conductor."

Second six-year-old: "When I grow up I'm going to be advance agent for Abie's Irish Rose."

"For crying out loud," said the angry parent as he heaved the baby out the window.

DETERMINATION

Freshman:

"I'm going to study hard these four years and prepare myself for life. Drinking, gambling, and necking are not going to prevent me from getting a diploma."

Sophomore:

"Back to the old grind once more. I slipped up a little on my studies last year, but I'll do better this time. No more liquor, poker, and parties this year."

Junior:

"Two more years in the old hole—and then a diploma, that is, if I ever pass that math and get these two courses of Physics off. I must slow up on the poker liquor and gambling."

Senior:

"One more year! I wont get a diploma after all, but just watch my smoke when I get out of college! I sure do hope that I can find the same boot-legger I had last year!"

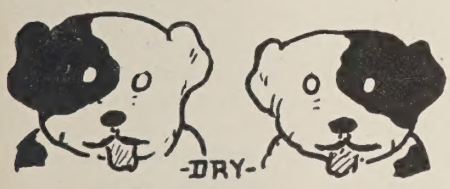
"Is Herbert much of a social success?"

"You bet, he can eat garlic and then still be the most popular boy at the party."

Was the house party much of a success?
No indeed, one lip-stick lasted me two weeks.

BROWN DERBY

In this number, I take it, (by the way, I don't wear a red necktie so don't misconstrue) we are supposed to be collegiate but how the devil the editor expects us to get that way when we are really in college is more than I can imagine. However, we've seen one or two collegiate movies and that may help some. We're glad to say here and now, though, that after seeing some of these so-called college pictures, we're damned glad that we never were forced to attend college. It must be a terrible ordeal. Imagine—going to a place where one is supposed to study and then doing nothing but tear around and get oiled 'n everything. Oh, well, all of us can't get in the big swim.



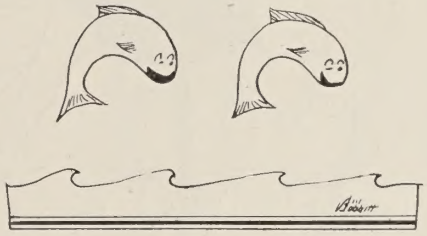
Dropped by the Bull's Head the other day and picked up a little volumn called *Plato's American Republic*. One of the something-or-other library series by a bird called Woodruff who's thoroughly ac inted with his vegetables. The little book is brilliant and humorous satire and before us the American public rides on gilded chariots so pointedly depicted by the author's typewriter. (We must be modern). I didn't have the ninety-five cents—I think that is what the book is worth—well, it's worth more but it can be bought for about that and it's not second-hand, either, but I didn't have the necessary change so I just sat down and perused a few of the scintillating pages. I cried three handkerchief's full of tears and the old bird what runs the shop had to take the book away from me by force or else I'd have cried myself as dry as a desert.

Speaking of being collegiate, one of our very interesting co-eds sent us a letter the other day:

I just adore college boys and when I heard that the Buccaneer was going to put out a Collegiate's Number, I just thrilled all over. (humph) College boys are all so very nice and every one I've ever known has said such adorable things. They're so witty. (humph) And not one has ever taken an unfair advantage of me, we always come to a complete understanding whenever we date and I think that's so manly in college boys. (?) Now just the other day a boy asked me for a date and when I had given it to him he asked me if I necked and I told him *of course not*. (?) And to show how thoughtful they are, that afternoon he called me and said that his parents were in town and that he could not fill his date. Now wasn't that nice of him? (*) I certainly am looking forward to the Collegiate Number and I *know* it will be good. (?) By the way, I'd love to meet the staff. (?)

Those parenthetical notes are by the editor, Jr. Now wouldn't all you fellows like to meet this nice girl?

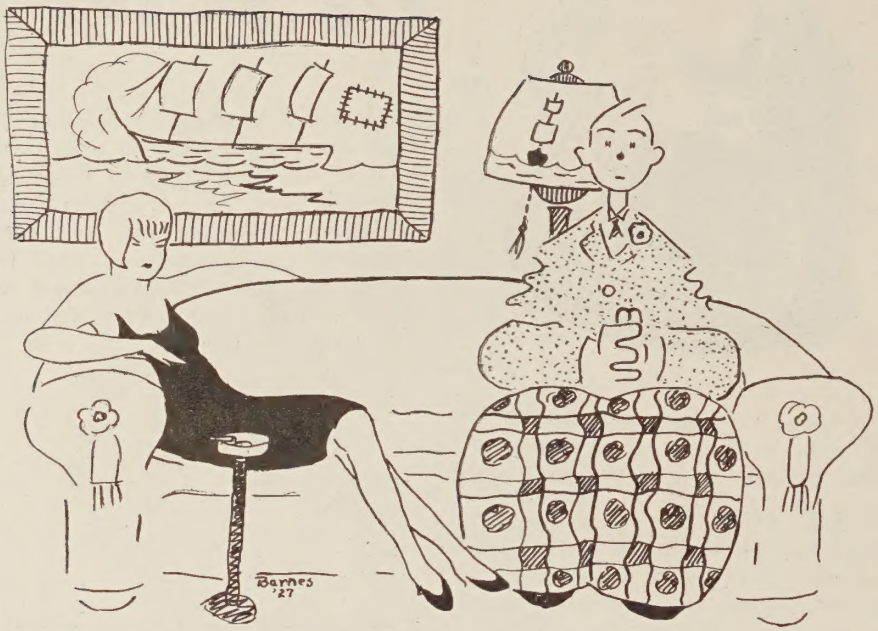
Was in a sporting store the other day and overheard quite a conversation. It all goes to prove that all the dumb ones are not dead yet, although these motorists are trying pretty hard. Well, I was standing around fooling with the fish-hooks and pup-tents when in came a seedy looking individual and looked around as if he had lost something and was ashamed to ask for it. Finally a clerk came up to him and asked him what he wanted. "I'd like a couple of golf balls," said the man. "Gwan," said the clerk, "you can't pull any wise cracks like that around here." And he walked off. Now that clerk should be fired. Just see what he done, Virginia. Lost a perfectly good sale.



Was listening to the radio the other night and picked up a good programme from Florida, Jacksonville, I think it was, and broadcasted from the new George Washington hotel. Now we don't mean to circulate turpitudinous (pardon) and insinuating remarks but a hotel by the name of George Washington is certainly out of place in Florida. Anyway, the laurels go to the orchestra. During the dance the Sheik was played and a vocal chorus included these words, "static static static"—all that was static so we couldn't hear but the three words make the meter—is a powerful sheik, likes his liquor strong and his women weak." We pass it on to you. Three cheers for the land of oranges and lots of water. Pardon our pun, we mean well.

Speaking of policemen reminds me of an incident. The other day, my good friend Walt got pinched for speeding and he knew that if he took me along, the judge would let him off. He knew the judge and I were good friends, as we had been on many a party together.

(*Continued on page 22*)



Newly: John said he wished us a happy future.
Wed: The tight-wad. I bet he didn't mention a present.

MRS. BYNG FITZ-MORRIS CORRESPONDS

"What do I absolutely have to do, today?" Mrs. Byng Fitz-Morris inquired as she donned her dainty morning apparel.

"There are the checks for the Orphan's Saloon League and the Anti-Samovar Russian Destitution Society to be signed," replied her secretary hesitantly.

"Come, now," smiled Mrs. Fitz-Morris bitterly, "I feel that you are holding something from me. You fear that my strength is not equal to it; is it not so?"

"There is the personal letter to your sister, the Countess Jane," said the secretary in her weakest, most conciliatory voice.

Mrs. Byng Fitz-Morris collapsed upon the nearest over-stuffed chair and nearly shattered a conspicuous bit of Chartres.

"Don't call anyone in," she breathed, "I-I'll be better in a moment." Barely turning her head, she managed to signal to the maid. "Countermand my orders for the cerise Rolls, please." Then to the secretary, reproachful, yet gentle, "You should have warned me."

"I didn't know," the secretary almost sobbed.

"You knew how I dislike writing personal letters," Mrs. Fitz-Morris said, and as a feverish light appeared in her eyes, "Prepare my escritoire, tell Mr. Fitz-Morris that I shall need him at home this morning, and let the children's nurses know that I must have absolute quiet."

The secretary and Mr. Byng Fitz-Morris stood nervously watching Mrs. Fitz-Morris tap the point of her rose-colored fountain pen upon the polished surface of her lovely escritoire.

"Remember that I am standing by, dear," whispered Mr. Fitz-Morris diffidently. A slight frown was the only response.

"What do you think the salutation should be," questioned Mrs. Fitz-Morris.

"Dear Countess Jane," suggested the secretary.

"Wait!" shouted Mr. Fitz-Morris, glad to be of assistance. "I'll call the president of my bank. He's awfully good at this sort of thing." The first footman quickly secured the number. "Joe, how would you address a letter to Mrs. Fitz-Morris's sister?" Mr. Fitz-Morris asked the president eagerly.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Fitz-Morris.

"I don't think he was right," muttered Byng, feeling that his suggestion had turned out badly. "He said 'Dear Madam.'"

Only quick action with the smelling salts by the secretary saved the situation.

"You have no sympathy, Mr. Fitz-Morris," said his wife in a small but deadly voice.

"I'm going to say 'My dearest sister'," announced Mrs. Fitz-Morris after a painful interval.

From that point the letter progressed slowly. Mr. Fitz-Morris was content to stand by without offering further suggestions. Finally it was finished and handed to the secretary to be read aloud. She did so:

"My dearest sister:

The weather has been atrocious. Three of the footmen left without giving notice while we were in the Bahamas. I have, miraculously, survived the winter with only two serious attacks. Byng is very much occupied with his clubs. I wish that you could have spent a short time with us.

Your affectionate sister."

"Perfect!" admitted Mr. Fitz-Morris.

"And now bring me a blotter." Mrs. Fitz-Morris was sitting limply in her chair. Even Byng could see that she was nearly exhausted.

(*Continued on page 22*)

Cico: Lend me a pin.
Cyrano: Sorry, but I button.

BOOK BANTER

Elmer Gantry— Ode to a church steeple.
Canterbury Tales—Spelling not so hot.
Ulysses— Ask the man who owns one.
When a Man's a Man or The Re-creation of Brian Kent or The Winning of Barbara Worth or anything by Harold Bell Wright—Aw, Hell!
Three Weeks—Invited to tea, young man stays for breakfast.
Don Juan—Cf. Barrymore (John) in current cinema.
Travels with a Donkey— Not so swift.
The Heptameron of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre —Boccaccio's broad little sister.
Pippa Passes—No bid.
Venus and Tannhauser—A regular carriage wrecker.

From what we hear the blondes are not so particular.

Newcomer: "How do you begin to work a typewriter?"

Oldtimer: "The first thing to do is to take them out to supper, then to a show, and after that you should be well advanced in the touch system."

These English people must have a wonderful system for reducing.

Howzat?

I heard one say that he lost ten pounds at the races the other day.

Algydotus: I'm going out to Nevada next Thoisday.
Christobal: How come?
Algydotus: I want to hear the call of the canyons.

"Have a Lucky Strike?"
"Say, what opera are *you* singing for?"

Prof. (not the absent minded one): "Get out of my refrigerator."

Student: "Don't stop intelligent research work. I'm seeing how long one is able to stay in the cooler."

Scene—The early hours of morning.

Startled voice in dark: "Is that you, Percy?"

Confident voice in dark: "Well if it isn't, I'm going to apply for a divorce."

Adve

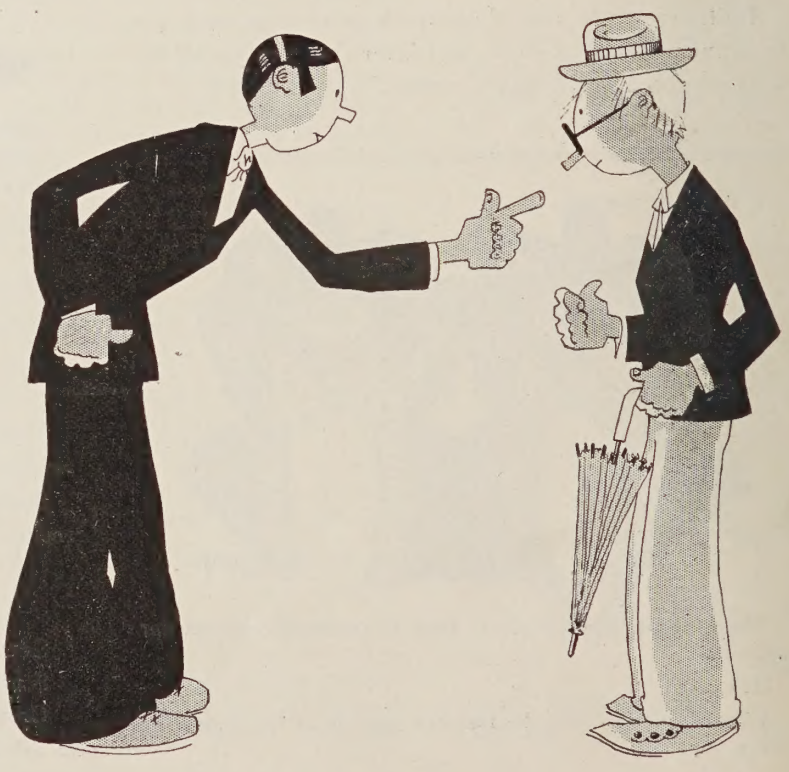
"The

w

John

College is THE place for young
At college, one can lea
to knecking in

Horace always was particular hell on arithmetic, so what would be more natural than for the dear chap to show an inordinate interest in figures as soon as he got to college? "It's just like an automobile," he says, "windshields make the lines more graceful."



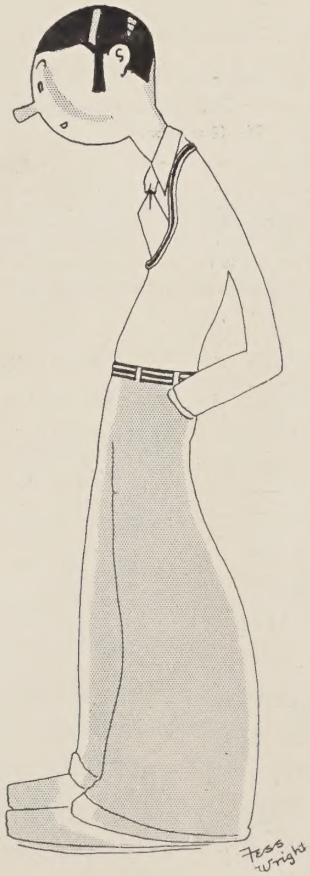
Horace always was an obliging fellow. One of his profs has forgotten the way home and is getting explicit directions from his student. Horace is so thoughtful; his parting words were, "Don't forget to put your umbrella up if it rains."

ıtures *of*
ĠANG"

ıpologies to

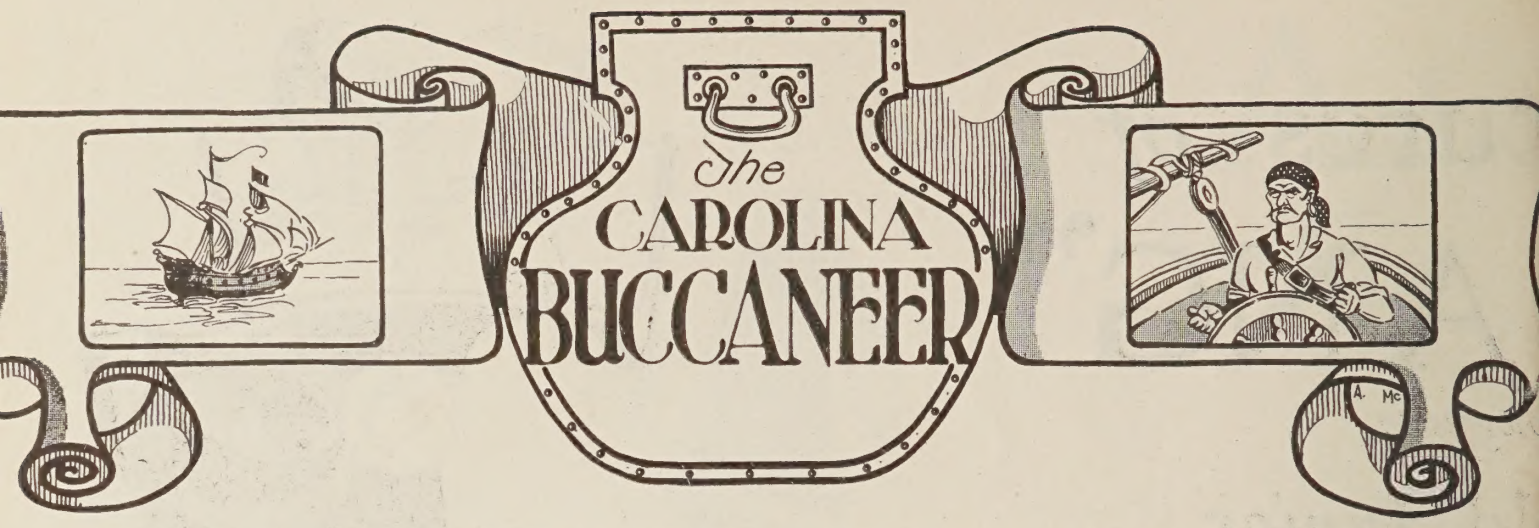
ɛld *Junior*

ı who are trying to get along in the world.
ınything from shoving a pencil
ıuto at sixty an hour.



Horace has at last found the secret to love. His old man sold a few bales of cotton and now the son has a flivver. That's the secret! Now Horace has to fight the women off with a stick. And just look at 'em go it.

The campus sheba has just given Horace the high hat. Of course it's all a mystery and Horace is finding out all his faults. Sheba is giving a few points on necking but she refuses to let Horace practice on her. She has just told him to get some dumb girl who knows her onions.



VOL. IV APRIL, 1927 No. 7

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FOR SOMETHING over three years now BUCCANEER has managed to struggle along and make his appearance eight times during the year. And for just about that same length of time the work of preparing each issue has fallen on the shoulders of a very small (and select) group.

At the suggestion of the editor-elect, Mr. Anderson, otherwise known as Buck Jr., we purpose to conduct a series of regular tryouts immediately after the Easter holidays for men who wish to be members of next year's staff.

The difficulty to be met with in recruiting new men lies chiefly in the fact that nowhere in the extra-curricula activities of the high school can there be found any publications work corresponding to that required by a college comic. To meet this difficulty and with the hope of a bigger and better BUCCANEER for next year, office hours are to be arranged whereby the men trying out will be given an opportunity of consulting and working with those men who have already had some experience in writing and drawing for comics. Full details of the plan have not yet been worked out. They will be set forth in the first issue of the TAR HEEL after the holidays.

"Come on, let's go to the dance."
"I can't dance."
"Oh, that doesn't matter!"

Slap: "What does that blind woman do for a living?"
Stick: "She's got a job as a chaperon for all the house parties around here."

Dead: "Did you know that John Barrymore was arrested for theft?"
Beat: "No, why?"
Dead: "He walked into a pool room and took his cue!"

I have been ice-skating. I fell down on the ice eleven times. The wind was cutting, and the ice was freezing. My tale is told.

Voice in the Dark: "I love to kiss your lovely lips."
Another voice in the Dark: "Well, they aren't there."

IT SEEMS TO BE CONTAGIOUS

Absent minded Doctor—Don't eat anything for a couple of days and here is a box of pills, take one after each meal.

Girl Friend: "Was your debut last night a success?"
The Girl: "I should say so. I sat out every dance with a different fraternity man."

Ed just lumbers along.
Susie Sasparilla you ought to be ashamed of yourself; he walks beautifully.
You don't understand—he has a wooden leg.

Husband: "What's this I hear about you giving a common tramp a smack."

Sid: "We're not getting over much ground."
Opponent: "It's O. K. so long as we don't get under it."

Sans: "Do you belong to a fraternity?"
Sous: "Yep. I was pledged by the 'Y' last night."

I'm puzzled. I've heard so much about these college boys and I always thought that I was in college but I suppose I've been misled. I've read about these rah-rah boys who whoop it up before the big games; who go on wild parties with loose mules who have no harness on; who drink gallons and gallons of liquor; who play bridge and go to sleep on classes; who wear extreme clothes, bags, loud suits and funny coats, who tear around on week-ends and come back with heavy eyes; who gyp cafe owners out of meals and hotel owners out of room rent; who have imported cars; whom all the co-eds are crazy about; who play poker all night and sleep all day. Yes, I don't know very much about it all because I only go to a university. I wish I were in college.

Only a mint can run without advertising.
What about a subway?
Hell, that's always in the hole.

Boy: What do you football players do for exercise in winter?

Football player: We all attend the mid-winter dances.

"This is a sorry state of affairs," said the man as he traveled through Russia.

See that fellow over there with the pink and purple sport jacket on? Yep, the bird who's got on those god-awful wide breeches and that yellow and green tie. He ain't got on no hat but all that axle grease will keep the weather from hurting that brain of his. Yep, the one with the yellow and black sport shoes. Good lord, look at his red, white and yellow sox. The one that has on the clavilux shirt. See him? He's a collitch fellow.

And see that bird over there with the faded coat on? The one with elbows all out and breeches that bag at the knees and patched in the seat? And those unpolished, six-year-old shoes? No, that one with the old ragged shirt in front and that string of a neck tie. The one with his hair all messed up. Looks like he'd been drug through the Grand Canyon. Yep, that's the one. He's a student.

Ad Man: "Only a mint can run without advertising."
Merchant: "What about a subway?"
Ad Man: "Hell, that's always in the hole."

LOOK THIS ONE BY WILL ROGERS OVER

"Which would you rather be: a fraternity man drunk or a fraternity man sober?"

"A what?"

Sensitive little Co-ed Cora just returned weeping and ashamed to the refuge of her sorority home. While waiting at the door of a nearby frat house, she overheard the following conversation at a poker table just inside:

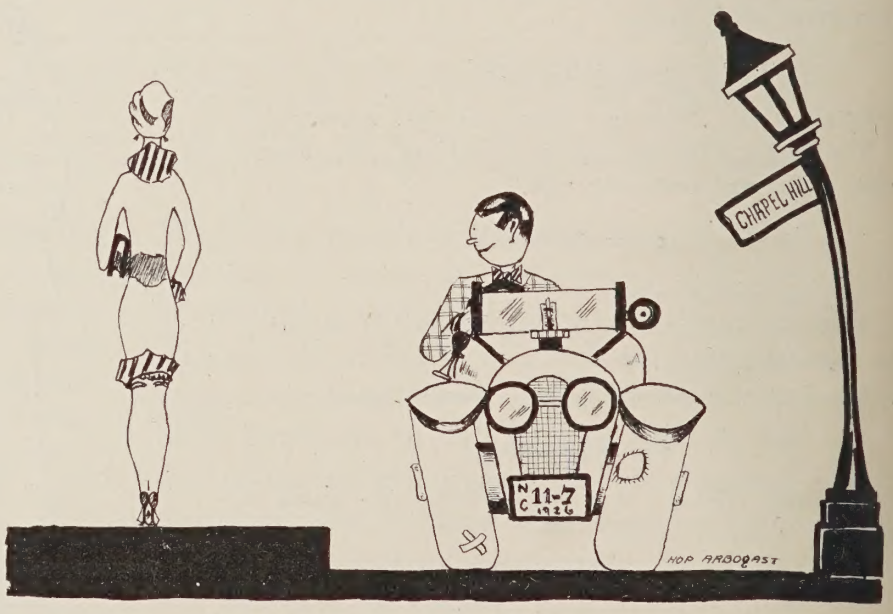
"One without."

"Too light."

"God, what a beautiful pair!"

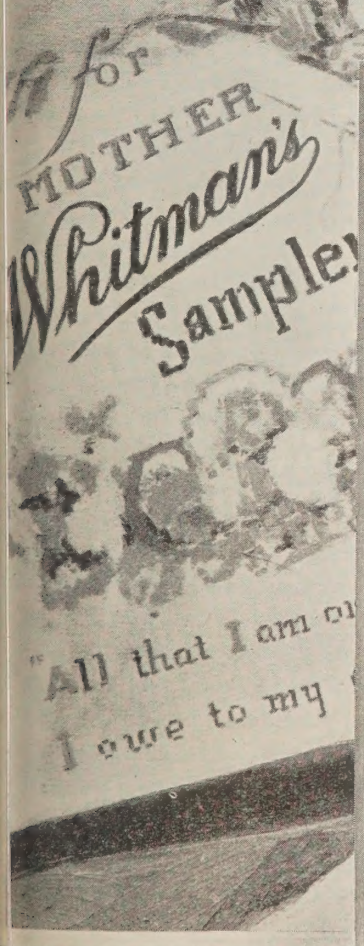
At this interesting juncture, the miserable girl hurriedly fled.

If all the jokes on Neck, Liquor, Coeds, other women, College, and college life in general were removed from this magazine, this ? would still be left as a caption for the cigarette advertisements.



Boy: Aren't you afraid that being out all night with Charlie will ruin your reputation?

Girl: Nope! It'll make it.



Treat Mother like a Sweetheart

Give her *Whitman's* Sampler

The charm and traditions of the Sampler make it the most significant and expressive gift for Mother's Day. Its variety adapts it to the infinite variety of mothers. Its sweetness and purity are symbolic. It gathers goodness from the ends of the earth and its goodness is genuine. Every mother responds to the sentiment expressed in Whitman's Sampler.

For those who wish it, the Sampler is covered with a special wrap for Mother's Day—a cross-stitch design with Lincoln's famous tribute to his mother. All Whitman agencies take care of mailing and advance orders as well as your current needs of all Whitman packages. Look for the Whitman sign on the leading drug store nearby.

WHITMAN'S FAMOUS CANDIES ARE SOLD BY

PATTERSON BROTHERS

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

MRS. BYNG FITZ-MORRIS CORRESPONDS

(*Continued from page 13*)

"Was it too much, old girl?" he asked softly, affectionately.

"You do understand me, don't you, Byng?" replied his wife in one of her rare moments of weakness.

The secretary returned, visibly excited.

"I thought I had better tell you at once, madam," she faltered. "I can't find the blotter. I can't imagine what has become of them. The footmen and your maid and the butler can't imagine where they are."

The pallor of Mrs. Fitz-Morris's face became more noticeable. She bit her lips.

"A-a blotter, madam," faithful old Beemis fairly stuttered as he entered, bearing the white oblong on a tray.

Mrs. Fitz-Morris tried feebly to apply it to the letter.

"The letter has dried," she said, just before she fainted.

"One of her attacks," screamed the secretary.

"An attack," shouted Mr. Fitz-Morris, then instantly, as always when confronted by a crisis, was his cold, sure self.

"Have St. Luke's Hospital brought around," he ordered curtly.

(*Continued from page 13*)

And believe me, the judge sure can hold his share. Well, there was another case on the docket before Walt's and we had to sit through it. One of the city's alert cops brought up a boy of about 14 years. The judge wanted to know what the charge was and the cop told him that the kid had been shining a mirror in another cop's eyes. "Ten days on the road," shouted the judge. "While I'm judge, there's gonna be no reflections cast upon our city police." Walt was fined fifty dollars.

And while Walt was counting his change, I started singing one of the latest song hits. Now I always thought I had a good voice but it seems as if some other people think differently. That is, a few. "Say," said Walt, "I heard some people talking about your voice the other day. One said fine." That person knows what he's talking about, I thought. "The other," continued Walt, "said imprisonment." "Well," said the judge, "if I were going to judge, I'd give you both." I've sold my car and moved to the country.

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN ON THE GOLF LINKS

The man who is well dressed on the golf links is the man whose clothes look as though they belong on a golf course. In other words, their style, and colors must be suited to the sport itself. The man playing golf above all things demands that his clothes be practical and that they in no way handicap his game. Next to his golf shoes, which, of course, must be comfortable and made of a good stout leather, the most important item of his attire are his trousers. Knickers have always been identified as part of the golfer's kit, although in recent years there has been a great vogue for wearing slacks on the golf course, not only among the older men, but among the younger players. The latter group has been responsible for the fashion of wearing colored flannel trousers as part of their sports outfit in an effort to get away from the obvious sports suits, worn by so many men, regardless of whether they were actually indulging in sport, or not. Inasmuch as jackets are seldom worn on the links by players, any single-breasted odd coat of homespun, tweeds, or gabardine, may be worn when not playing, provided the colors of the jacket and the slacks or knickers blend. A popular sweater for wear on the golf course is the crew-neck sweater, illustrated in the drawing above. It is easily put on and taken off, and for this reason has been found more satisfactory than the turtle-neck sweater whose popularity was short-lived.

If you are interested in any question of etiquette or dress write "The Well-Dressed Man" care the Buccaneer *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.*

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Are you suffering from sharp, shooting pains, black spots appearing before your eyes, falling hair, false teeth, or ingrowing toe nails? If you are, your memory is causing all the trouble. Three-fourths of all college students' memories need attention. Try the following suggestions as a cure for your trouble.

REMEMBERING NAMES

Every morning, before leaving your room, memorize the names of several familiar objects such as: brick, tooth, cigar, egg, ice-cream, galoshes, dish-towels, etc.

If you are introduced to some one during the day, try this method: After the introduction takes place, pleasantly say:

"What's the name, please? I didn't quite get it."

The repetition of the name gives you time to do the trick. Act quickly! Jump on the person, throw him flat on his back and tie his hands and feet. Then think over the objects you memorized earlier in the morning: brick, tooth, cigar, egg—that's it—egg, and the person's name is Eggleton!!

See how easy and simple it is!!

REMEMBERING FACES

The first time you see a person's face, pull out your camera and take his picture. Tear the picture into small bits and smoke them in your pipe between meals and before retiring at night.

REMEMBERING DATES

Historical dates are best remembered by writing them on your back in green ink. Dates with one's girl are best remembered by associating some object with the type of girl with whom you have a date. For example:

If she's a "peach of a girl"—fill your mouth with peach stones.

If the girl is a "brick"—tie a brick on each ear.

If she's a "hot one"—fill your shoes with hot-coffee.

If she's "cool"—try ice in your shoes.

After trying the above methods you will be a "different" man.

"How does the 'Oil' song go?"
"Oil the world is sad and dreary."

Back: "The cry at camp is always 'window'."
Space: "Window?"
Back: "Yes. Window we eat?"

"I want you for my wife."
"Oh. I didn't know you were married."

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.
CLOTHES

OUR REPRESENTATIVE
Mr. Gib Collins
will be at
CAROLINA SMOKE SHOP
MONDAY and TUESDAY
May 2 and 3

LUXENBURG CLOTHES *are made to your measure and tailored in our own shops.*

Nat LUXENBERG & Bro.
37 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
Between 16th & 17th Sts.
14

"I'll read the others later!"

What is there about this letter that she singles it out?

THE writing is unfamiliar. The postmark tells nothing. This is no *expected* missive. And yet there is a dignified friendliness about it that wins you—at once.

The strength, richness, and dignity of Old Hampshire Stationery lure eyes and fingers—and create an unmistakable impression of good taste. Letters written on such stationery are not lightly set aside.

Old Hampshire Bond and Old Hampshire Vellum are equally correct for social correspondence.

SOLD BY SUTTON & ALDERMAN
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
Fine Stationery Department
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Old Hampshire Stationery
Made in three distinctive finishes
BOND , VELLUM , LAWN

When the plutarchs start plutarching

AT THE night sessions, when class philosophers vie with class Merry Andrews in deciding the heavy problems of the world—or burlesquing them — notice the royal guest, Prince Albert. Chiming in with the spirit of the occasion. Filling the air with the finest tobacco-aroma ever.

Do *you* smoke Prince Albert? It will bring you more pleasure and satisfaction than you ever thought a pipe could give. The instant you throw back the hinged lid and release that wonderful P. A. fragrance, you suspect you are in for some grand smoke-sessions.

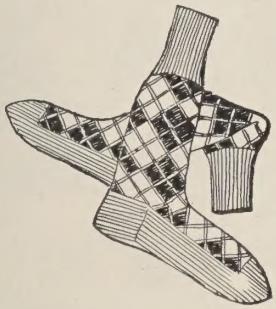
The very first pipe-load confirms your suspicions. Cool as a gate-tender. Sweet as the week-end reprieve. Mild as the coffee in Commons—mild, yet with a full body that satisfies your smoke-taste completely. Get yourself a tidy red tin this very day.

P. A. *is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



WOOLIES

SWEATERS, GOLF HOSE AND HALF HOSE, WOVEN IN SCOTLAND IN PRECISE ACCORD WITH THE DESIGN AND COLOUR CHARTS OF FINCHLEY.

BROGUES,
SHIRTS, KNICKERS,
SPORTS SUITS AND VARIOUS
ITEMS FOR FIELD AND CAMPUS USAGE.

THE FINCHLEY Establishment

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET

Customer: "I want an order of brains well done."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, but there are no brains in the house."

Miss Fixit: "I'm living on the fat of the land now."

Miss Curiosity: "What are you doing?"

Miss Fixit: "Giving reducing treatments to millionaires."

COLLEGIATE PROVERBS

Late to bed and late to rise,
That's the way of the college guys.

The early bird catches the eight-thirty.

I'd rather be tight than president.

Too many boys spoil the date.

Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we flunk.

The first hundred courses are the hardest.

Fancy Ices — Block Cream

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Dial L-963 — Main at Duke

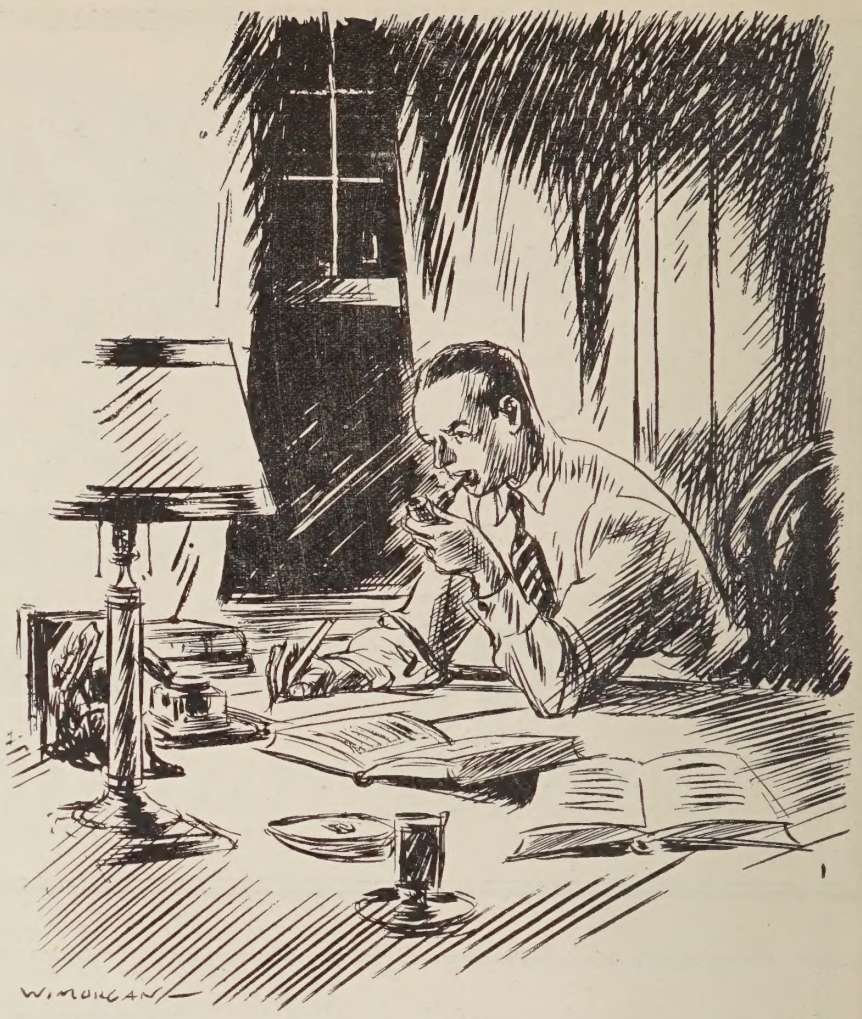
Punches — Sherbets

To study or not to study that is the question.

A right answer turneth away zeroes.

Wad some power the giftie gie them
To see the profs as students see them.

Sung as a swan song before a quiz:
If I die before I wake,
Thank God I'll have no quiz to take.



"What's the future with a large organization?" That is what college men want to know, first of all. The question is best answered by the accomplishments of others with similar training and like opportunities. This is one of a series of advertisements portraying the progress at Westinghouse of college graduates off the campus some five—eight—ten years. Write for booklet reprinting the entire series.

He went in for instruments—with a vengeance!

H P. Sparkes

WHEN H. P. Sparkes (Alabama Polytechnic '17) finished the Engineering School at Westinghouse he went in for instrument design. His career since then has been punctuated with solid accomplishments.

By the end of his fourth year here he had completed a thesis for his E.E. and had embodied the results of this thesis in an indicating watt meter — one of the largest in size ever built up to that day.

Shortly thereafter, because of his special interest in the instrument field, he was dispatched on an engineering trip abroad, visiting and working in England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and France. Upon his return he entered commercial work and was assigned to the Pittsburgh territory—(including such industrial centers as Cleveland, Youngstown, Pittsburgh)—as specialist responsible for the sales, service, and operation of watthour meters, instruments, and relays in this important district. Here he will be found today, acting as intermediary between the sales force on the one hand and the engineering and factory departments on the other. He backs up the salesmen with a highly specialized knowledge. He advises with the engineers and with the factory in the design and manufacture of apparatus that is best suited to commercial requirements.

His own pioneering spirit has still found field for play, so that this year he demonstrated to the A.I.E.E. the first advance in the method of calibrating watthour meters in thirty years. Some 16,000,000 tests of watthour meters are made in this country annually. They cost about 20c apiece. Sparkes has devised a practicable method that chops more than 50% off this bill. It eliminates the human element; it gives greatly improved accuracy.

Thus his first ten years at Westinghouse—and not unlike that of other college men who bring with them, when they come here, energy, imagination, and the groundwork upon which to build superlative engineering proficiency.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

A SHORT SHORT-STORY

Ah, my dear little nephews, and my dear, darling, nieces! Draw nearer, little ones, I shall tell you a story. Shall it be the one about the three bears? Bevo, Budoh, so you are acquainted with that one, eh?

Well, you magenta colored Hedonists, you nacre, ormulo, frangipanni melange, I shall tell you a story of a college professor, a martinet, my favorite cicerone, to whom, during college days, my genuflections were many.

It seems that a certain Freshman was watching a gentleman of color who was burning off the grass. To the Ethiop he remarked, "Don't you know that will make the grass as black as you are?"

"Es verdad, mais oui, très bien," replied the incarnate negro spiritual, "and when it comes out it will be as green as you are."

Now, now, boys! Get off my knees; grandmother is too old for such tricks!

Store Owner: "You say that you are capable of selling any sort of product?"

Young Man: "Yes, sir. I can sell anything from a billiard ball to a piano."

Store Owner: "Where were you formerly employed?"

Young Man: "In a drug store."

"Did you go to the Follies?"

"Naw, I happened to pass by a girls' tennis match and decided it would be cheaper."

"This is a dirty book," said the student as he pulled his text-book out of the mud hole.

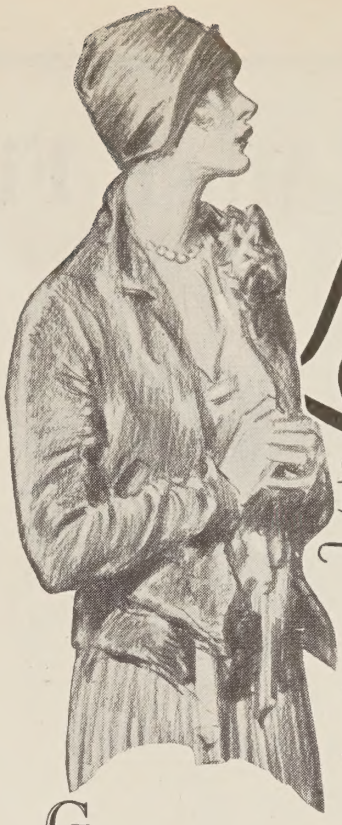
Young One: "What does Phil do?"

Other One: "Why he is a sexagenarian."

Young One: "Well, that's all I want to know about him."

No, Olympia, the man by the elevator wearing the uniform with the gold and chevrons is not an officer in the bank.

"That's what I call a dead one," said the man as he passed the city dump.



LOVE in THESE DAYS

GENERATIONS crowd each other. Love in these days! How different it is from the old and simple need for each other which primitive man and primitive woman experienced. How remote it is from the gilded captivity of chivalry.

Alec Waugh, whose novel begins in the May issue, is a young Englishman well launched on a meteoric literary career. Humorist, romanticist and realist, he is very definitely of this generation. While his story is laid in London, it is as true of New York or of Oskaloosa. The illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell help make it a panorama of modern fascination.

This issue also carries three very fine and authentic short stories: *The Count's China Teeth*, by Cyril Hume; *Mrs. Davenant's Diamonds*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, and *Don Juan's Rainy Day*, by Ben Hecht. O. O. McIntyre has closely epigrammed *Are College Flappers a Flop?*

An explanation is made of the elaborate and expensive preparations that have been made to discover new screen talent among the college men of America.

Above all, those crackling pages of campus fun which have given this magazine its distinctive character.

College Humor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

Does Mush Fiction Bore You?

© Vanity Fair

HAVE you a hate on the happy ending? Have you convictions on style? Does the talk go on until the small hours of the morning in your rooms about how to write?

Then you will like Vanity Fair.

Celebrated satirists and essayists write for Vanity Fair, unhampered by having to cater to a million G-6 intelligences. Masters of the art of impression—such as Paul Morand, Ferenc Molnar, Sherwood Anderson—contribute stretches of jeweled language. The younger poets are in its pages—first.

Every Issue Contains

Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard the dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies — if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. College preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notorieties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, amateur and professional; turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

Motor Cars: Speed, safety, smartness, as last conceived in Europe and America. Salons and shows. Many pictures.

World Affairs: The field of politics, foreign and domestic. Intimate sketches of pilots of various Ships of State.

There's No Better Way to Keep Up

VANITY FAIR lives in the midst of Art and Life. Whatever is new in any of the arts—literature, music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the movies — gravitates naturally into Vanity Fair's pages.

Whenever there is a new technique, a new trend of thought, a new school of brilliant young rebels, it is noted, weighed, and measured in the pages of the current Vanity Fair.

World affairs are also covered. Sports are chronicled—particular attention is paid to golf. Bridge is discussed in its most intricate technicalities by experts.

Clothes as worn by gentlemen in London and New York are reviewed — considerable space being devoted to the best type of thing worn in leading colleges. News of the night clubs appears.

Special Offer

6 Issues of Vanity Fair $1

Open to new subscribers only

Sign, tear off and mail the coupon now!

VANITY FAIR
Greenwich, Conn.

Yes, I will sacrifice a dollar on the shrine of Apollo. Start my subscription at once, please.

Name.....

Address.....

"We read that there's a girl bandit in Paris who kisses all her male victims. If she doesn't watch out she'll get a good slap in the face some day!" —*Jester.*

• • •

An optimist is a fellow who thinks that the sweet little girl he is taking out for the first time is pure but hopes she isn't. —*Jester.*

• • •

"What is your moral code, or are you a college man?" —*Jester.*

• • •

Dean (sternly): "Young man, you were half drunk last night."

Stude: "Sorry, sir, I spent all the money I had." —*Jester.*

• • •

"How'd you break your tooth—football?"

"No. I was out with Mary last night, and there was an earthquake." —*Chaparral.*

• • •

"Do you write free verse?"

"Most of the publishers seem to think so." —*Chaparral.*

• • •

Professor: "Mr. Perriwinckle, can you tell me the name of an eminent German philosopher?"

Student: "I can't."

Professor: "Correct." —*Chaparral.*

• • •

"Do you want me to get up and show you my little niece?"

"Don't bother, I can see them well enough as you are now." —*Bison.*

• • •

Milt: "What do you think of prohibition?"

Gross: "Do you want my personal opinion, or the way I would write it up for *Judge?*" —*Dirge.*

• • •

"Pardon, my good man, I'm looking for a small man with a monocle."

"If 'e's a wery small man, lidy, wy doncher use a microscope?" —*Chicago Phoenix.*

• • •

Preacher (reading text): "I am Alpha and Omega."

Absent Minded Greek: "What chapter, brother, what chapter?" —*Puppet.*

To be had at

Markham-Rogers Company

Durham, N. C.

PRITCHARD-PATTERSON

INCORPORATED

University Outfitters

Chapel Hill, N. C.

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING
PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

124 WEST PARRISH STREET
DURHAM . NORTH CAROLINA

IT IS A LIE

Belle: "I'm gonna sue that theme-corrector for libel."

Nell: "Whaddyuh mean?"

Belle: "She said that my antecedents were mixed and my relatives couldn't be worse!" —*Beanpot.*

• • •

I say, Big Ten, can you use the word "sanctuary" in a sentence?

Simple, simple, old dear. As Venus got out of the machine after joy-riding with Apollo, she said sweetly, "Sanctuary much for the buggy ride."

• • •

Helen: "What are you knitting, Alice?"

Alice: "Something to cheer up the boys."

Helen: "Why, the war was over long ago!"

Alice: "This is a bathing suit for me, my dear."

—*Witt.*

• • •

Said Abie with all the curiosity of the younger generation: "Poppa, what is ethics?"

Said his father with all the accumulated wisdom of the older generation: "Ethics my boy, is when a customer comes in to pay a $40 bill and pays $50 by mistake. Should you keep the $10 or divide it with your partner?" —*Beanpot.*

• • •

Father: "Who was that boy that just kissed you goodnight?"

Daughter: "I don't know. I haven't enough confidence in him to ask him his name." —*Malteaser.*

• • •

Mother: "All right, Johnny, if you will promise to be very good I will tell you the story about the three blind mice."

Johnny: "Hell, Mother, ain't it awful the way the government poisons liquor?" —*Lehigh Burr.*

• • •

"Come sit in my lap, honey. There, that's a good girl. Now kiss me. Oh, sweet! Are you warm enough? You really shouldn't have gotten out of bed. Kiss me again. Oh, here comes your mother! She'll kill me if she finds you like this. Hurry. Put these on."

The Mother: "John, you ought to know better than to let your little daughter run around without her slippers."

—*Tiger.*

$30,000 in cash prizes

Drink Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

Watch for Coca-Cola Advertising

Announcement of the $30,000 Coca-Cola prize contest will appear in many newspapers and in the following magazines:

The Saturday Evening Post.....May 7
Literary Digest.....May 14
Collier's Weekly.....May 21
Liberty.....May 14
Life.....May 5

Watch this contest for the next three months. College men ought to win.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

H A V E A C A M E L

[Upper classmen in smoke-shop, buying Camels]

First with the modern age

PRESENT-DAY smokers have proved it. Modern tobacco lovers by the million rediscover it each day and every evening as the friendly Camels are lighted. *There simply is no better cigarette made.*

Modern smokers know taste and fragrance and they recognize in Camels the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

In this modern world, Camel quality reflects itself in the greatest preference ever given a cigarette. In all of history, there never was a tobacco word so famous or a cigarette so good as Camel is today. First in popularity because the best—that is the Camel story.

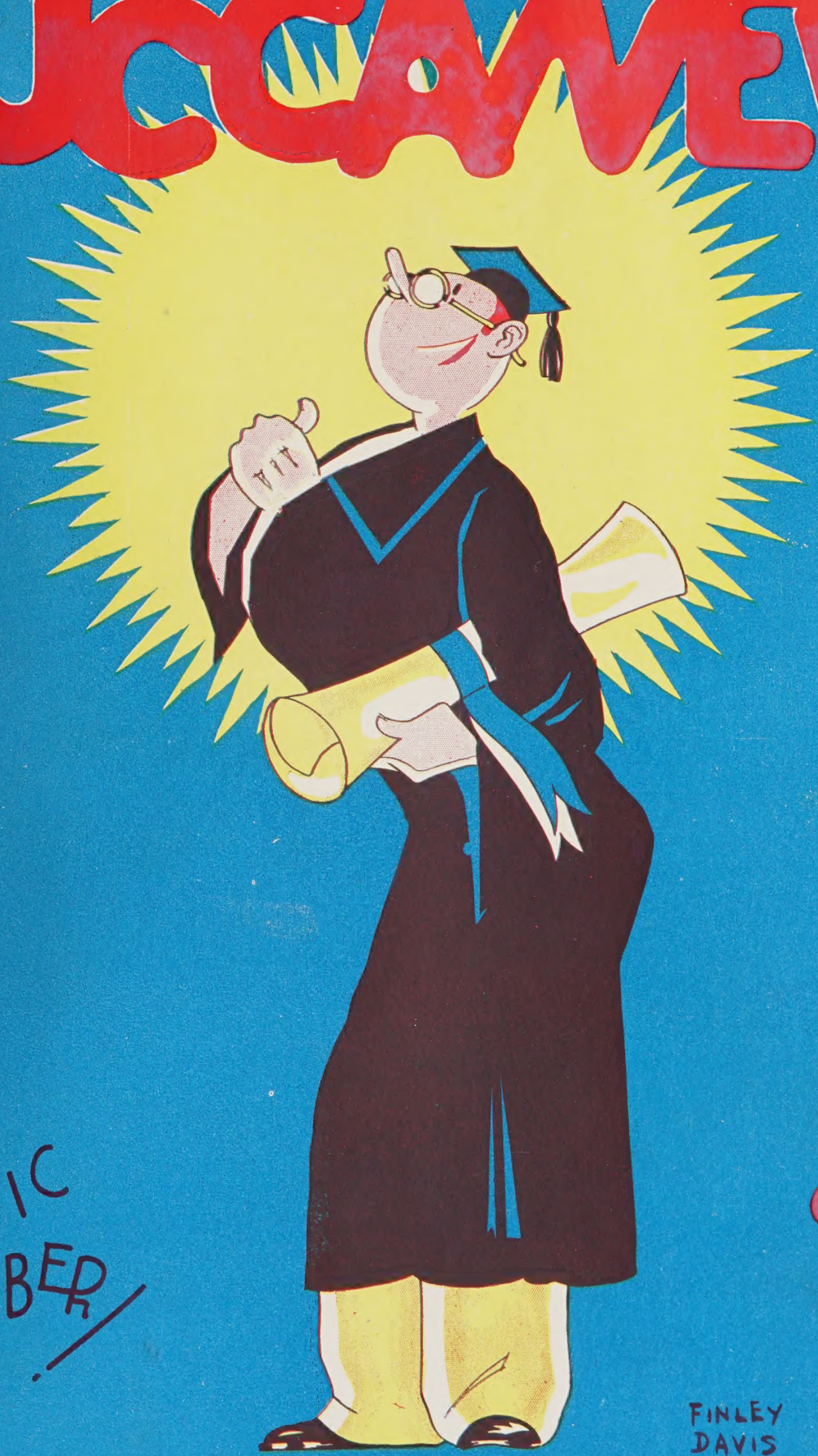
If you want such smoking enjoyment as you never hoped to find, just try the modern favorite. Smooth, fragrant and mellowy mild, from the first touch of the flame to the final puff, Camel will mean a revelation to you of tobacco goodness.

Once you try them, you will know why Camels are supreme with moderns. *"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

BUCCANEER



THE COMIC NUMBER

25¢

FINLEY DAVIS

KNOW *all men by these presents*

Cord
50c
Extra

That the custom of sending Gifts to Graduates has now been extended by general accord to include those in the lower classes who have manifested sufficient industry to pass their final exams. This, as you might infer, is another symptom of the democratic trend of the times.

To know what to give, one needs but observe the students' own expressions of preference for the Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil. Indeed you can pick up scarcely any college publication without finding reference to Geo. S. Parker's two able assistants to education.

This persistent attention from the campus scribes echoes the sentiment of the whole school. It's a distinction that cannot be bought.

To have earned the favor of the younger generation is our reward for serving it with studied personal interest. We have lifted the frowns from student brows (among others) by giving the world a writing pair that are inspirations to work with and beauties to possess.

All those in favor of owning, or of giving the finest—whether for Graduation, Birthday or Wedding Gifts, or for prizes at Bridge or Golf—will signify by stepping in to the nearest Parker Pen Counter. The first thing to look for is the imprint "Geo. S. Parker" on the barrels. Then nobody will be disappointed.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS.
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · CLEVELAND
MILWAUKEE · ATLANTA · DALLAS · SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker Duofold

OVER-SIZE $7

Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point

The First Cost is the Last Cost

We began April 1st to keep every Parker Duofold Pen in perfect order without charge. Hence it's useless to pay more for any pen.

Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold, $5
Parker Over-size Duofold, $7

T. N. T.

She: "Do you think that plastic surgery would improve my atures?"

He: "No."

She: "Then what do you suggest?"

He: "Blasting." —*Ski-U-Mah.*

• • •

Righto!

"What if your mother comes in and sees you on my lap?"

"That's all right. She said I should sit on you if you should t sentimental." —*Medley.*

• • •

Double-Jointed

Crown: "Hey!! Sit down in front!"

Ass't Manager: "Quit yer kidding. I don't bend that way."

—*Flamingo.*

• • •

Sold!

She met me—
She necked me—
She told me—
She loved me—
She thrilled me—
She damned me—
She married me—
Roommate. —*Jug.*

• • •

Not Particular

Wife: "Do you know that you haven't kissed me for six eks?"

Prof. (who is absent minded): "Good heavens, who have I en kissing then?" —*Phoenix.*

• • •

A Scotch-Jew

The tightest bird we know is the chap who, when his girl nted to go for an airplane ride, made her sit up on the piano th him, while the vacuum cleaner roared appropriately on floor below. —*Pup.*

• • •

Excelsior!

Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling
When on your trip home from Canada,

This Summer...

The Europe of Your Dreams

At no greater cost than staying at Home

DOESN'T the thought of the same old summer vacation bore you? Then why not Paris—and all of France?...Paris—of fairy bridges and spires—in summer, with the streets riotous with flowers—and the spirit of gayety bubbling in cafes—at the races and theatres.

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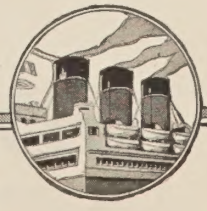
And at Havre where you dock—no transferring to tenders. You step off the gangplank to the waiting boat train—a quick dash through flowering Normandy—three hours—then Paris.

French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or Tourist Office, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City



Our illustrated booklets are a trip in themselves

H A V E A C A M E L

[In a secluded corner at the Prom]

Camel is the modern favorite

MODERN smokers make known their preference. And they call for Camels. Never in any age was there a smoking favorite like Camel is today. Camels understand every mood of the modern smoker. Camel mildness and smoothness are supreme with the critical taste of present-day people.

A purchase of Camels brings you the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. Blended by skill into the world's most popular smoke, and the best. Quality unapproached, is the distinguishing mark of Camel.

No matter what the price, there is no better cigarette than Camels. Smoke them as frequently as you please. You will never be left with a cigaretty after-taste. Camels aren't made that way. That is why modern smokers everywhere demand them. That is why this age has discovered the tobacco phrase, "*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

A Sieve

"Does your girl drink?"

"No, she drains." —*Dirge.*

• • •

Politics

"I'm a power in this community. I kin ride anywheres on my face."

"Kinda looks like you been doin' it." —*Lampoon.*

• • •

Numbah Please

"Every time I ask my girl for one kiss I get two or three."

"How's that?"

"She's a telephone girl and always gives me the wrong number." —*Yellow Jacket.*

• • •

Don't Jump at Conclusions

Taxi Driver (accusing his car): "My gosh, what a clutch!"

From rear seat (Harry speaking): "What business is it of yours?" —*Bison.*

• • •

Curse You, Jack Dalton!

"May I kiss you?"

"No."

"Well, I hope your husband eats crackers in bed."

—*Kittykat.*

• • •

Embarrassed?

The speech of the evening was being made. The speaker paused. One could hear a pin drop. A lady whispered to her escort: "Have you a pin?" He smiled knowingly. She blushed. He evidently had not heard the pin drop.

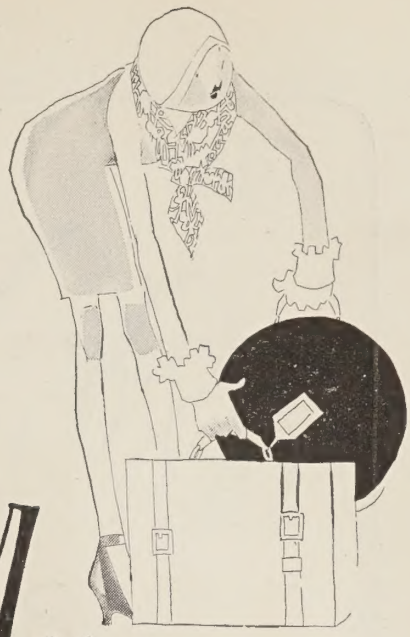
—*Reel.*

• • •

Pre-Med?

Yvonne: "Have you read, 'Things About Your Anatomy'."

Yvette: "No, mine are pale blue." —*Froth.*



All aboard!

FOUR weeks of thrilling adventure . . . broncho riding in Wyoming . . . moonlight dancing at the Canyon Hotel overlooking the Falls of Yellowstone . . . sight-seeing in the Rockies and Canada . . . golf and swimming in California . . . touring the five great National Parks . . . across the line into Canada, into historic Old Mexico and Tia Juana.

This is all happening on the four weeks' College Humor circular tour of the glorious West. There will be a special train. You will be with your own crowd, dancing, playing bridge, seeing the sights from the Traveling University Club Special.

It will be the finest train available—all conveniences de luxe. All arrangements are made for you . . . best hotels . . . best food obtainable . . . side automobile trips . . . you pay one lump sum and save more than $200. Rates from Chicago are $455, with compartment accommodations at $560.

A Traveling University Club composed of a hundred gay collegians like yourself! Write College Humor, Chicago, for complete details.

College Humor

Write today for the complete Travel Booklet.

For Mother

Because She Loves Fine Things

IN MOTHERS' DAY BOXES WITH VERSE

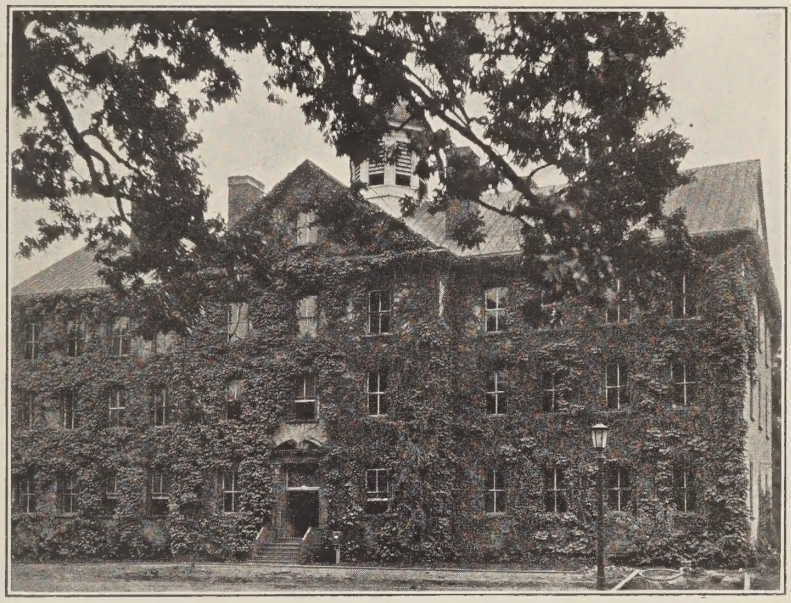
Hollingsworth's UNUSUAL CANDIES

For Sale By

SUTTON & ALDERMAN, Druggists

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

yackety yack



ray! ray!

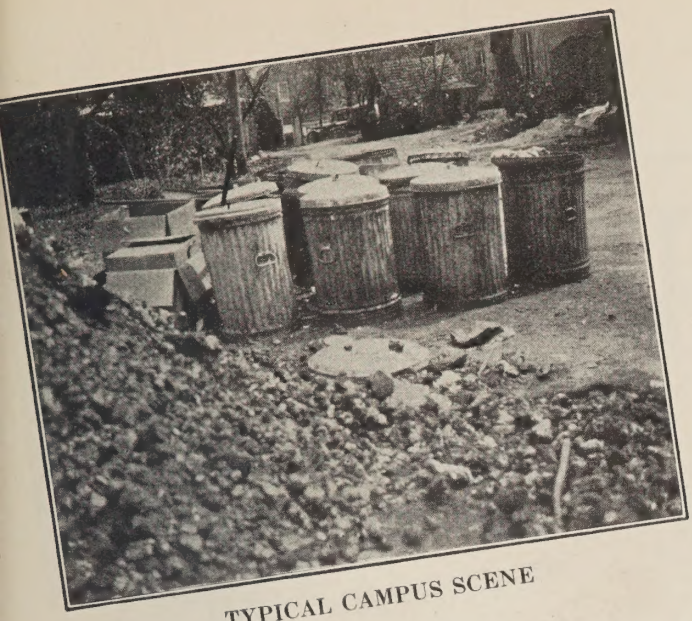
DEDICATION

JUNIPER PUNJAB: born in the state of innocence, September 31, 1691, son of a mother who ran a second-rate boarding-house on Four-and-a-Half Street, Washington, D. C., and of a father who died with his boots half on in a futile attempt to elude a posse of too-wary revenue men, he has become known to his few friends and many enemies as a most colossal dead beat and four flusher, thriving in his business only by his dumb luck in out-witting the numerous detectives who have trailed him for many years.

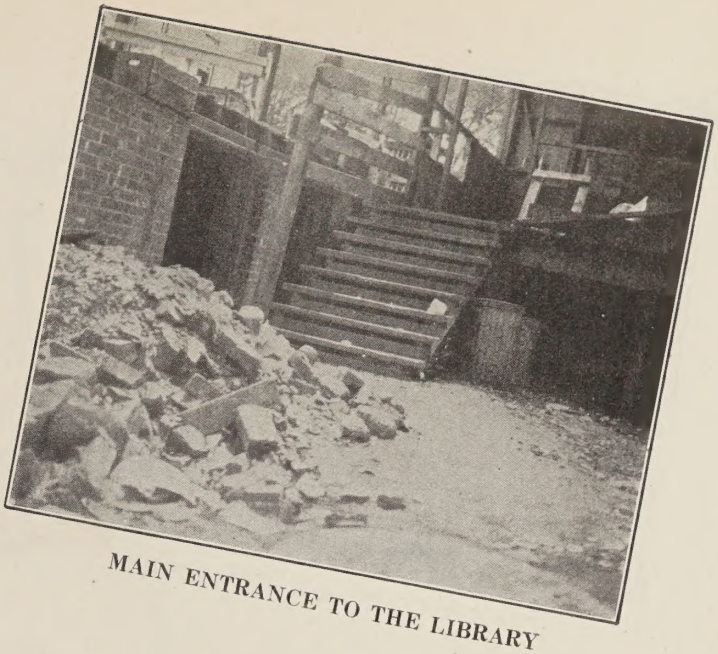
As a successful member of the firm of Skinnum and Flayum, dealers in illicit rums and obscene books, he has made a great name for himself. His pictures have been on the front sheets of every metropolitan newspaper; he has had many columns written of him in every paper in the country; his deeds have been the subject of conversation for ages; and his finger-prints are in the hands of every policeman throughout the forty-eight states.

Graduating from a university with the aid of a pony and a complete crew of jockeys, he has entered into the spirit of American patriotism with a hole-hearted zeal that has not been surpassed since the fiery "Calvin, the Cool" made his advent into the presidency a few long years ago. He has flung himself with an utter abandon into the most select balls and dinners without an invitation and has successfully fired many an office building, thereby destroying thousands of innocent lives.

It is not his achievements as a statesman, a business man, a citizen and an alumnus that we laud his name, but the admirable judgment that he has shown in keeping his pug nose out of this editorial office.



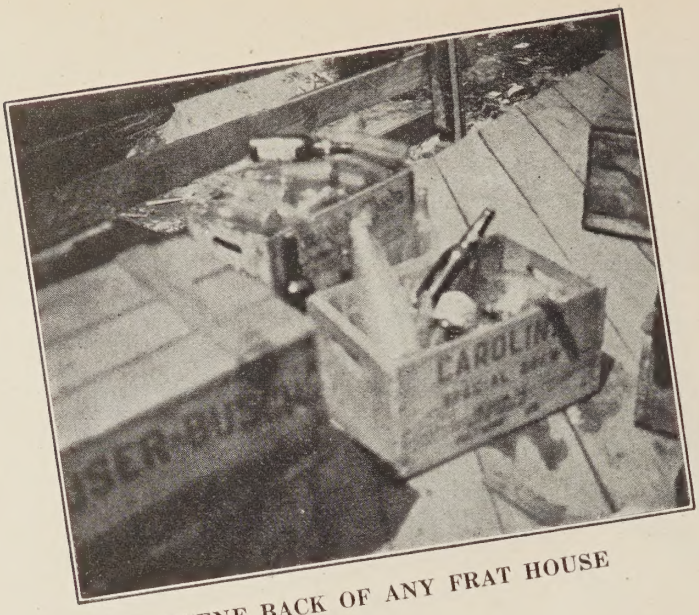
TYPICAL CAMPUS SCENE



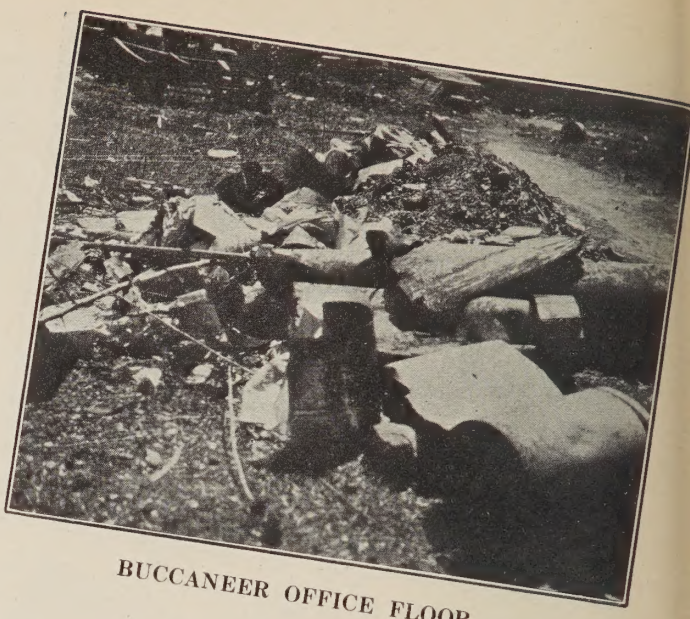
MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY

THE CAMPUS BEAUTIFUL

THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION



SCENE BACK OF ANY FRAT HOUSE

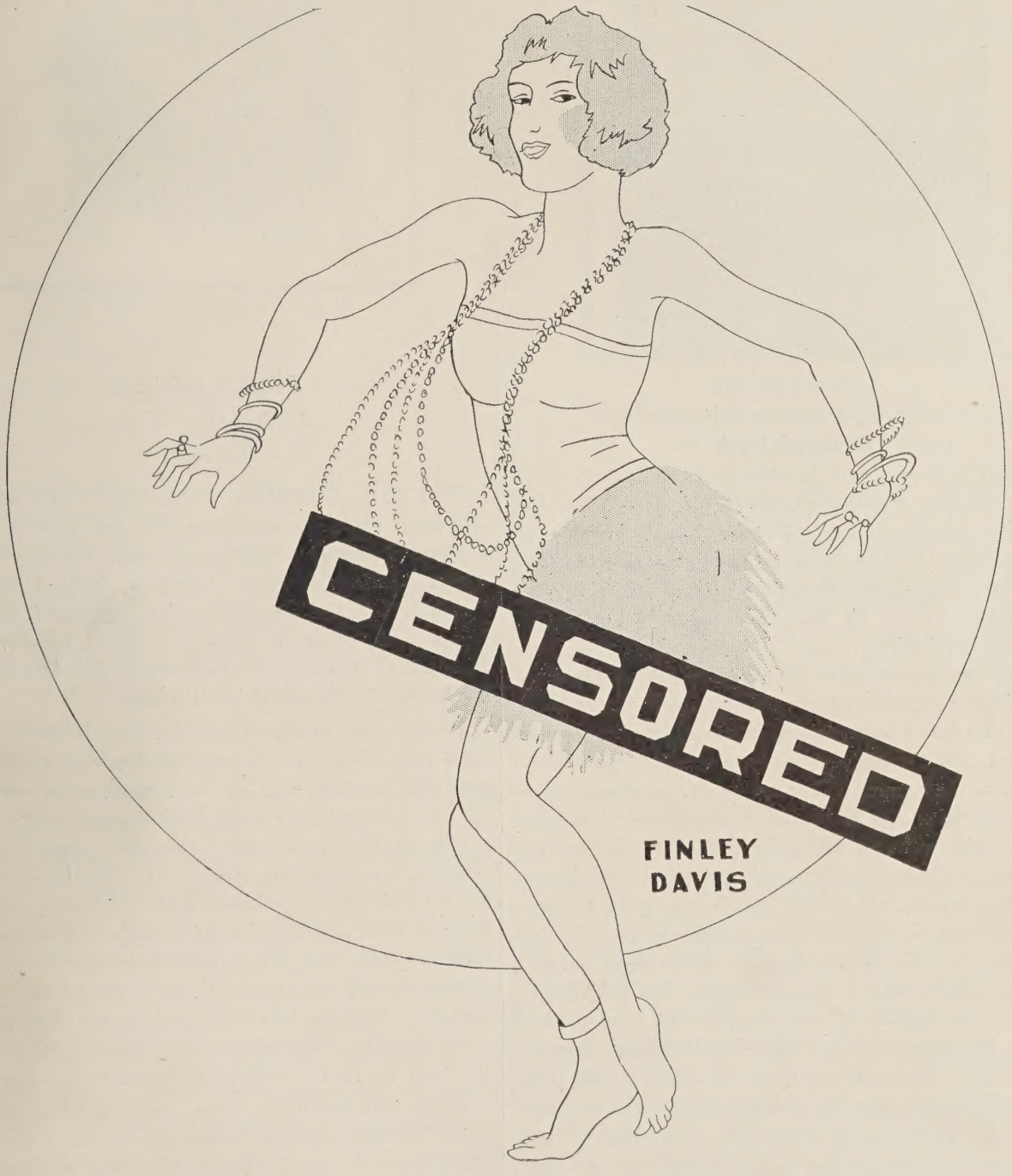


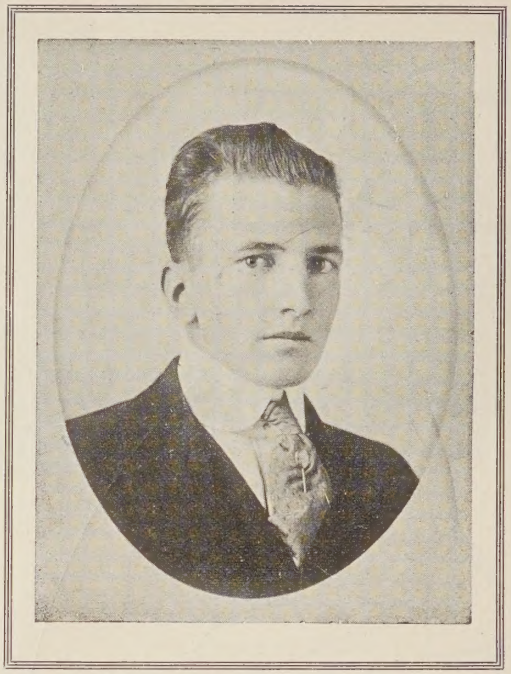
BUCCANEER OFFICE FLOOR

FRESHMAN ATHLETIC FIELD. THE FRESHMAN IN THE CENTER IS PLAYING TENNIS

THE ARBORETUM

THE SENIORS





JOHN SMITH

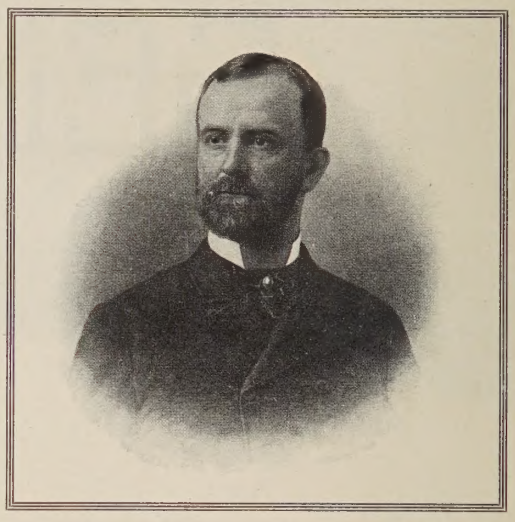
Jonesville, U. S. A.

Degree: Last

College Humor Club; Library 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Theme Tablet Association; Half-Sold Shoe Club ½; Chocolate Ice Cream 2, 4; Durham Bus 29; Finder of Bolden Grease; Flounder Haw River; Ancestor's Club; Ford Parts 17; Boiler Maker's Ball (solid steel); Brogann Club; Keeper Of The Flees (Harold Vell Rite).

Shoota Hunka Pie.

John is an individual as his name indicates. He came to us from somewhere and we don't know where he is going. He left without telling us his address as soon as he found that the police were on his trail. We seldom see him on the campus and when we do, we always cross over to the other side of the lawn. Everyone likes John—likes John to be as far away from them as possible but that does not deter him in his efforts to break into society. Just the other day, the Craters gave a dance and John was there. And what's more he stayed. All the Craters were so drunk that they didn't know the difference. There wasn't much difference but nobody noticed. John expects to hire himself out as a clothes model—his father runs a second-hand clothing store in the Bowery—for he always wears the latest styles. Just the other day he came out with bell-bottomed pants and all the co-eds went wild over him. Twenty-three are now in the asylum for this and other causes. We wish you well, John, and when you fall in it, we hope it's too damned deep for you to crawl out.



PERCY DOALL

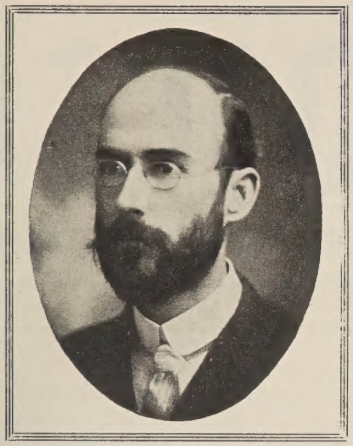
Prideofselma, N. C.

Degree!

I—1, 2, 3, 4; President I—1, 2, 4, 3; It Club (only member); Twiddlewinks Team 2, 3, 4; Epworth League (before elections); Sasiety (Mainly Grail); Fuzz 3; Fleece 4; Mary 1; Jane 2; Ruth 3; Sally 4; Baseball Beach 1, 2, 3, 4; Di and Dinamite (misprint); Phi Beta Kappa (easy after first year); U. N. C. Laundry 3, 4; Pick-Once; Almost Beta Beta Beta; Livatory 2, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A. ($2 worth); All-round.

Percy is one of those boys that can do anything and do it well. He is a very energetic boy and when he sets out to do anything nothing can stop him, not even a co-ed. If it is winning a game on the field or if it is cheering the dear old team on to victory he is right there. His ceaseless cheering has turned the tide many a time. Percy is also to be reckoned with at a Grail, he is able to make more time in six steps than the rest of his fellow sufferers. He was seen walking down the street with a blanket on one arm and a girl on the other and got away with it. Mothers beware. And as for literature, he needs no other inspiration than Edgar A. Guest. He can turn out poetry with more rhyme than reason.

Percy is a sensitive young soul attuned to God and man. He likes nothing better than to put a Coca-Cola under his vest, take a handful of animal crackers, wander out and off into the fields, lay down on mother earth's bosom, and commune with nature.



METHUSAEL GRABHOLT

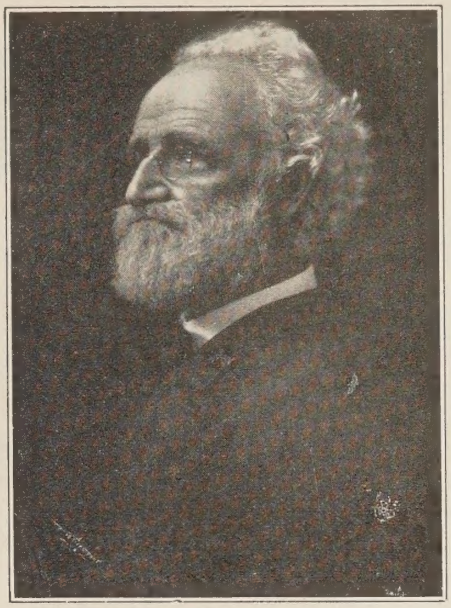
(Peedab, N. C.)

Degree: s. t. p.

Age: 63

Intra-mural tiddledy-winks champion; fishing squad; Swain Hall Club; Editor "Lackety-Lack"; Bus. Mgr. "Lackety-Lack"; Circulation Mgr. "Lackety-Lack"; sole subscriber "Lackety-Lack"; Phi Beta Kappa Bid (bunked); Freshman Inner Society Debate (affirmative and negative); Smoke Shop Society; Dandruff Club; Varsity Baseball Squad (4th assistant backstop); Upworth League (6 yrs.); Phi Cri; Alpha and Omega.

Methusael is one of the reasons why co-eds leave Carolina. He always has that schoolgirl complexion, can't even keep it off his shoulder. The main reason why Carolina won the game with Va. is that Methusael kept the left hind foot of a rabbit tied around his neck every minute of play. He smokes "Lucky Strikes" even though he doesn't sing for an opera, and often wears his underwear to bed. He prides himself on knowing how to wear other people's clothes. He is just the kind of a boy that believes that every kiss has a crimson lining. When the cops got Methusael for strangling his grandmother, he said that he didn't know strangling was against the law. It was a mystery to him how people could loaf so, because he always found something to kill time at. P. S. (He has almost gotten rid of halitosis.)



O. HOWEE NECTAR

(Trasheep, N. C.)

Degree: O.K.; S.B.

Age: 9.

Play Fakers; Band (Ministerial); Der Deutche Dodderin; Volunteer Fire Squad; Calisthenics Squad (Freshman Year); Infirmary Club (4 yrs.); Degradation Team; Guard of the Arboretum; Order of the Frail; Order of the Guilded Fuzz; Intra-mural Hoop-rolling champion; Owl Shop Night Club; Boxing Team (Crude Weight); Cri Dri; U Eta Eli.

Despite the fact that Howee was voted unanimously the most unpopular man in his class, he has many excellent qualities. He was a waiter at Swain Hall last year, often waiting an hour or so for his meals. Howee just loves chicken dumplings, and often walks a mile for a Camel. He has the reputation of being one of the campus' biggest politicians, having been decidedly wet since a small child. Although Howee is a devout Christian, he believes that the way of the transgressor is a heck of a lot of fun. He has been acclaimed an excellent debater, and believes that there are two sides to every question, his side and the wrong side. He always wears clothes because he doesn't want to be effeminate. Conceit is his only fault, and he thinks that co-eds wear short skirts to make him long. Splendid judgment is accredited to him; he never buys a two-pants suit in the summer, they are too hot.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 8

Wife: "Oh Henry, precious has swallowed a safety pin and the doctors can't remove it."

Husband: "Terrible, I suppose now you'll have to buy a paper of new ones."

Student: "I've got to leave the University."

Another: "What have you done to get the Student Council after you?"

Student: "It isn't that, you see I've sprained my ukelele finger."

"This song of Winter seems to be unusually popular."

"Oh, do sing it, please."

"Winter away too far and stayed away too long."

Father: "When I courted your mother, I didn't do the things you do these days."

Son: "You used a horse and buggy, didn't you?"

Father: "Yes."

Son: "Well, that's the reason."

E PLURIBUS UNUM

Student (commending): Hamlet certainly was a great Dane.

Roommate: Well, I never knew that Shakespeare wrote about dogs before.

"There goes that ivy girl."

"Ivy?"

"Yeah, clinging to that old ruin."

Lots of modern girls get their education by burning midnight oil—and gas.

Washington is said to have been fond of wine and women. We find at least six colleges have been named after him.

The motto of chorus girls seems to be "Grin and Bare It."

Man (wooing a beautiful mute girl): "Do you love me?"

She (signalling back): "More than tongue can tell."

1. "Whadda yuh think people do with their Fords after they're run down, top and doors off, tires worn out, and generally dilapidated?"

2. "Throw 'em in the junk pile, I suppose."

1. "Naw, they bring 'em to town and sell 'em to college boys."

FRATERNITY ROW

"You remember that old skunk at the zoo?"
"Yeah."
"Well, they've cut his nose off."
"How does he smell?"
"Awful."

He: "Why all the milk bottles?"
She: "When I come in late at night, I rattle them and Dad thinks I am the milk man."

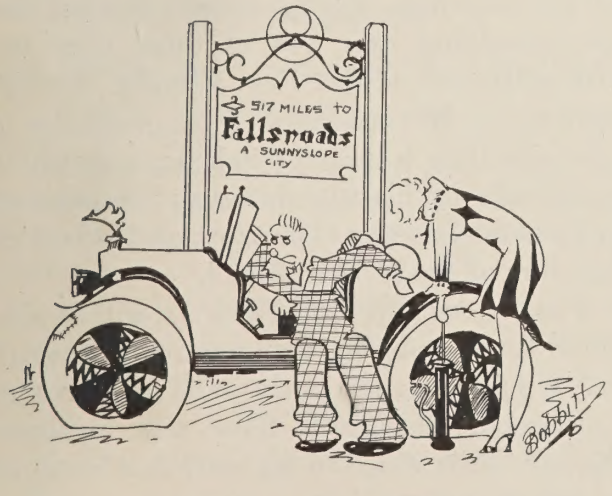
A WET PARTY
Five Americans in Canada.

Old Lady (frightened): "What would happen if this elevator were to drop?"
Elevator Boy: "I suppose I'd lose me job."

"Don't be alarmed, I can save your arm by amputation," said the absent-minded doctor.

"How's the man that fell off the cliff?"
"He didn't get hurt much. He landed in the river's bed."

"Oh, look at the police dogs."
"How can you tell they're police dogs?"
"Because they have such big feet."



REBECCA AT THE PUMP

She: "John, old deah, I've a question to ask you. It may seem rather personal, and I hope you will pardon me for asking it, but as I was shopping the other day, I saw you pass down the street with a lady in your car. Who was she?"

He: "Oh, yes. Certainly. I recall quite clearly now. Of course I'm not angry with you for asking—quite natural. So you thought she was a lady, eh? I'm sorry to disappoint you, Alice old bean, but she was not. No, she was none other than my uncle Culbreth's half-grandmother from Carboro."

The Campus News-sheet gets results. The Hille Bank advertised for a night watchman last Wednesday and that night the bank was robbed.

Learned: "Rich wives are like straight whiskey."
Not so learned: "Why so?"
Learned: "Because they are only taken for the effect."

Jack: "Poor Rob is out of luck."
Jacko: "And why, pray tell?"
Jack: "The poor boy is sick and hasn't got a single bad habit to give up to cure himself."

VOL. IV MAY, 1927 No. 8

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IT IS WITH bowed head and tear-dimmed eyes that we write our last editorial. The thought that never again will it be necessary to sit up all night so that the BUCCANEER may come out not more than two weeks late is almost too much for our greatly depleted strength and sadly weakened mind.

Nevertheless, if we must give up the job, we are glad that Andy Anderson is to take it over. Andy—pardon, Mr. Anderson—is a fine fellow; clever, funny, and all that sort of thing. The score board in the office shows that he has written no less than seven of the eight issues of the BUCCANEER that have been published recently.

We offer the editor-elect our congratulations and at the same time our condolences. The scoreboard (see above) also shows that of the 162 drawings that have been printed this year something over 148 of them were the work of the art editor, Fess Wright. Unfortunately for Mr. Anderson, Fess graduates in June and then leaves for Schenectady where he will take up his new duties as president of the General Electric Company, and Board of Directors of the Erie Railroad.

Finally, we hope that Buck Jr. will be able to find time among his many activities (social, etc.) to sober up sufficiently—and long enough—to present charms to those new members who have been added to the staff as a result of the recent tryouts.

THE COLLEGE CREDO

(With apologies to George Jean Nathan)

Containing certain beliefs that are prevalent among college men and persons with whom they come in contact; a Credo of the Great American Collegiates:

1. That no matter how good a college orchestra is, its ability is greatly increased when properly "tanked" or "boiled" with moonshine.

2. That all students taking Economics do not know what the said course is all about.

3. That all students, regardless of the course, do not know what anything is all about.

4. That all co-eds are beautiful and enter college with the sole purpose of gaining an education.

5. That all college professors look like tramps and are unusually absent-minded.

6. That college athletes are not paid for their services.

7. That college graduates spend from ten to twenty years in looking for a job after graduation.

8. That all college comics are funny.

9. That one can be collegiate without going to college.

10. That all college fraternities are one big family and that each member is willing at any time to help one of his brothers whether it be a case of lending money or clothes.

11. That the less one studies in college, the higher grades one makes.

12. That all the write-ups in the college annuals are true.

13. That all elections in college are frame-ups.

14. That the "hangover" experienced by the average collegian is not unlike that experienced by anyone else, regardless of the liquor.

15. That all moving pictures in which college life is pictured are exceedingly true and represent college as it should be represented.

16. That Harvard and Princeton *do* have football teams and represent the typical "friendly rivals."

17. That the average college campus is very shady with large elms under which handsome boys sing in the moonlight.

18. That all the successful novelists get their start in college.

19. That Freshmen are very crude and sensitive, and feel very uncomfortable in the presence of an upperclassman.

20. That Juniors are all hardworking, brilliant young fellows with high ideals.

21. That Seniors are good-looking, dashing, and popular with chorus girls who spend all their money and leave them heart broken.

22. That people will believe all this.

BROWN DERBY

Bucket (Patricia Pretlow), my dear sister on the editorial page, sees no reason why she shouldn't spend the summer at Southern Pines and so the correspondence flows thick and fast. Having gone there for the summer, Bucket assures us that she is having a wonderful time but the exercise is so fatiguing. What with being allowed to roll only three cigarets a day, she is thoroughly tired out when the shades of night are pulled down. She says that she is going to get another room—one opposite a room where there are no shades of night.

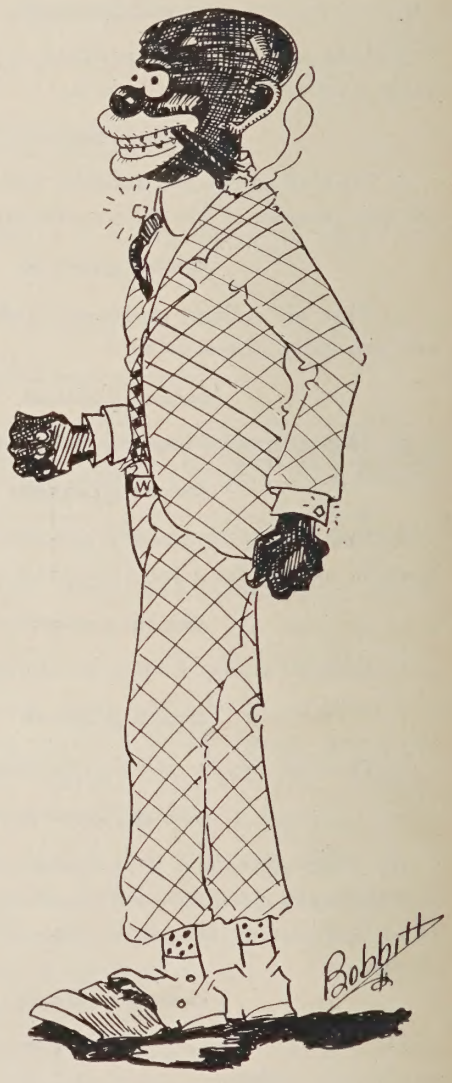
I have earnestly implored Sis to take a course in penmanship but she refuses to listen to my entreaties She writes in heiroglyphics and Sanskrit and with the able assistance of a half dozen professors I have been able to translate a little of her letters. It seems that she has started a new form of curse similar to the old mystics who offered strange words in order to cast spells. The words are: *mandel* and *eman hetan* and *salomonis et entocta.*" She says that when these words are uttered, the person chanting them need only to think of a person and that person will fall dead or catch whooping cough or take a bath or any given number of horrible things. Now I don't know how true these things are but Sis always was dependable and I'd hate to think that she had gone back on her old friends. More power to you, Sis, hurry and come home.

By the way, we forgot to mention to our patron saints that yours truly has duly acquired the editorship of this scurvy sheet for next year. All residents of Chapel Hill and students who do not wish to read a worse BUCCANEER than ever are requested to move or sign up at some other college. Those students wishing to change schools may have information free of charge by appointment with the janitor of the Bull's Head Book Shop. However, we suggest that a good swap would be Elon or Trinity—pardon us—Duke. There is no assessment fee for this scintillating news. Take it free gratis for nothing and welcome.

Seeing as how this issue is intended to be Comic Number, we suppose that we are supposed to get funny but how in the goodness gracious such an erroneous impression ever commenced to circulate is beyond us. In fact, it's almost impossible for us to even attempt to make the slightest pretense of grasping the full significance of the entire supposition comprehensively. We tearfully regret to state that there has been little humor set forth in this page and throughout this entire magazine this year; possibly that is the reason provoking the colossal idea that we have been preserving all our humorous potentiality in order to make the world grow fat when it reads this, our last, final and home edition of the BUCCANEER.

We hesitate to say that this grand and superb sheet of buffoonery has been lately intimately associated with the proverbial mongrel bunch of canines; we tread hesitantly on the toes, corns, bunions and good manners of the entire staff (including us) when we even intimate such a ridiculous and obviously contradictory statement but then in our own opinion, we have fallen rather flat this year. We have not been able to assemble ourselves—get-together as the Rotarians would have it—and consequently the old ship has plowed its way stubbornly but painfully through the sea of ridicule. Even our dear *Tar Heel* has handed us very few roses, and the only roses that it did hand us were covered with thorns. But we are stick-proof—lipstick included—ever since we bought three-quarters of a share in the goddess Liberty. All of which may mean anything or nothing.

However, we are inclined to believe that the editor intends for us to be funny, comical, humorous, ludicrous, witty (usually half-), droll, farcical, jocular, waggish, whimsical, ridiculous and harlequinadeous but he should know better than to assign us to such a preponderous feat. We hereby give due notice that we are through for the year and so we merely jog along as usual.



Buck Jr.

Hot: "What do those big legs remind you of?"

Spur: "The fatted calf."

"Joe is the most optimistic person that I have ever seen."

"How zat?"

"He hasn't spoken to his wife for three years, but he believes that his turn will eventually come."

"Why don't you invite your girl up to the Baccalaureate address?"

"Believe I will; how do you spell it?"

"Oh, just say Commencement."

ASK ME ANOTHER

"What well-known saying did Papa Browning's experience refute?"

"Dunno; name it."

"The advice to 'catch 'em young and treat 'em rough.' "

"And you say that you visited a famous garden while in New York?"

"Yes, mam, it was Madison Square Garden."

"And what kind of vegetables do they raise there?"

"Cauliflowers, lady, cauliflowers."

"Why aren't papers in small towns any good?"

"You win; why?"

"Because there you don't read the choicest news; you hear it."

"Shakespeare must have been a big football man at college."

"Expostulate."

"My English prof said he was England's greatest man of letters."

Question: "What was the greatest, sweetest, most thrilling line ever written by any American?"

College boy: "I am sending you a check for $20.00; be sure and have a good time!"

AND HERE'S THE MORTGAGE EXCLAIMED THE SHERIFF ★★★

This may sound like a gross fabrication but if it is, you may hang me for rank injustice and colossal ignorance. Our hero was applying for a job as war correspondent. "Are you sure that you are capable of holding down this job?" the man asked. "Sure," wittily retorted our hero. "I've been married twice and lived in Chicago for the last fifteen years." War was declared immediately.

Artist: "How much do you charge for posing as Cleopatra?"

Model: "My regular price is eighteen dollars an hour for posing in costume, but I always take 10 per cent off for cash."

He's not good looking. He has never danced a step in his life. He's careless about his personal appearance. He never has anything to say—but oh, his checks appeal!

Student (reading aloud): "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Roommate: "The 30th of February."

"There's one thing I admire about my daughter."

"Yes?"

"Her intelligent father."

Nous: "A lady at the book-store tried to sell me some fairy tales."

Vous: "Well, that's nice."

Nous: "I just laughed and laughed, 'cause I know that fairies ain't got no tails."

"I see that Bill was treated by a chiropractor. Did he get well?"

"No, he died cured."

She spoke to me
With bow-shaped lips
Vermilion tint;
And dimpled cheeks
That smiled and smiled.

She looked at me
With eyes that dared
To seek my own;
With tilted chin
And saucy nose.

I stared at her
And tried to lift
Her in my arms;
I loved my big
New "Mamma Doll."

BUCCANEER'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE SHOWS

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS (Mostly Less)

The Barker. (Biltmore)—A good howl.
Fog. (National)—A nice play. Plot a little misty.
Saturdays Children. (Booth)—All Wet.
Rapid Transit. (Provincetown)—Fast and Snappy.
The Wooden Kimona. (Fulton)—Somewhat Stiff.
The Silver Cord. (John Golden)—Pretty rich.
The Spider. (Forty-Sixth St.)—Thickly Woven Plot.

COMEDY

The Road to Rome. (Playhouse)—A Little Rough.
Chicago. (Music Box)—All Shot.
Hearts are Trumps. (Morosco)—A good bid.
The Devil in the Cheese. (Charles Hopkins)—Bad Taste.
The French Kiss. (Central)—Hot.

I AND ERE ENTERTAINMENT

The Desert Song. (Casino)—Dry.
Lucky. (New Amsterdam)—A big find.
Queen High. (Ambassador)—A winner.
Yours Truly. (Shubert)—About finished.

"My fraternity has the best stocked cellar around here."

"That's nothing. My frat. has the biggest mortgage."

Buccaneer's Special Intelligence Test to Be Read thoroughly by all prospective buyers of "ASK ME ANOTHER"

1. What party is implied by the slogan—"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party?"
2. (a) Do girls smoke?
   (b) How do you get them that hot?
3. (a) Why do glasses help one to see?
   (b) How many does it take before one sees double?
4. (a) Why did the cow jump over the moon?
   (b) Did this set a new high jump record?
5. How old was the Ancient Mariner?
6. (a) What other subjects are taught in Fish Schools?
   (b) How much is the registration fee?
7. What card game is usually played at Bridge Parties?
8. When do good children receive Easter Eggs?
9. When was the War of 1812 fought?
10. In what kind of business is the Bell Telephone Company engaged?

(Answers will be found on page 12.)

"It's just one gunman after another," remarked the Chicagoan as one gangster chased another up an alley.

1st She: "Why did Jane break up with George?"
2nd She: "Oh, George got confused when he proposed the other night and kissed her finger and jammed the engagement ring in her mouth."

Isn't it funny how:
a boxer knocks out?
a batter hits out?
a drunk passes out?
a fielder throws out?
and a hot couple sits out?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To buy a taxi, sir."
"Why not hire one, my pretty maid?"
"Because it's cheaper to buy, sir."

"Why did the old-fashioned girl faint when someone told her a risqué joke?"
"Well, you see, it wasn't considered nice to laugh."

God of Wind, to Atlas who is holding up the world: "By Adam, what a hold-up.
Atlas: "Yes, but I don't blow about myself as you do."

"What kind of a girl is Jane?"

"She's one of these 'return the love letters, but keep the ring girls'."

Uneasy lies the head that wears a hat bought on the easy-payment plan.

He: "Dearest, will you marry me?"
She: "Don't be silly, John. Don't you remember?"
He: "What, dearest?"
She: "We've already been divorced three times."

"That boy certainly is fond of books."

"I'll say. He loves his friend's books so well that he never returns them."

Sophisticated Sam says:
"If beauty is only skin deep, I don't see why some girls don't skin themselves."

"He was awfully patriotic."

"Howso?"

"He died from drinking moonshine rather than imported liquor."

CIGARETTE GIRLS

Camel—They'd rather walk a mile.
Fatima—Thin wrappers.
Lucky Strike—A hot blind date.
Prince Albert—Don't bite the tongue.
Bull Durham—She rolls her own.
English Ovals—It's a good *tip* she's a *corker.*
Blue Boar—That wild type.
Chesterfield—Censored.

Hey, Frank, how does the bride spell "Groom?"
Dunno.
Gee-ee. Aaa-aa-h. Oooo-oh. Oooooo-oh. Mmmmm.

The day broke. There is nothing really remarkable about this fact for it is a daily occurrence. Paradoxically, there is no noise to the breakage nor is there need for repairs. The figure is purely rhetorical.

"Foul wretch!" screamed the muffled voice of a woman somewhere in the desert. "Unhand me, villain—leave me be!" she cried imploringly.

A few sickening thuds and all was quiet again. A nightingale high in the heavens cooed to his mate. The wind rustled in the trees. A frog croaked hoarsely in the nearby meadow. The barn door opened and Mamie emerged calmly and with a pleased look upon her face. Her hair was slightly disheveled and her dress was torn. "I'll soon have the words of that play learned," she assured herself.

"So that's the way you treat a friend," said he, as his pal set him up to an all-day sucker.

Irate Customer (in restaurant): "Say, waiter, my herring is bad."
Waiter: "Why don't you see a doctor."

Sweet—nothin' but. Tempting—oh boy. Irresistible. He gave a leap.

"Hell—I surely got stuck that time," said the fly, as he tried to crawl off the fly-paper.

Prof. Jacccce celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday last Tuesday. He attributes his great age to the fact that he was born in 1832.

What Every Dell-dressed Man Will Wear This Season.

MARRIED BLISS

Scene: A dining room.
Time: The first dinner the bride has cooked.
He (biting down on a biscuit): "Sugar lump, how clever you are to make bricks without any straw."

Well: "Who won the chicken calling contest?"
Weller: "Jack Lister."
Wellest: "I didn't know he could call chickens."
Well again: "He can't, he honked his flivver horn."

Prof: "Are you sure that you understand all about vacuums?"
Student: "Yes sir, that's the one thing I've got in my head."

I: "My family is of the first degree, most of them have died from throat trouble."
Doubtful: "Yes, hanged perhaps."

I have a sweetheart—
I have never kissed her—
I have never cussed her—
I have never been out with her after midnight—
She has never taken a drink from my flask—
She has never made a break in my presence—
I have never told her that I love her—
Oh, how I wish she would give me a date.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT

WITH the gift, however simple, goes the thought of the giver—the spirit of the gift!

Whitman's Chocolates in their time bear messages of infinite meanings. Social conventions permit them when costlier gifts are barred. They "speak a various language."

In our latest achievement we have enclosed a rich and rare assortment of milk chocolates in a package of quiet beauty with the pastoral name of *Bonnybrook*.

A golden box, with designs by Franklin Booth, suggesting the excellence of the chocolates.

Whatever your message or spirit of your gift it will be carried with grace and dignity by

Whitman's

BONNYBROOK MILK CHOCOLATES

Assorted Nuts , Fruits , Creams , Caramels

SOLD IN ONE-POUND AND TWO-POUND SIZES AT THE SELECTED STORES THAT SERVE AS WHITMAN AGENCIES

WHITMAN'S FAMOUS CANDIES ARE SOLD BY

PATTERSON BROTHERS

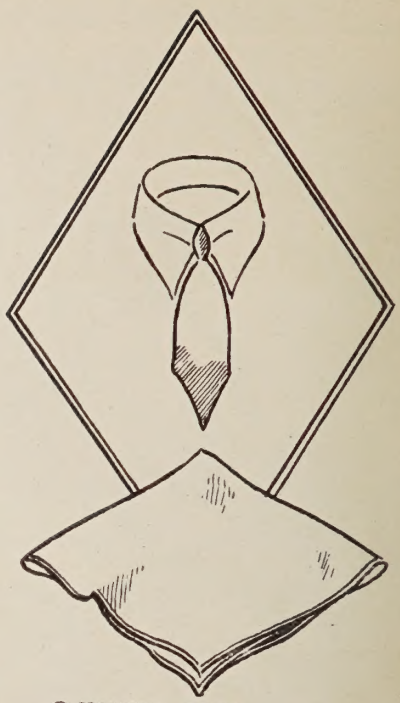
© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

A NEW GOLF SUIT

Simplicity is the keynote of the clothes worn by the best-dressed men today. This is particularly true of sport clothes, because, of necessity, they must not only be simple, but practical as well. Well-dressed men everywhere have always dressed with more or less sobriety when in town, though they may go to the opposite extreme in their country clothes. Now, however, country clothes reflect the same note as town clothes——namely, sobriety. The jackets of sports clothes are made to closely resemble the jacket of the ordinary lounge suit, and have no belts and pleats. The average sports suit sold today comes with both knickers and long trousers, thus making it possible for the man of small income to have a suit that is as appropriate for town wear as it is for country wear. The suit illustrated above has been copied from one worn recently by the Prince of Wales. As will be noticed there are only two details distinguishing its jacket from any lounge jacket—the vents at either side of the coat and the manner in which the sleeves are finished. In recent years it has been the fashion not to have vents at all on jackets. The sleeves have been finished with practical buttons and buttonholes so that the cuffs may be easily turned back. Sports suits of this type should be made of roughish fabrics, such as tweeds, homespuns and Shetlands, as smooth-finished fabrics belong to lounge suits for general town wear.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write ot he "Well-Dressed Man" care of the Buccaneer, *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Be sure to give accurate address.*

(Copyright 1927 by Vanity Fair)



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TIES AND HANDKERCHIEFS TO MATCH

Plain colored ties and ties patterned in small geometrical designs are this season considered smarter than any other type, and many interesting color schemes have sprung into popularity. As stated before in these columns, that dull shade of red known as "lacquer-red" is perhaps the most popular color for spring, followed closely by blue. Generally speaking, the combination of necktie and handkerchief to match is a little too obvious an effort at achieving an "effect" to be considered in good taste. However, this is more especially true of patterned ties and handkerchiefs than of plain colors, and the plain colored tie and handkerchief to match will be much worn by well-dressed men. This vogue for plain colors includes linen as well as silw, and among the novelties being offered in smart New York shops is the set of linen tie and handkerchief in solid colors.

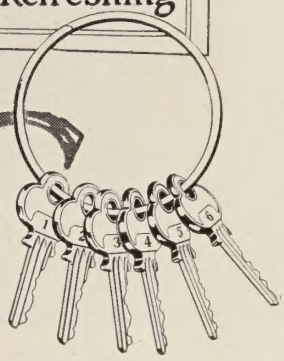
From a purely practical standpoint, this idea should prove most popular, because the linen tie in question can be laundered as easily as its accompanying handkerchief and can, therefore, always be fresh. Whereas, with thin summer silks, such as foulard, the tie becomes wrinkled after it has been worn a few times and never looks so well after being cleaned and pressed as when it was new. It is with the solid color tie that the pearl scarf-pin, now returning to popularity, looks best, because the absence of any design or pattern in the necktie shows up the pin to better advantage.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write to the "Well-Dressed Man" care of the Buccaneer, *and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Be sure to give accurate address.*

(Copyright 1927 by Vanity Fair)

$30,000 in cash prizes

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing



Find the keys

Six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

These keys are six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising—in The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Collier's Weekly, Liberty, and Life; in many newspapers; in posters, walls, bulletins and outdoor signs; in show window and soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations.

Key No. 1 was presented last month. Keys No. 2 and No. 3 will be presented this month. Keys No. 4 and No. 5 will be presented in July, and Key No. 6 will be presented in August.

Keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising and win a cash prize. College men ought to win.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

124 WEST PARRISH STREET
DURHAM . NORTH CAROLINA

Fancy Ices Block Cream

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Dial L-963 Main at Duke

Punches Sherbets

Real Art

The inebriated young man rocked into the lobby of a great hotel far from his native land. He looked into a tall mirror and smiled with pleasure.

"Look," he cried. "They've got a picture of me here."

—*Jack o'Lantern.*

• • •

What!

Just Married (with disgust): "Why, that pie looks just like a waffle!"

Also Just Married (sobbingly): "That p-p-p-pie is a c-c-c-cake."

—*Sun Dial.*

• • •

Gassed

Take, oh, take those lips away,
Or else bring on the anaesthetic;
I like your kisses, in their way,
But Lord! The taste of that cosmetic.

—*Jug.*

• • •

Transparent

A careful girl is Mary Dunn,
She never stands against the sun.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

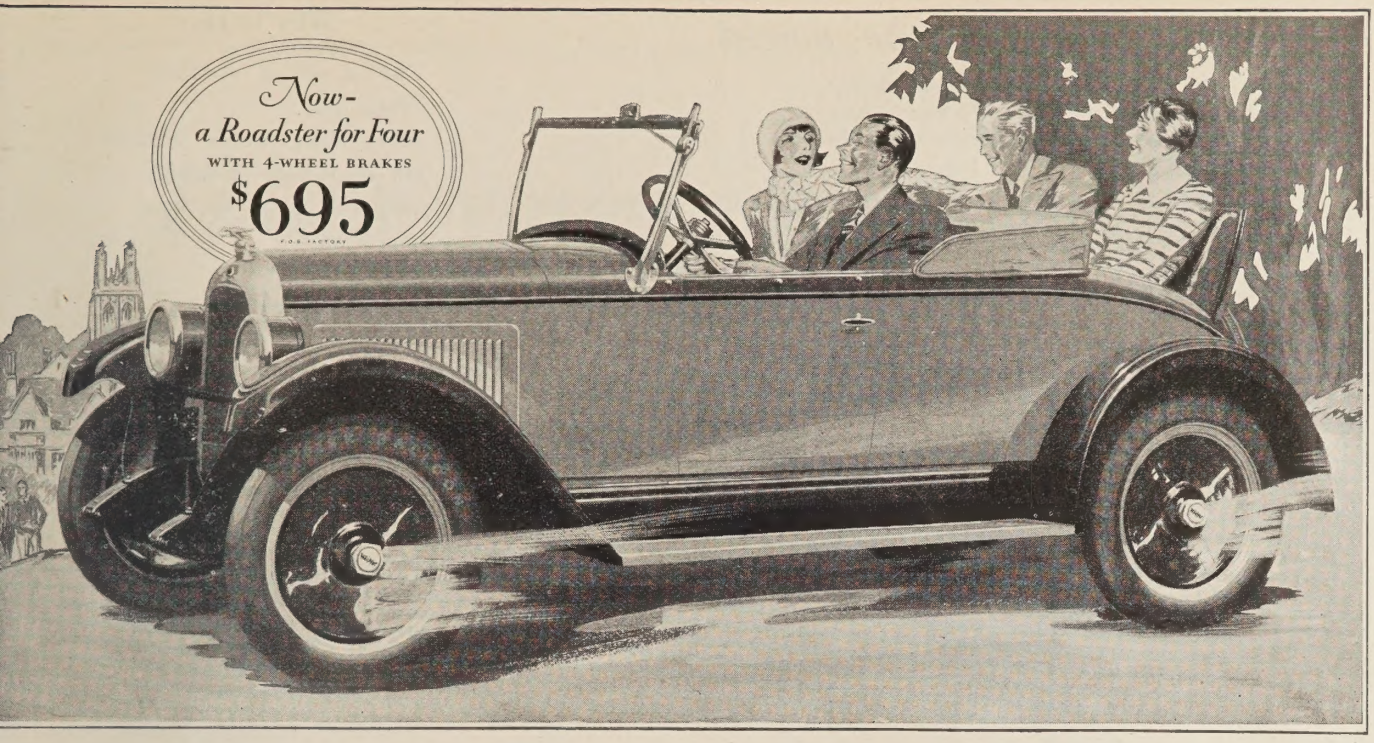
• • •

Particular

Professor: "Young man, I hear you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement?"

Young Man: "Well, I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored."

—*Scream.*



Smart as the Ritz

YOUNG Americans under sixty insist upon the mode. Peg-top trousers and long skirts belong to other years. Style is progress. The mode in motor cars is no exception.

Today's motor car has four-wheel brakes. Speed dictates them. It's safer to be up-to-date—and smarter. The Whippet Collegiate is the season's best seller in Roadsters for these reasons:

Four-wheel brakes. If you were paying $2,000 you'd insist upon them.

Seats for four passengers. Take 'em or leave 'em.

Speed—Too fast. We admit 55 miles per hour.

Acceleration—Invariably first on the green light.

Economy—Whippet holds the Coast-to-Coast record for economy.

Oversize Tires—Another plus-value feature that speaks for itself.

Snubbers—Smo-o-o-o-oth.

Adjustable steering wheel—long or short, thin or stout, it fits you.

Force-feed lubrication—Like that of the Willys-Knight and other higher priced cars.

Silent timing chain—Extremely quiet engine operation.

Roominess—Holds four comfortably in two seats—not three in one.

The Whippet is available in six distinctive body styles. Collegiate Roadster $695; Touring $625; Coupe $625; Coach $625; Sedan $725; Landau $755. Prices f.o.b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

4-WHEEL BRAKES

OVERLAND
Whippet
COLLEGIATE ROADSTER

RUMBLE SEAT

The sweetest pipe in the world

Ye lady beautifies her physiognomy with ye puff of powder. Ye gentleman glorifies his whole existence with ye puff of Milano.

All smart shapes. Smooth finish, $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all *"insured"* for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"
"It's a W D C"
TRADE WDC MARK

No. 1739
A university favorite.
Has smart, long stem.

DURHAM PEPSI-COLA CO.

Why Is It—

That a college student
Won't put
More than twenty minutes
On a calculus problem
But will spend an hour
and a half
Trying to get
The speedometer
Off of
A Drive-It-Yourself
Flivver?

—Froth.

• • •

Sign Language

I love the taste of lip stick,
The Tea Hound said to Grace;
She blushed, then hesitated,
And passed him her vanity case.

—Black and Blue Jay.

• • •

Pigs Is Pigs

A young lawyer, pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railway company for killing twenty-four hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

"Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen. Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen. Twenty-four; twice the number in the jury box."

—Scream.

• • •

Where Men—

The young woman had just returned to her rural home from several years in the big city. She was exhibiting the contents of her trunk, to the admiration and amazement of her mother, who had bought her clothes for forty years at the general store.

"And these," said the daughter, holding up a delicate silken garment, "are teddies."

"Teddy's? You don't say. Young men are certainly different from what they used to be." *—Judge.*

• • •

The Wasted Genevetion

Tommy (aged 11 and doing his history lesson): "What's a compromise, mother?"

Mother (spirit of '26): "Tommy! And at your age! Wait till your father gets home, he'll fix you!" *—Widow.*

That's reason enough!

No wonder choice has
swung 'round to Chesterfield.
NATURAL TOBACCO TASTE
—that's reason enough!

To be *tasted* food must not be smothered by sauces. And if this were true of nothing else on earth, it's true for tobacco. Nothing can improve on *natural tobacco taste.*

Chesterfield

They Satisfy - and yet, they're MILD

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

"What's the future with a large organization?" That is what college men want to know, first of all. The question is best answered by the accomplishments of others with similar training and like opportunities. This is one of a series of advertisements portraying the progress at Westinghouse of college graduates, off the campus some five—eight—ten years.

Frenger Came Here to Sell

R. F. FRENGER

WHEN R. F. Frenger was at New Mexico State, in 1915, automatic control for sub-stations, hydro-electric generating plants, railway and mine sub-station systems, was a hazy dream. Even five years later, when Frenger was working in the Switchgear Sales Section of the Westinghouse Company, automatic switching was far, far away.

Today, however, Frenger, still in his thirties, finds himself in effect the Sales Manager of an automatic switching business — a business that runs up into seven figures every year.

Frenger came to Westinghouse to sell. He expected to sell steam apparatus, since he had taken an M. E. degree.

After a period in the Westinghouse sales school, he became interested in switching apparatus. He spent months on the engineering side of the work. He spent several years as a sales specialist in the Westinghouse Chicago Office.

Then, as automatic switching grew in importance, Frenger grew along with it. Today he is head of the Automatic Switching Section of the Switchgear Sales Department.

Frenger's work is pioneering in a very real sense, for the automatic control business, lusty as it is, still is in its infancy. Engineering ways and means must be supplied as well as specialized sales skill. The whole world is the market.

Not long ago Frenger ran out to San Antonio to help the local Westinghouse salesman land an order that puts the San Antonio sub-stations under automatic control. When the Holland vehicular tunnel opens, and connects Manhattan with the Jersey shore, Frenger can point to the traffic signaling system as coming from his section.

At Cleveland one man in a downtown office building turns off and on eleven different sub-stations scattered throughout the city and its suburbs to operate the railway system — all without leaving his chair. Frenger's section again.

It is another case of a well trained man in a pioneering organization.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Use a Compass

"Say, Bill, which way is North?"
"Search me!"
"My Gawd, we're lost!" —*Life.*

• • •

Benzine

1st Drunk to 2nd Drunk (having bad case of hiccups): "Sh! Hold shore breath."
2nd Drunk: "Hic—can't! Hic—it's too strong."
—*Mink.*

• • •

One Less Co-ed

Dean: "Young lady, I understand your condition of last night."
Co-ed: "I thought you would, I couldn't remember who it was." —*Medley.*

• • •

Foolish

Bill: "I'm wild about you."
Bell: "Thank you dearest, where shall we dine?"
Bill: "I'm wild about you, honey, not crazy."
—*Widow.*

• • •

Pun

Helen: "I hear Jim kissed you last night."
Jane: "Yes, by force."
Helen: "Arms or habit?" —*Punch Bowl.*

• • •

Mon Dieu

Sing me a song of ire
And sing me a song of wrath.
Dieu, que le sond du phone
Est hell quand vous etes en bath!
—*Tiger.*

• • •

Cynical

"Is the world flat or round?"
"Neither."
"What is it then?"
"Crooked." —*Yellow Jacket.*

"What do you have to pay for tires, Alec?"
"Don't know; I've never had to buy any."
"Why, you've had your car almost two years!"
"Yes, but it had Kelly-Springfields on it when it was delivered."

LETTERS THAT ARE CHERISHED

Not every letter is long-lived, but there are those that become treasured by the one who keeps them hidden away.

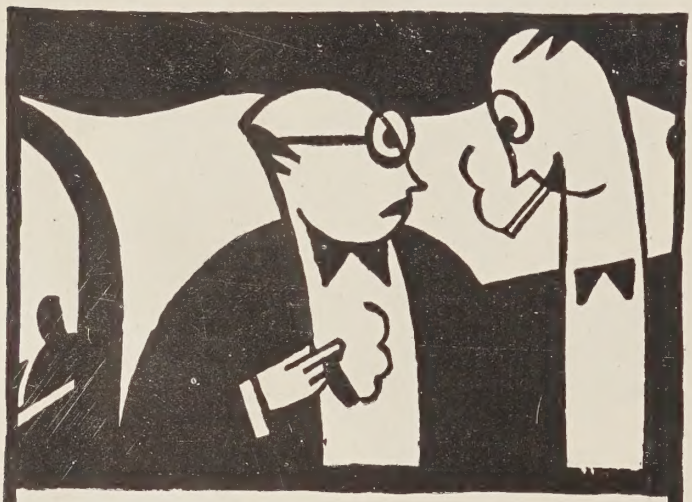
The value placed on your letters may depend much upon the paper on which you write them. If it is Old Hampshire Stationery you may be sure nothing is lacking.

Old Hampshire Stationery

Made in three distinctive finishes • BOND • VELLUM • LAWN

For Sale in Chapel Hill by

SUTTON & ALDERMAN



Bridge: **"Well, what's wrong with Dentistry when you admit you clear $50,000 a year?"**

Ryan, D.D.S.: **"A few of my good patients forget to take a LIFE SAVER before getting into the chair."**

After having successfully concealed
Six quarts of scotch
In your suitcase
And got by the customs inspector.
I ask you,
Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling
When you get home and find that some
Son of a
(Fill in your own word)
Took your suitcase
And left in its place
One with a full sample line
Of cock-tail shakers? —*Mercury.*

• • •

Vanity Fair

Stranger: "Are you an instructor in this college, sir?"

19XX: "Hell, no. My room-mate got dressed before I got up." —*Baboon.*

• • •

Shades of San Quentin

Naval Recruiting Officer: "Have you ever been on water before?"

Proud New Gob: "Yep—along with a little bread!" —*Mugwump.*

• • •

Co-eds War Cry

"Two Arms! Two Arms! Fall in!" —*Exchange.*

• • •

To Evelyn

You say you do not know just why
I've lost my heart to you,
And sealed my pledges with the pin
Of dear old Gamma Nu—
Ah me, my dear, it is not love
That leads me on and on.
You wear my pin because I like
The two you walk upon.

—*Froth.*

I've got a half-nelson on jimmy-pipe joy

I TOOK P. A. for better or worse . . . and found it better! Better than anything I had ever smoked. That's my story and I'm going to stick to it. When siren-brands try to flirt, I just give them the Frigidstaire. I know what I like in a pipe, and what I like is Prince Albert!

The instant you break the seal on the tidy red tin and get that wonderful fragrance of real tobacco, you know you are in for a pipe-treat. Your mouth fairly waters for a taste of tobacco that smells as good as that. Then you load up and light up—ah! . . .

Cool. Sweet. Fragrant. Old words, I'll admit, but you get a brand-new idea of how much they can mean in a pipe-bowl packed with P. A. Maybe you've always thought such pipe-pleasure was "just around the corner." Try a load of Prince Albert and *turn* that corner!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Can You Afford to Play Bridge?

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DO you know—instantly—when you dare to bid on a four-card suit?

Do you think that you must never overcall or double a no-trumper on the right? Or do you know some exceptions?

Can you play a sound game when such variants as contract bridge, or three-handed bridge, are proposed?

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